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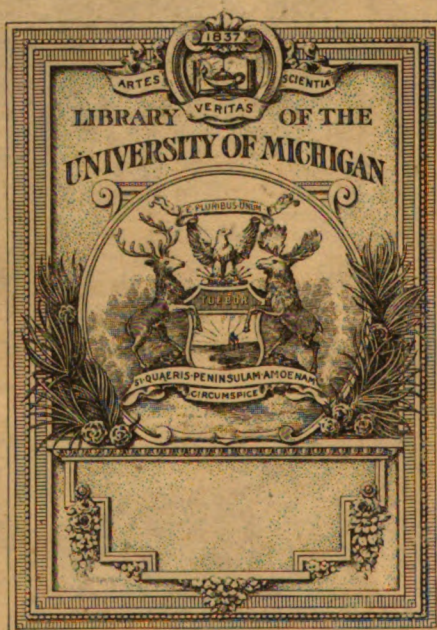
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## CONTENTS.

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	PAGE
EXPLORATION OF THE YANG-TSE-KIANG . . . . .	1
THE SHADOW OF ASHLIDYAT. BY THE AUTHOR OF "EAST LYNNE" . . . . .	18, 137, 275, 402
FREDERICK PRINCE OF WALES. BY SIR NATHANIEL . . . . .	39
DAMON AND PYTHIAS. BY CARL BERNHARD, AUTHOR OF "COUSIN CARL."	
FROM THE DANISH. BY MRS. BUSHBY . . . . .	55
ABOUT A SENSATION. BY EDWARD P. ROWSELL . . . . .	69
RUINED ABBEYS AND CASTLES OF GREAT BRITAIN . . . . .	77
GRANVILLE DE VIGNE. A TALE OF THE DAY . . . . .	79, 189, 328, 446
UMBRIA AND THE MARCHES . . . . .	101
ABOUT A FEW BOOKS . . . . .	111
THE PRUSSIAN OPPOSITION . . . . .	112
THE HIMADU, OR SNOWY MOUNTAINS. THE WATERSHED BETWEEN THE NILE AND THE INDIAN OCEAN . . . . .	127
HYPATIA. BY SIR NATHANIEL . . . . .	153
WASHINGTON IRVING . . . . .	165
ROME AND THE PAPACY. BY CYRUS REDDING . . . . .	176, 316
LONDON PHOTOGRAPHED BY A FRENCHMAN . . . . .	213
THE EMIGRANT GIRL. BY MRS. ALFRED MÜNSTER . . . . .	221
LIFE AND TIMES OF CALVIN . . . . .	223
NAPOLEON I. ON THE INVASION OF ENGLAND . . . . .	237
SEVEN GENERATIONS OF EXECUTIONERS . . . . .	253
SÈYES. BY SIR NATHANIEL . . . . .	290
LADY MORGAN . . . . .	300
THE SECRET AGENCY . . . . .	337

	PAGE
THE STEEPLE OF DUNNING . . . . .	350
QUEEN CHRISTINA . . . . .	361
KINGLAKE'S INVASION OF THE CRIMEA . . . . .	364
A FIRST BRITISH LEGATION IN JAPAN . . . . .	379
RICHARD CROMWELL. BY SIR NATHANIEL . . . . .	418
THE FIRST TEMPTATION. BY CYRUS REDDING . . . . .	430
PASSAGE OF THE COL DU GÉANT, FROM CHAMOUNIX, IN 1862. BY A PRI- VATE OF THE 38TH MIDDLESEX (ARTISTS) . . . . .	436
THE IONIAN ISLANDS . . . . .	457
THE BATTLE OF THE ALMA . . . . .	468
WITCHCRAFT AND THE CHURCH . . . . .	475
A PAGE OR TWO ON GREECE . . . . .	487
THE LADIES OF THE LAST CENTURY . . . . .	489



# NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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## EXPLORATION OF THE YANG-TSZE-KIANG.\*

WE do not know of any exploration in modern times which abounds more in commercial, geographical, and human interest, than that of the greatest river of the Old World—the Yang-tsze—by Captain Blakiston and his friends. “Yang-tsze-kiang” is considered by a good sinologist to signify “the river of Yang”—Yang being the name of a former division of the empire—but Captain Blakiston prefers the more commonly received translation, “Son of the Ocean,” or, as Huc has it poetically, “Child of the Ocean,” as the more correct. “Great River,” “Blue River,” and “Gold Sand River,” are translations of the native names for different parts of the course of the same mighty stream.

The expedition left Shanghai in February, 1861, with the squadron under Vice-Admiral Sir James Hope, and after establishing a consul at Chin-kiang, the great entrepôt of the commerce of the Grand Canal, but laid in ruins by civil war, it arrived at Nankin, where its members stayed the remainder of the month. Nankin has been now for some time past the head-quarters of the Taipings; but it is necessary to premise here, that which Captain Blakiston and his friends have established by their ascent of the Yang-tsze, and is not generally known in this country, that there is by no means only one rebellion in China, nor are the Taipings the only rebels. Besides the Taipings on the Lower Yang-tsze, there are the Sz’chuan rebels, or “Tu-feh,” who seem restricted to that province; there is an important insurrection of Chinese Mussulmans in Yunnan; there is a formidable band of revolutionists in the north-eastern province of Shan-tung; and, indeed, to use the captain’s own expression, “such is the state of decay into which the government has been forced by the peculation and corruption of the mandarins under the ruling dynasty, that revolt is rife in every province of that once prosperous empire.”

This fact not only disposes of the arguments of those who advocate taking the part of the Taipings, as the representatives of the Chinese against the Manchus, or of the old Ming against the so-called “Tartar” dynasty (a word unknown in China), as successful rebels and as pseudo-Christians, but it will also be our excuse for not dwelling upon the actual condition of the faction whose progress appears to have been connected hitherto with nothing but devastation and ruin. We noticed at length,

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\* Five Months on the Yang-tsze; with a Narrative of the Exploration of its Upper Waters, and Notices of the present Rebellions in China. By Thomas W. Blakiston, late Captain Royal Artillery. John Murray.

now some time back, in reviews of Hue's works, his travels and his history of Christianity in China, the peculiar fact that the great provinces are as much detached from one another as they were once in Spain and France. There are, however, some curious revelations in Captain Blakiston's work concerning Tien-wang's Christianity. It is denounced as "the rank blasphemy of a lunatic, and the profession of religion by his followers a laughable mockery and farce."

The squadron being re-assembled at Nanking, two hundred geographical miles from the sea, Admiral Hope left that place to continue his progress up the river on the 2nd of March. "Why China," says Captain Blakiston, "should have been called 'a vast plain' or 'enormous fertile valley,' is to me inexplicable. More variation of surface, perhaps, does not occur in any country; and where we should be most inclined to look for such features, namely, on its great artery, there it is diversified enough to please the most exacting of tourists. Commencing at the mouth of the Yang-tze-kiang, there is naturally a considerable extent of flat alluvial land, the delta of the river, where once, no doubt, the ocean held its sway; but soon we come to hills and high lands, and at Chin-kiang one is delighted with the steep and rugged cliffs. About Nanking the country is prettily broken into ridges and hills, and before reaching far above this, mountains shut in the river on either hand. In fact, I think the scenery between Wu-hoo (Wu-hū) and Anking (usually spelt Ngan-king) equal to that of almost any part of the river. It is, of course, not such bold and near scenery as is found on the upper waters; but the fine ranges of mountains, well removed from the river, whose broad expanse is now broken by low islands, and now widens into lake-like form; the beautiful, partially wooded slopes of the mountains, reaching down into the highly cultivated lower land; the occasional village; the collection of reed-huts gathered on the immediate bank, as if in doubt whether the ground were as safe as the water; the distant pagoda, marking the site of a town approachable only by some narrow canal-like creek; and then, life made apparent by numerous boats with their white cotton wings; the fisherman attending his ingenious dip-net; some coolies trotting along an embankment which raises them above their fellows who are working away in the irrigated paddy-fields below, while two of a more favoured class are being wheeled along a paved pathway in those best of wheelbarrows;—the objects serve to remind one,—the country, of the lake scenery of the Old World,—the river of the New; but the people, of China, and China only. And then the thought comes over one, that those peaceful and industrious people are doomed to destruction: the edict has gone forth, 'kill and destroy;' that pagoda must fall; those villages will soon send dark volumes of smoke on high; such as have boats will flee, the rest must submit to slavery; fields will be laid waste, dams broken, and desolation will appear on every side; for the rule of the Taipings has begun. But the 'Son of the Ocean' will remain ever ebbing on its course towards its parent; those mountains cannot move; the bright Eastern sky will be above; and though governments and people should change, nature will be nature still."

Wu-hū, the first place visited by the squadron on its ascent, presented a scene of desolation as complete as Chin-kiang and Nanking; the whole distance from the suburb to the town was one heap of ruins. The popu-

lation was in a starving condition; one square place was literally filled with specimens of humanity lying in filth, and but partly covered by some cotton rags alive with vermin. One or two were lifeless, others breathing their last gasps of the noisome stench that pervaded the den. Leaving Wu-hü and its Taiping possessors on the 4th of March, another day's navigation took the squadron to Anking, the capital of the province, which had for some time been in the hands of the Taipings, but was closely besieged by the imperialists. The state of siege appeared, however, to be pretty much as it was when the squadron of 1858—of whose movements Mr. Oliphant was the able historian—gave the batteries a dose of iron in return for a similar compliment. The place has, however, since been captured.

The country and the people contrasted strongly, as they proceeded up the river, with what they had seen below. Here were quiet villagers, dressed as the ordinary Chinese are, in their blue cotton, and devoid of all the gaudy-coloured silks the rebels so much delight in at the expense of others. The dwellings appeared in good order, and both by the craft which enlivened the river, and by the people quietly employed on shore in their daily avocations, an air of tranquil industry was manifested, and formed an agreeable relief in the great panorama.

It was a delightfully clear morning as they started on the 6th of March; flocks of geese were preparing for their northward journey, a few wild swans were seen, and a number of pelicans. Porpoises disported themselves in the muddy current, and immense numbers of cormorants were perched upon a rock whitened with their dung. Completing seventy miles, they reached Hu-kow, a fortified temple at the outlet of the Poyang lake, after dark. Next day, a consulate was established at Kin-kiang, fifteen miles higher up, or four hundred and fifty-one miles from the sea, and two hundred and fifty-one miles above Nanking. It was one of those towns which had been in the hands of the rebels, and had been retaken by the imperialists, and it had not had time to recover from its reverses.

The first day's journey above Kin-kiang was on a most beautiful and interesting portion of the river. High hills rise immediately from the bank, some prettily wooded, with others terraced and cultivated to a great height. They made eighty-two miles to Wu-chang, a "hien" or town of the second order, on the right bank. Another place, called Hwang-chow, stood on the opposite side, about three miles above. Those who landed here were, however, mobbed and insulted. The next day they fetched the mouth of the Han, with its renowned Chinese Tripolis—Wu-chang (foo), Han-yang (foo), and Hankow. This great tripartite city has much fallen off since the days of Huc, when the population was estimated at eight millions, but now, alas! not over a million; but still our author's views regarding its revival are hopeful. An immense number of junks still crowded the river and mouth of the Han; the people were alive and stirring; the country trade is described as "enormous;" merchants and missionaries now follow their avocations without secrecy; and a vessel of war lies off the town to remind the Celestials of the promise they made at Tien-tsin, of Yuen-ming-yuen, and of the barbarian force that had been within the walls of Peking.

This was the highest point to which foreign vessels had ever ascended



on the Great River, and the admiral decided on continuing his voyage with only one gunboat besides his own vessel the *Coromandel*, and the expedition had to hire a passage-boat, which was taken in tow. After passing a great number of junks, bound both up and down, they came on the forenoon of the third day to the open town of Sing-ti, on the left bank, ninety-eight geographical miles from Hankow. Its appearance gave the idea of having a large population, and the number of junks and piles of timber along the shores manifested considerable mercantile prosperity. As the vessels of the squadron passed up, the inhabitants crowded in immense numbers on the roofs of the houses and high sterns of the junks, in wonder and amazement at the "barbarian devil ships," for the first time ploughing these virgin waters. On their return the whole country to the north was flooded, the only signs of land being the tops of some embankments, clumps of trees, and house-tops. This is of annual occurrence in many parts of the river, and Captain Blakiston believes that the people during the period of flood live afloat, and support themselves by fishing. We should doubt their being able to sustain themselves by so precarious a mode of livelihood. They seem to catch but few with their dip-nets at the low season, and fish would be still more rare in time of flood.

At four o'clock in the afternoon of the 15th of March the squadron arrived at the junction of the outlet of the vast Tung-ting lake and the Yang-tze, one hundred and twenty-three miles above Hankow, and proceeded up the said outlet to Ye-chow, a place necessarily of some importance to trade, as being upon a peculiar inland system of navigation, and there are extensive black-tea districts to the south.

Sir James Hope not proceeding any farther than this point, the expedition was now left to its own resources. Its personnel consisted of Lieut.-Colonel Sarel, Captain Blakiston, Mr. Barton, surgeon and draughtsman; the Rev. Mr. Schereschewsky, who acted as interpreter; four Seikhs, Sepoys of her Majesty's 11th Punjab Infantry, and three Chinese, a writer, and two "boys," or servants. These were accompanied by a military mandarin provided for the expedition by the Viceroy of Hoo-peh, who resides at Hankow.

It was St. Patrick's-day when the little expedition, now left to itself, found its way back to the Great River, called at this point "the Golden River," from the Tung-ting outlet. Commander Ward, R.N., had already surveyed up to this point. They were no longer in tow, and the mode of progress was much altered, some of the boatmen, jumping ashore, beginning to track against the still muddy current. As Captain Blakiston's survey commenced at this point, he named the first beach they came to "Tibet Beach," but on the descent in June the name was changed to "Huc Beach." We at once protest against thus applying English names to localities in an old country like China. Captain Blakiston ought to have obtained the Chinese names of places from his pilot. They are the only ones that can be durable. For neither the Chinese nor the French missionaries who dwell up the river, nor the people of any other nation, or even the English skippers who may be induced hereafter to venture up the Great River, will ever dream of troubling themselves with them.

The river was, at starting, about nine hundred yards wide, with an

average depth of five to seven fathoms—a truly splendid and navigable stream. They passed on their way up several prosperous-looking small towns, villages, and hamlets, with the Nan-tsun hills to the south, an offset coming upon the river at Tian-hien. On the 23rd of March they reached Shi-show, a small walled town of little importance. One of those little misunderstandings which invariably arise at first between civilised men and semi-barbarians occurred at this point. The Chinese skipper refused further obedience, and ordered the men to knock off work. There was no time for trifling. In a case like this, whether on the Nile or the Yang-tze, it must be decided at once who is to be master. Our party understood this; one of the most turbulent of the crew was tumbled into the river, and this so frightened the remainder that they gave in.

This was the seventh day's journey on the Upper Yang-tze, and the next day they made twenty-six geographical miles to Ho-hia, a considerable village on the left bank. Vegetables and fish were easily procurable in exchange for the requisite "cash." On the 27th they reached the town of Sha-sze, one hundred and seventy miles from the Tung-ting junction. This was a long, unwall'd, straggling place on the left, or north bank, with a fine stone pagoda on a point which juts into the river, and which may be seen at a very considerable distance. A mile above is Kin-chow, which ranks as a foo, or provincial city, but is only a garrison or Manchu town. The reason of these towns, as also many junks being at this point, is that the Taiping creek, which connects the Upper Yang-tze with the great Tung-ting lake, starts from near this point. Hence it is that Sha-sze is described as being of considerable importance in a mercantile way, and the immense number of junks which were observed closely packed along the river's bank for nearly two miles indicated a large trade on the river. The expedition was visited here by some of the chief mandarins, as also by the wife and family of their own mandarin, and they describe the ladies of the party as being really pretty.

From Kin-chow the river skirts the edge of a mountainous country, whence it receives one considerable tributary, at the mouth of which stands the town of I-tu (hien); before reaching which, Chi-kiang, another hien or town of second order, has to be passed, both being on the right bank. Beyond these we come to I-chang, where this fine river, averaging half a mile in width, suddenly changing its nature as if by magic, narrows to less than one-fourth of that width, and disappears in a deep and precipitous gorge through a confused mass of rugged mountains.

I-chang, called Y-fin in some maps, is three hundred and sixty-three geographical miles above Hankow, or nine hundred and fifty total distance from Shanghai. Porpoises kept company with the expedition up to this point. The city stands on a blunt point of the Yang-tze, and on its left bank, a small branch of the river forming an island immediately above the walled part of the town. The town itself is a tolerably sized foo, or provincial town of the first order, but the trade of the place would seem small. A monastery occupies a very commanding position about one thousand feet above the river, pagodas herald the approach, and altogether, Captain Blakiston says, "I thought at the time that I had never beheld a more beautiful river scene."

The gallant captain anticipates that I-chang, being situated at the head of the navigation of the Yang-tze for sea-going steamers, it must become an important place. Easily accessible to large steamers at all seasons of the year, and at the portal, as it were, of the more unmanageable upper waters, I-chang, when European traders push their commerce more into the western country, will, he argues, become a great place of business as a port of transhipment. The necessity for building steamers for the navigation of the upper waters of the Yang-tze would cause a European settlement to spring up at this point, which, to say nothing of the advantages of trade and its being the limit to which ordinary steamers can ascend, would, as a healthy and agreeable location, stand unrivalled. Thither might invalids, and those worn out by sedentary occupations, fly from the low lands of the coast. A pleasant voyage from Shanghai, of a week or ten days' duration, would place them in a mountainous country, where they might select any scene and climate suited to their tastes and constitutions, and where, amid the temperate breezes of the mountains, they might enjoy field sports and pedestrian exercise.

I-chang is a place to which all the valuable productions of Sz'-chuan must come on its way to the coast, and it possesses a still more remarkable advantage, that is, a coaling-station, boats being able to run down from the pits' mouths in a few hours with any amount of this material. With these advantages, I-chang will undoubtedly become one of the most important places of the interior, and Captain Blakiston strongly advocates it as another port to be at once opened on the Yang-tze-kiang.

"We might, perhaps," says the captain, "also propose Yo-chow, or some place on the Tung-ting lake, nearer to the tea-districts of Hoo-nan, as equally deserving of being opened; but at any rate let us have I-chang. By the time any steamers could be built in China, or manufactured in England and sent out to be put together, a large trade might be established at I-chang, the produce of Sz'-chuan coming down there in native boats; and I think I am not wrong in saying that to open the interior to European commerce will have more effect on the people of China, and conduce more towards friendly relations with whatever government may be in existence, than all our petty wars and inconsistent treaties. And 'what time is like the present?' Statesmen will say, 'Wait a little.' I say, 'Do not wait a moment. Push on; treaty or no treaty, Prince Kung or the Taipings, we must have trade.'"

We heartily agree with our enterprising traveller. Suppose it was not thought to be worth while to construct steamers for the navigation of the upper river, still the produce of the west would be brought down to I-chang in native boats, and this being the utmost point navigable from the sea, it would be just the place at which sea-steamers would push to secure the trade. Most great cities—take London for an example—have grown up at the limit of sea navigation. As to waiting, notwithstanding the troubles at Shanghai and Canton, and the generally disturbed state of the country, it is of no use. Among the numerous criticisms with which the first news of the failure of Colonel Sarel and Captain Blakiston's expedition was met with in this country, the most common was that it had been undertaken at too early a period. They ought to have waited till the treaty was known. We now find that the failure had nothing to do with the relations of the barbarians with the Chinese, or with a know-

ledge of or ignorance of the treaty. The authorities were unable to protect the expedition against the rebels, while the rebellion in Sz'-chuan had nothing to do with that of the Taipings. To have waited would then have had no effect whatsoever upon the progress and prospects of the expedition.

The said expedition had to provide itself at I-chang with another junk and crew—the vessel which brought them from Hankow was unsuited to the navigation higher up—and, proceeding up the river, they met, three miles above the town, an impetuous current rushing towards them out of a long deep cleft in the mountains. The scenery was magnificent; but man is never satisfied. “After the novelty of the thing wore off,” our traveller remarks, “this kind of travelling, where the view is so confined, became tedious, and we were glad to see a little more daylight on emerging from the dark shadows.” There was an excise establishment in a small recess of this gorge or river pass, through which progress had to be made partly by rowing, partly by tracking. The first rapid on the Yang-tsze occurred at a bend of the river shortly above the I-chang gorge, where some islands of rock stand out towards the middle of the stream, and large boulders of granite line the shores, indicating an uneven bed in the river. This was followed by others more or less dangerous, according to the season of the year—the river being highest in June, and at its lowest in December. These rapids, which extend hence as far as Chung-king, in Sz'-chuan, would probably constitute a serious obstacle to steam navigation at the low season, and Captain Blakiston recommends for this purpose short, flat-bottomed, and full-powered vessels, with unconnected wheels and separate engines, something similar to the boats on the Upper Mississippi. With such steamers he is sanguine enough to look forward to the time when steam-vessels will be ploughing the upper waters of the great Yang-tsze-kiang, even beyond the highest point reached by its first explorers in 1861; and he thinks we may yet hear of ordinary travellers from Calcutta, to save the time and inconvenience of the sea voyage by way of Singapore, coming an overland route through Burmah to meet these steamers in Yu-nan. In the mean time, we should deem the opening of I-chang, as a port to intercept the descent of the produce in native boats, as enough for the day. The passage of the mountains that separate Burmah from China must be no slight undertaking.

On the 7th of April, on rounding a point of the river, they suddenly opened to view a huge split in the mountain mass ahead of them. It was the second, or Lu-kan gorge, by which the river escapes as through a funnel. A sketch of this remarkable gorge, by Mr. Barton, constitutes an appropriate frontispiece to Captain Blakiston's work. “As I now write,” says the captain, “I think I see it before me in all its stern grandeur, and I can well say with Humboldt, that such recollections, like the memory of the sublimest works of poetry and the arts, leave an impression which is never to be effaced.”

The villagers turned out in these rapids, and, for a few cash, young and old tackled on their breast-straps to the line and helped to tow the junk along, till it passed from the Lu-kan gorge into the Mi-tan, or “rice-mouth” gorge, in no ways inferior to its predecessor, the cliffs rising vertically eight or nine hundred feet, and no bottom with the lead,

except close to the rocks, where they got twelve fathoms. Chinamen's hats are perched on these mountains wherever there are a few yards of level ground for cultivation, and some of the hills, a thousand feet above the river, were thus cultivated in patches to their summits. The first appearance of coal being worked in these mountains was observed at Kwei, also on the 7th; the mines were small galleries driven horizontally into the sides of the hills, and the coal was in some places lowered from great heights by a very simple and ingenious process. These coal-mines extended from Kwei to Wan; they occurred again in the ranges of hills which cross the country in the neighbourhood of Chung-king; and lastly, near Su-chow, and between that and Ping-shan. The last being the best.

These mountains were covered with brushwood where the rock was not bare, and woods of small pine and cedar occurred in some places but wherever the slopes would admit of it, they were cultivated by the industrious people; while below, on the river, others were employed catching fish by various devices, among which the common scoop-net, used by one person standing on a point of rock in a rapid, or anywhere that the current is swift, is so frequent, that our traveller says in the visions of gorges and rapids which occasionally haunt his recollection, the stolid Chinaman, in his bamboo hat and reed palatot, continually dipping his net, automaton-like, and as constantly bringing out nothing, is ever the foreground of the picture. And so Mr. Bartlett has pleasantly represented it in one of his excellent sketches.

On the 8th they passed Pa-tung, the last town in the province of Hoo-peh, beyond which a gorge extends to the city of Wu-shan, a distance of twenty miles, and the longest on the river. The boundary between Hoo-peh and Sz'chuan lay half way through this gorge. It was marked on the south side by a narrow glen running into the mountains, on one side of which a few houses did duty in this wild and desolate region for a village. Arrived at Wu-shan (hien), it being the first Sz'-chuan town, our travellers looked eagerly to detect, if possible, some change in the appearance of a Chinese city: "but no,—it was the same lead-coloured mass, overtopped by the curved roofs of one or two conspicuous temples, and kept together by four antiquated-looking walls, with the usual half pagoda and half house-like structures over the gates and at the angles. It was of the regular pattern, and might have been punched out of the same mould with half a thousand others."

Another day's journey took them to Quai-chow. They had to pass on their way thither another gorge, known as Fung-siang, or "Wind-box," a name for gorges not uncommon in Norway. On this day's journey Captain Blakiston suffered severely from eating wild nuts, which were afterwards found to be the fruit of the *Elaeococca verrucosa*. An isolated rock stood out nearly in mid-stream, and as they emerged from the gorge, a tall white pagoda came in view, and Quai-chow lay before them. This town is very prettily situated, and the surrounding amphitheatre of hills, covered with the bright vegetation of spring, was most lovely. It is not, however, a place of much business.

Quai-chow is the residence of a yamen or prefect, and as the expedition had now entered into a new province, the assistance of the governor had to be sought to forward their views. He had no knowledge of the

treaty at Tien-tsin, and notwithstanding that the convention there agreed upon stipulated that it should be published throughout the empire, the expeditionists did not find it known at any single place on their route after they parted with Admiral Hope's squadron. The fact is, that it was not in the interest of the Manchu government to allow its humiliation to go forth, and the treaty remains, therefore, a dead letter. The governor was not, however, in any way either unseivil or obstructive. Two light junks were obtained instead of one cumbersome one, and the mandarin of Hoo-peh, or of the two Hoohs, was replaced by a lieutenant and six soldiers of Sz'-chuan, or of the "Four Valleys."

The forenoon of the 13th of April found them again *en route*. The country was hilly and cultivated, save where the inhabitants were making bricks. They now first observed the poppy, which is largely cultivated in Sz'-chuan. The appearance of beds of these peopies, with pink, lilac, and white flowers, on the terraces of the hill-sides among the other crops, was very beautiful. The opium produced is as good as the Indian, only, as Hue says, the rich Chinese prefer the latter from variety. The fact, however, remains the same, that if the English did not supply China with opium, the latter would have more than enough of that deleterious drug for home consumption. Yet what obloquy has not England been loaded with for conniving in the supply!

It is to be observed, that in the remote province of Sz'-chuan the educated Chinese looked upon the travellers simply as merchants from "the Western Sea;" but the prevailing notion among the uneducated was, that as they spoke a different language from them, they must be from Canton or the neighbouring provinces, they being perfectly ignorant of the existence of any people beyond "the Central Flowery Land."

On the 14th they reached Yung-yao, a hien, situated a hundred and thirty miles above I-chang, with a handsome town-hall, a three-storied green-roofed pagoda, and some fine temples. The suburbs seemed more extensive than the town itself. At Sian-kiang, beyond this, they first observed a number of small towers on the top of the hills, a feature in the scenery which continued general for some distance above. There were also large "josses" or idols standing in excavations in the solid rock. Villages abounded, and everything betokened that they were getting into the prosperous part of Sz'-chuan, while all they had hitherto seen of it had been comparatively poor. The houses were also of much better construction than heretofore, some being two-storied, whitewashed, and with shelving roofs; sometimes there was attached a square white tower, some forty feet in height, with shelving roof, and a balcony around the top story under the overhanging eaves.

At this part of the river they also came upon shingle-beds, where a number of people were at work turning up the sand and stones, and washing it in rockers. They were gold-washing; and from this point upwards, for a considerable distance above Wan, they often came on large parties of people similarly employed. The river is, indeed, known in this part of its course as the Kin-cha-kiang, or River of Gold Sand. Unfortunately, some of the sand carelessly collected by the expedition, and brought to this country, exhibited nothing but scales of mica. This was a source of much amusement at the expense of the travellers; but it is not at all likely that so astute a people as the Chinese should persevere

in extracting mica! There seems, indeed, to be a method as well as perseverance in the business, and that the government claims a royalty. We wonder if the Chinese are acquainted with the means of extracting gold, when invisible to the naked eye, by means of quicksilver.

On the evening of the 16th they sighted a nine-storied pagoda (all the stories are of unequal number, a fact overlooked by the architect of the Kew pagoda), beyond which was Wan, the seat of government of Eastern Sz'-chuan. This was a town of some size, and it foreshadowed that mercantile prosperity which was afterwards to surprise them in this western province. An amount of suburb all along the river-face prevents the city wall from being easily distinguished when on the water, while the curved roofs of numerous temples and yamuns mark the importance of the place. Visits were exchanged between the prefect and the travellers. His excellency was perfectly polite: sent them some dog's flesh for viands, and offered to promote their progress in any way that lay in his power. The people were also alike civil and polite; they were sometimes, as might be expected, importunate in their curiosity; but, as a rule, Captain Blakiston says, the only people of all those they met who caused them the least annoyance, were the soldiers or "braves." Some Christian Chinese discovered themselves to the expedition at Wan, and from this place upwards they observed numerous Christians among the Chinese. There is little doubt, Captain Blakiston remarks, that the Roman Catholic missionaries have done much more in China than the world gives them credit for. There are two bishops in Sz'-chuan having control over the missionaries, and they all alike adopt the dress and habits of the people they dwell among.

Two hundred miles lay between the expedition and Chung-king on the morning of the 18th of April, when it left Wan. It was their thirty-third day on the Upper Yang-tze, and over two months since they had left Shanghai. The river was still from five hundred yards to half a mile in width. On the hills around, as they proceeded upwards, were temples hollowed out in the cliffs, and approached by flights of steps. Among these the Shi-pow-chai, or "the House of the Precious Stone," was particularly remarkable. It was an isolated rock, with a nine-storied pagoda built against its eastern face, and its summit crowned by temple buildings. Among other places, one, Hu-lin, was a Roman Catholic village, with a church, and the travellers were received at it with almost overwhelming kindness.

Chung (chow), the next town they arrived at, was more notable for its temples and pagodas than anything else. They were visited here by more Christians who had heard of the treaty of Tien-tsin, so it would appear as if the mandarins rather ignored than were ignorant of its existence. From Chung it took them two days' travelling to reach Fung-tu, a hien, and one of the prettiest places on the river, the town itself not having a very imposing appearance, but the scenery around being most beautiful. Situated in a picturesque neighbourhood, where either river or mountain meets the view on every hand, the lower heights close to the place were thickly wooded, and half-hidden temples, with their curved roofs and curious windows, peeped out from among the groves, bringing out by their patches of red the fine dark green of the foliage. Near the embouchure of a tolerably-sized tributary falling into

the Yang-tsze, opposite the town, stood a seven-storied pagoda, which was visible for some distance before approaching the place; another marked the north end of the town; a third was situated on an island between the city and the mouth of the Kow-kia-wan; and a fourth stood on a hill away to the south-south-east. On the opposite bank were several of the peculiar black and white Sz'-chuan farm-houses, amongst groves of bamboo and larger trees, and a few bananas and palms were intermingled with cedars, poplars, and other extra-tropical forms, while the land around was cultivated with that garden-like minuteness for which China is so famed. This is a pleasant picture, and, indeed, according to Huc, Sz'-chuan is one of the finest provinces in the empire. Its temperature is moderate both in winter and summer; neither the long and terrible frosts of the northern, nor the stifling heats of the southern provinces are ever felt in it. Its soil is, from the abundance of rain by which it is watered, extremely fertile, and it is also pleasantly varied. Vast plains, covered by rich harvests of wheat, and other kinds of corn, alternate with mountains crowned with forests, magnificent fertile valleys, lakes abounding in fish, and navigable rivers. The fertility of this province is, indeed, according to the same authority, such that it is said the produce of a single harvest could not be consumed in it in ten years. On the hills are fine plantations of tea, of which all the most exquisite kinds are kept for the epicures of the province. The coarsest are sent off to the people of Tibet and Turkistan. The richness and beauty of the province has exercised an influence on its inhabitants, and their manners are much superior to those of the Chinese of the other provinces. The great towns are, at least relatively, clean and neat, and the aspect of the villages, and even of the farms, bear witness to the comfortable circumstances of their inhabitants.

A day's journey took the expedition from this beautiful spot to Fu (chow), marked Pei on most maps, a walled town, with some fine temples on the summit of a hill outside, and a large suburb near the water. This place had a very business-like appearance, and many junks were being built or repaired. Many of the hills in the neighbourhood had been recently fortified for fear of the Sz'-chuan rebels.

On the 25th of April, which completed forty days of navigation on the Upper Yang-tsze, they reached Chang-show, which is but a small place, but a fine stone bridge crosses a stream that divides the town into two portions. Three days more brought them to Chung-king, which is in reality composed of two walled cities, each of the first order, Chung-king (foo) and Li-min (foo), the former on the left, and the latter on the right bank of the river Ho-tow, at its junction with the Yang-tsze. The present population, from reports of the Roman Catholic missionaries, is about two hundred thousand, of whom between two and three thousand are Christians, besides five hundred Mussulman families. Both Chung-king Proper and Li-min are situated on high ground, which still rises as it recedes from the banks of the Yang-tsze; and their walls enclose large areas, which, as is the case with so many other cities, are not entirely occupied by houses. In Li-min there is a large pagoda, and an "outlook" is built on the highest point within its walls, while others are perched on commanding situations outside for use during the disturbed state of the country.



Second only to Ching-tu, Captain Blakiston says, in a political way, Chung-king is the most important place in the province of Sz'-chuan, while as a trading mart it stands on an equality with the largest cities of the empire; and situated as it is in the centre of the most populous and thriving part of that fertile province, and at a point on the greatest highway of China, whence radiate rivers and other means of communication towards all parts of the country, it enjoys an enormous amount of mercantile business. Hence converge all the products of Sz'-chuan, to be distributed in various directions, and through it must pass all the imports to supply the demands of this populous province. It is in the west of China what Hankow is to the centre, Shanghai on the coast, and Canton in the south; within its walls northern and southern productions, as well as eastern and western interchange. The Yang-tze is at this place about eight hundred yards wide, which is the width of the Thames at London Bridge, and very deep. The Ho-tow is about one hundred and thirty yards wide at its mouth.

The troubles of the expedition had a first commencement at Chung-king. The "braves" forced their way into the cabin, and as they were not only very troublesome, but of more than doubtful honesty, they were expelled the boat, in doing which one of them was tumbled into the river. The consequence was, that the next day, when they were going to visit the governor, and dine afterwards with the Roman Catholic missionaries, who have an episcopacy at this place, they received a note from the missionaries announcing that it was the intention of the soldiers to put them to death on their way to the mandarins, and postponing the dinner. Immediate measures were taken for defence, but the day passed off quietly. Our travellers, however, very properly insisted upon seeing the mandarins, and due protection being afforded to them. Their perseverance was followed by success, and the third day they visited both the Chinese officials and the Roman Catholic missionaries. The latter informed them that the whole country between Chung-king and Ching-tu, the capital of the province, was in a most disturbed state from the presence of rebels.

The expedition left Chung-king on the afternoon of the 3rd of May, and on the evening of the 5th they reached Kiang-tsze (hien), the first place of any size above Chung-king. Just before reaching this town they passed a prettily wooded rocky island, crowned by a temple and small pagoda, called Kin-tin-tsze. River terns, as are seen up most of the large rivers of Asia, in certain localities, were also met with here. There were also a few mosquitoes, a thing they had not been troubled with on their whole voyage. The weather had now become intolerably hot. Kiang-tsze is notable for its pagodas, there being two of thirteen stories each, the greatest number of stories, Captain Blakiston says, he had seen anywhere in China. The hill-sides were dotted with orange-trees planted in regular rows. Wooden stages, used as look-outs, now occupied the commanding heights along the river, and numerous rafts of planks and bamboo were met with. The boats also differed from those below, having high masts. The Chinese carry river navigation to perfection. "I have seen something," Captain Blakiston says, "of boat voyaging in North America, where it is carried to great perfection, but I am free to confess that the inland navigation of China beats it, to use a transatlantic ex-

pression, 'all to pieces.' The only way in which we can hope to over-reach the Chinese on their inland water is by the powerful agency of steam, and that, no doubt, is destined soon to work a revolution on the Yang-tze-kiang'. It will be by our steamers and mercantile enterprise, rather than by our arms and missionaries, that we shall humanise Celestials."

On the 10th they reached the town of Ho-kiang, where a good-sized tributary, the Chi-shui, comes in from the southward. A pagoda stands on the point opposite the mouth of the Chi-shui, which is about two hundred yards wide. The walled part of Ho-kiang was small, but there were some suburbs which had something of a business-like appearance. A good many junks were lying along the shore, and there is probably some traffic up the Chi-shui. Some of the cottage scenes on this part of the river are also described as being very lovely.

On the 13th they arrived at Lu (chow), situated on the left bank of the Yang-tze, where the Fu-sung river enters it. This is a populous place, and appeared to be of some mercantile importance, but there was no wall enclosing any portion of it that they could see. The river above this place became very interesting, from the number of places on its banks, and in the seventy miles which separate Lu from Sü (chow) there were three walled hiens and a proportionate number of villages. The three hiens were Na-chi, Kiang-an, and Nan-ki, and there was also the open town of Li-chuang-pa.

The expedition arrived at Su-chow, or Su-chü, at the mouth of the Min, the river upon which the capital of the province, Ching-tu, is situated, on the 18th of May, and on the sixty-third day from parting company with the squadron. From the time that they had left Chung-king there had been one continual flow of reports of the depredations and atrocities committed by the rebels of Sz'-chuan, or of the "Four Valleys." These rebels, we have before had occasion to observe, have no connexion with the Taipings. They differ from the latter, also, that they cut off the pigtail, and they do not appear to carry on any special crusade against the temples and pagodas. They were designated as "Tu-feh," and were, at the time the expedition arrived at Su-chow, besieging Ching-tu, and numbers of headless bodies floating down the Min attested to what was going on higher up the river. A large number of junks were also collected at the mouth of the Min, afraid to ascend the river on account of the civil war going on; and nothing would induce the Chinese skipper and boatmen of the expedition to go either.

The city of Su-chow is situated just at the angle formed by the Min coming from the north-west; it is regularly built, and enclosed by four walls parallel to the river banks, with suburbs on both its north and south sides. The walls were about two miles round. A fine temple stood outside the east angle, and there were several pagodas. The Min, where it joined the Yang-tze, was about of equal width with the latter river. This river is navigable at all seasons for junks of large size as far up as Kiading, a town about a hundred miles from its mouth, where it divides into two branches.

When the expedition applied to the prefect of Su-chow, requesting an audience, he returned for answer that they could only hope to enter the city by being hauled up the wall by a rope, as the gates were kept con-

stantly closed, for fear—not of the rebels—but of the “braves,” of whom there were several hundreds then quartered outside, in order to protect the place against the rebels, and who, if the gates were opened, would enter and pillage the city! Such is the state of this unfortunate country. The prefect could further do nothing to assist the expedition in getting up to Ching-tu; between the “braves” on the one hand and the rebels on the other, he was perfectly helpless. The party itself was also grievously troubled by the indisciplined soldiery, so much so that they were once or twice nearly opening fire upon them.

There was no getting to Tibet without first getting to Ching-tu, for the Viceroy of Sz-chuan and of Tibet resided at that city, so the expedition found itself at a sticking point. It was proposed to try the ascent of the Min in a light junk, but this was “black-balled.” But still, not to give up altogether, a farther ascent of the Yang-tze itself was resolved upon as far as Ping-shan. Before leaving Su-chow, a fight took place between the Yu-nan and the Sz-chuan “braves.” They were dressed in red, yellow, and blue, and the party were enabled to view the whole performance at their ease from the river. “I never witnessed,” says Captain Blakiston, “anything more ridiculous than this battle in my life; it seemed more like a stage performance, and I should have been inclined to hiss it in anything but a pantomime; a snow-balling match would have been more warlike.” They saw one body, however, thrown into the river.

The expedition left Su-chow on the morning of the 25th of May, proceeding up the river through a hilly country. The same evening they reached the open town of An-pien. The next day they passed a gorge where coal was plentifully and ingeniously worked, and thence a steep cliff, a temple, and a fine stone archway led to the town of Ping-shan, where they arrived before four o'clock on the 25th of May, being their seventieth day on the Upper Yang-tze, and seventeen weeks since leaving the coast. Ping-shan is surrounded on all sides by a mountainous country, and the opposite side of the river was the province of Yu-nan, the boundary between which and Sz-chuan was but a short distance below. The prefect of Ping-shan was civil, and expressed his willingness at first to assist the expedition forward by a devious overland route to Ching-tu, but he was subsequently led by the representations of the mandarin and Chinese attendants to withdraw from his offer of aid. The expedition made acquaintance here with some Miau-tze, or mountaineers from the west, who are very different people from the Chinese in appearance. The face is longer, the nose more straight and prominent, and the eye is not Mongolian. They are also larger proportioned and more robust than the Chinese. These Miau-tze were very friendly with the members of the expedition, which does not look unpromising for a transit across their country.

On the 27th the expedition demanded, as they could not proceed, that a house should be given to them in the town; but this was refused, and ultimately the gates of the place were shut against them. On the 29th a reconnaissance was effected with a view to finding quarters outside of the town, and the same evening a regular cannonade from gingalls and matchlocks were opened upon the expedition. They were in readiness to reply to the fire, and had told off skirmishers, who were to advance

under cover of some old houses and pick a few fellows off the wall, which they had no doubt would have decided the battle in their favour immediately, but they waited, before doing so, to allow of a shot or two striking the boats. As such an event, however, never took place, they remained under the impression, after the firing ceased, that during the whole time there had been nothing more dangerous than powder expended.

This ridiculous and yet vexatious affair, followed by another unpleasant dispute with the boatmen, were both succeeded by still more serious events. They had just finished dinner at about eight P.M. on the momentous 29th of May, when they were suddenly startled by a most infernal yell, as if all the demons of the lower regions had collected in one moment at Ping-shan. Every one sprang to his arms, which were always kept in readiness, and, rushing out of the cabin, they found firearms going off in all directions, amid tremendous noise. Scrambling on to the roof, or upper-deck, amid the most indescribable confusion, they soon ascertained that they were not the particular objects of attack upon this occasion; but that it was in reality a night attack of rebels on Ping-shan. The whole line of the city wall was illuminated by lanterns, and firing was kept up towards and from the city, the gingalls from the latter being pointed as much in their direction as any other. They were prepared to resist any attack with revolvers, swords, and rifles, but none of the party being wounded they did not fire, but sat contemplating the strange night-scene enacted before them. It had been arranged with the other junk, on board of which was Mr. Barton, that the rendezvous, in case of separation, should be on the other, or Yu-nan side of the river. When Mr. Barton made his way over to that side he was unfortunately at once attacked by the Yu-nan braves, and had to get back again to the left bank, and thus between one difficulty and another, the different parties were not reunited till late the next day, and that after no little trouble and anxiety. As to the fight, it was kept up at the city till three A.M., when it left off for a time, and recommenced at 5.50; nor had it fallen at the time of the departure of the expedition, which took place at seven A.M. on the 30th of May. Thus terminated the first exploration of the upper waters of Yang-tze-kiang, from circumstances over which the expedition had no control whatsoever. They did everything that it was in their power to do, and the country cannot but feel a deep debt of obligation to officers who, on occasions like this, go altogether beyond the mere routine of professional duty, and, boldly venturing into the heart of an unknown country, with a remote prospect before them of being enabled even to follow out the ancient caravan route between China, Tibet, and India, confer almost inappreciable advantages upon the whole world by the additions which they are thus enabled to make to our knowledge of other countries, and the important openings offered by them to commerce.

It is truly and deeply to be regretted that a country so favoured by nature and by its population, and the banks of a river so promising to the intercommunication of nations, should be, like the New World, torn to pieces by furious factions, and the worst of all kinds of wars—civil war. The reader will be curious to know, after following us in this our brief critical account of the first ascent of the river, what the opinion of

the travellers was with regard to the future in this most untoward, miserable, and sad state of things.

"I must state," says Captain Blakiston, "that I see no hope of the Taipings becoming the dominant power in China, because they are simply unable to govern themselves, except by a species of most objectionable terrorism. But neither do I see any prospect of the Manchus reinstating themselves in their former position. There is more or less rebellion (not always Taiping) in every province except one in China. Something will spring from this state of disorder to restore order, as has been the case a dozen times before in the empire. The greatest cause of the frightful disorder into which the nation has been plunged is the want of a sufficiency of civil officers—one man ruling over a place as big as Yorkshire, and knowing nothing of his district during his reign. The Taipings might remedy this, inasmuch as every other man is an officer of some kind or other—at all events a Ta-jên. As yet it is but the beginning of a chaos in which trade and commerce, prosperity and happiness, must for a time sink, but only to rise again more flourishing and glorious than ever. Heaven forbid that England, or France, should ever make confusion worse confounded by interfering in the internal struggle now raging! Things are governed in China by rules that we don't understand. The springs of vitality which have enabled China to trace her way through political convulsions as bad as the present, and to exist as a powerful empire through such a series of years as makes our European dynasties look small enough, are not yet exhausted. It will be well to look at the present crisis in a broader light than we are inclined to at present, and see in it merely Chinese fighting Chinese, righting, or attempting to right, their injuries in their own peculiar way. It will not do to look at it in the light of the spread of Christianity against heathendom, as some people would have it, nor will it be well to consider altogether the individual and temporary damage done to foreign commerce. When serious political difficulties are being solved, such losses must stand in abeyance, and we must be witness to much misery and tears—to the loss of much life and property. In this 'great whole' in the vortex of sublimary affairs, we in our own time have seen much of revolution and death, have seen dynasties overthrown, and evil potentates cast out. In Western Europe we can look on such things according to the great principles actuating them, and not according to individual losses or interests. Why should it not be the same in China? The darkness in the land is undoubtedly thick and tangible, but is there no ray of hope? Most verily there is. What place can so be shut out from the brilliant sun shining over us, but that some furtive ray will come playing through, be it even from a keyhole or spider-crack? We of England are from our earliest years accustomed to hear a prayer that magnates, magistrates, mandarins, or what you will, may execute justice and maintain truth; and we know that veritable retribution will be exacted from those who fail, and from the nation to which they belong. Those who know nothing of the Manchu dynasty cannot but confess that it is a sad culprit against the above prayer; while those who have been never so little behind the scenes can testify to the mass of corruption which lies universally seething in high and low places. In such a national dysentery, nothing but the most vigorous remedies can be applied; and much

actual cautery (after the manner of the Arabs) and blood-letting is being most vigorously administered. I pray my readers, when perusing of Chapoo fallings and other dismal records, to consider that the dreadful cruelty therein enacted is hardly a counterpart of Tsing atrocities. But the other day, at Ngan-king, the imperialists enjoyed a three days' slaughter, and left neither man, woman, nor child in that unfortunate city. The Great River is crowded now with their headless victims. I have always had my opinion as to the brigand-like character of the Taipings, but after seeing a good deal of both, I must confess that I have no better opinion of the other party. But I know this, that there is much hope; that order is doing valiant battle with disorder, and is conquering; that English prosperity and rule, manifested in many mercantile houses in Hankow, Kin-kiang, Shanghai, and elsewhere, are silently becoming the umpires in the Celestial struggle; for round such beacons the tired Chinese will cluster and re-form their strength. But this restoration will be fatal to both the Manchu and Taiping dynasties sooner or later. In the mean time, looking on the mighty highway—the silvery track of the Great River, where the forerunners and pioneers of coming peace are going and returning—I anxiously await the time when the tide of disorder shall have flowed by.”

Elsewhere he says: “I am one who believes that, setting religion aside, were an influential Chinese party to start a rebellion to-morrow, with the express aim of overthrowing the present dynasty, it would carry the whole country with it. But will this be done, or will China split up into two or more kingdoms, ruled by different sects, and kept from internal strife by foreign bayonets? Are we to see the tricolor, the union jack, and the Russian eagle, floating over the capitals of Canton, Nanking, and Peking? Or are we to take to some other beverage instead of tea, and leave China to fight out this revolution as she has others in former times? Rebellion is no new thing in that country, for the establishment of the Tartars at Peking was only the end of a period of twelve hundred and twenty-four years, during which China underwent fifteen changes of dynasty, all accompanied by frightful civil wars.”

It is manifestly hard work to speculate on the future of China; it is evident that it is all, as yet, “in nubibus.” In the mean time, the inexorable logic of facts, more especially of accomplished facts, goes on. Merchants will not yield their trade, no more than old women will go without their tea. The Taipings are fêted in one quarter, maltreated in another. Shanghai besieged by the rebels, Canton in revolt, the Mohammedans conspiring and rebelling, it only wants an insurrection of the Roman Catholics to complete a state of confusion, to which an Anglo-Chinese navy and army, under an admittedly corrupt and impossible dynasty, will serve to bring a climax. There is, however, no retreating; events have gone too far, and European interests have got too much involved in those of China to permit of withdrawal from the struggle. What will be the upshot it is impossible to foresee, but most probably the aggrandisement of the civilised powers, not at the expense of, but for the benefit of, the less civilised.

## THE SHADOW OF ASHLYDYAT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "EAST LYNNE."

## PART THE SIXTEENTH.

## I.

## A DREAD FEAR.

CAN you picture what were the sensations of Maria Godolphin during that night? No: not unless it has been your lot to pass through such. She went up to her bedroom at the usual time, not to excite any gossip in the household; she undressed herself mechanically; she got into bed. It had been much the custom with herself and George to sleep with the blinds up. They liked a light room; and a large gas-lamp in Crosse-street threw its full light in. Now she lay with her eyes closed: not courting sleep; she knew that there would be no sleep for her, no continuous sleep, for many and many a night to come: now, she turned on her uneasy bed and lay with her eyes open: anything for a change in the monotonous hours. The commodious dressing-table, its large glass, its costly ornaments, stood between the windows; she could see its outlines, almost trace the pattern of its white lace drapery over the pink silk. The white window-curtains were looped up with pink; some of the pretty white chairs were finished off with pink braiding. The carpet was of green, with white and pink roses on it. A large cheval-glass swung in a corner. On a console of white marble, its frettings of gilt, stood Maria's Prayer-book and Bible, with Wilson's Supper and Sacra Privata: a book she frequently opened for a few minutes in a morning. A small ornamental bookcase was on the opposite side, containing some choice works culled from the literature of the day. On the table, in the centre of the room, lay a small travelling-desk of George's, which he had left there when packing his things. All these familiar objects, with others, were perfectly clear to Maria's eyes; and yet she saw them not. If the thought intruded that this comfortable bed-chamber might not much longer be hers, she did not dwell upon it. *That* phase of the misfortune had scarcely come. Her chief sensation was one of shivering cold. She felt cold all over; that nervous coldness which only those who have experienced intense dread or pain of mind, ever have felt. She shivered inwardly and outwardly—and she said perpetually, "When will the night be gone?" It was only the precursor of worse nights, many of them, in store.

Morning dawned at last. Maria watched in the daylight; and lay closing her eyes against the light until it was the usual time of rising. She got up, shivering still, and unrefreshed. Many a one might have slept through the night, just as usual, have risen renovated, have been none the worse, in short, in spirit or in health, for the blow which had fallen. Charlotte Pain might have slept all the better. *Il y a des femmes et des femmes.*

It was Sunday morning, and the church bells were giving token of it, as it is customary for them to do at eight o'clock. When Maria got down to breakfast, it was nearly nine. The sun was bright, and the breakfast-table, laid with its usual care, in the pleasant dining-room, was bright also with its china and silver.

Something else looked bright. And that was Miss Meta. Miss Meta came in, following on her mamma's steps, and attended by Margery. Very bright in her Sunday attire. An embroidered white frock, its sleeves tied up with blue ribbons, and a blue sash. Careful Margery had put a white pinafore over the whole, lest the frock should come to grief at breakfast. On Sunday mornings Meta was indulged with a seat at her papa and mamma's breakfast-table.

The child was a little bit of a gourmande, as it is in the nature of many children at that age to be. She liked nice things very much indeed. Bounding to the breakfast-table, she stood on tiptoe, her chin up, regarding what there might be on it. Maria drew her to a chair apart, and sat down with the child on her knee, to take her morning kiss.

"Have you been a good girl, Meta? Have you said your prayers?"

"Yes," confidently answered Meta to both questions.

"She has said 'em after a fashion," grunted Margery. "It's not much prayers that's got out of her on a Sunday morning, except hurried ones. I had to make her say the Lord's Prayer over twice, she gabbled it so. Her thoughts are fixed on coming down here; afraid for fear the breakfast should be eat, I suppose."

Maria was in no mood for bestowing admonition. She stroked the child's smooth golden curls fondly, and kissed her pretty lips.

"Where's papa?" asked Meta.

"He is out, dear. Don't you remember? Papa went out yesterday. He has not come home yet."

Meta drew a long face. Papa indulged her more than mamma did, especially in the matter of breakfast. Mamma was apt to say such and such a dainty was not good for Meta: papa helped her to it, whether good for her or not.

Maria put her down. "Set her to the table, Margery. It is cold this morning, is it not?" she added, as Meta was lifted on to a chair.

"Cold!" returned Margery. "Where can your feelings be, ma'am? It's a hot summer's day."

Maria sat down herself to the breakfast-table. Several letters lay before her. On a Sunday morning the letters were brought into the dining-room, and Pierce was in the habit of laying them before his master's place. To-day, he had laid them before Maria's.

She took them up. All, save three, were addressed to the firm. Two bore the private address of George; the third was for Margery.

"Here is a letter for you, Margery," she said, laying the others in a stack, that they might be carried into the bank.

"For me!" returned Margery, taken by surprise. "Are you sure, ma'am?"

For answer, Maria handed her the letter, and Margery, rummaging in her pocket for her spectacles, opened it without ceremony, and stood reading it.



"I dare say! what else wouldn't they like!" was her ejaculatory remark.

"Is it from Scotland, Margery?" asked her mistress.

"It wouldn't be from nowhere else," answered Margery, in vexation. "I have got no other kin to pull and tug at me. They be a going on to Wales, she and her son, and she wants me to meet her on the journey to-morrow, just for an hour's talk. Some people have got consciences! Ride a matter of forty mile, and spend a sight o' money in doing it!"

"Are you speaking of your sister?—Mrs. Bray."

"More's the pity, I am," answered Margery. "Selina was always one of the weak ones, ma'am. She says she has been ill again, feels likely to die, and is going to Wales for some months to her friends, to try if the air will benefit her. She'd be ever grateful for a five-pound note, she adds, not having a penny-piece beyond what will take her to her journey's end. I wonder how much they have had off me in the whole, if it come to be put down!" wrathfully concluded Margery.

"You can have a day's holiday, you know, Margery, if you would wish to meet her on her journey."

"I must take time to consider of it," shortly answered Margery, who was always considerably put out by these applications. "She has been nothing but a trouble to me, ma'am, ever since she married that ne'er-do-well, Bray. Now then! you be a good child, and don't upset the whole cup of coffee over your pinafore, as you did last Sunday morning!"

The parting admonition was addressed to Meta, in conjunction with a slight shake administered to that young lady, under the pretence of resettling her on her chair. Meta was at once the idol and the torment of Margery's life. Margery withdrew, and Maria, casting her spiritless eyes on the breakfast-table, took a modest piece of dry toast, and put a morsel into her mouth.

But she found some difficulty in swallowing it. Throat and bread were alike dry. She drew the butter towards her and spread some on the toast, thinking it might mend it. No; no. She could not swallow buttered toast any more than dry. The fault did not lie in the food.

"Would Meta like a nice piece of toast?" she asked.

Meta liked anything that was good, in the shape of eatables. She nodded her head several times in succession, by way of answer, her mouth being full. And Maria passed the slice of toast to her.

The breakfast came to an end. Maria took the child on her knee, read her a pretty Bible story, as was her daily after-breakfast custom, talked to her a little, and then sent her to the nursery. She, Maria, sat on alone. She heard the bells ring out for service, but they did not ring for her. Maria Godolphin could no more have shown her face in the church that day than she could have committed some desperately wrong act. Under the disgrace which had fallen upon them, it would have seemed, to her sensitive mind, something like an act of unblushing impudence. She gathered her books around her, and strove to make the best of them alone. Perhaps she had scarcely yet realised the great fact that God *can* be a comforter in the very darkest affliction. Maria's experience that way was yet but limited.

She had told the servants that she would dine in the middle of the day with the child, as their master was out: and at half-past one she sat down to dinner, and made what pretence she could of eating some. Better pretence than she had in the morning, for the servants were present now. She took the wing of a fowl on her plate, and turned it about, and managed to finish all the white meat. Meta made up for her: the young lady partook of the fowl and other things with great relish, showing no signs that her appetite was failing, if her mamma's was.

Later, she was despatched for a walk with Margery, and Maria was once more alone. She felt not to know what to do with herself: the house seemed too large for her. She wandered from the dining-room to her sitting-room up-stairs; from the sitting-room across the vestibule to the drawing-room. She paced its large proportions, her feet sinking into the rich velvet-pile carpet; she glanced at the handsome furniture. But she saw nothing: the sense of her eyes, that day, was buried within her.

She felt indescribably lonely; she felt a sense of desertion. Nobody called upon her, nobody came near her: even her brother Reginald had not been. People were not in the habit much of calling on her on a Sunday; but their absence seemed like neglect, in her deep sorrow. Standing for a minute at one of the windows, and looking out mechanically, she saw Isaac pass.

He looked up, discerned her, standing there, and nodded. A sudden impulse prompted Maria to make a sign to him to enter. Her brain was nearly wearied out with incertitude and perplexity. All day, all night, had she been wondering how far the calamity would fall; what would be its limit, what its extent. Isaac might be able to tell her something: at present she was in complete ignorance.

He came up the stairs swiftly, and entered. "Alone!" he said, shaking hands with her. "How are you to-day?"

"Pretty well," answered Maria.

"You were not at church, Maria?"

"No," she answered. "I did not go this morning."

A constrained sort of silence ensued. If Maria waited for Isaac to speak of yesterday's misfortune, she waited in vain. Of all people in the world, he would be the least likely to speak of it to George Godolphin's wife. Maria must do it herself, if she wanted it done.

"Isaac, do you know whether the bank will be open again to-morrow morning?" she began, in a low tone.

"No, I do not."

"Do you *think* it will? I wish you to tell me what you think," she added, in a pointedly earnest tone.

"You should ask your husband for information, Maria. He must be far better able to give it you than I."

She remembered that George had told her she need not mention his having left Prior's Ash until she saw Thomas Godolphin on Monday morning. Therefore she did not reply to Isaac that she could not ask George because he was absent. "Isaac, I wish *you* to tell me," she gravely rejoined. "Anything you know, or may think."

"I really know very little, Maria. Nothing, in fact, for certain. Prior's Ash is saying that the bank will not open again. The report

is that some message of an unfavourable nature was telegraphed down last night by Mr. Godolphin."

"Telegraphed to whom?" she asked, eagerly.

"To Hurde. I cannot say whether there's any foundation for it. Old Hurde's as close as wax. No fear of his propagating it, if it has come; unless it lay in his business to do so. I walked out of church with him, but he did not say a syllable about it to me."

Maria sat a few minutes in silence. "If the bank should not go on, Isaac—what then?"

"Why then—of course it would not go on," was the very logical answer returned by Mr. Isaac.

"But what would be done, Isaac? How would it end?"

"Well—I suppose there'd be an official winding up of affairs. Perhaps the bank might be reopened afterwards on a smaller scale. I don't know."

"An official winding up," repeated Maria, her sweet face turned earnestly on her brother's. "Do you mean bankruptcy?"

"Something of that."

A blank pause. "In bankruptcy everything is sold, is it not? Would these things have to be sold?"—looking round upon the costly furniture.

"Things generally are sold in such a case," replied Isaac. "I don't know how it would be in this."

Evidently there was not much to be got out of Isaac. He either did not know, or he would not. Sitting a few minutes longer, he departed—afraid, possibly, how far Maria's questions might extend.

Not long had he been gone, when boisterous steps were heard leaping up the stairs, and Reginald Hastings—noisy, impetuous Reginald—came in. He seized Maria round the waist, and kissed her heartily. Maria spoke reproachfully.

"At home since yesterday morning, and not to have come to see me before!" she exclaimed.

"They wouldn't let me come yesterday," bluntly replied Reginald. "They thought you'd be all down in the mouth with this bother, and would not care to see folks. Another thing, I was in hot water with them."

A faint smile crossed Maria's lips. She could not remember the time when Reginald had *not* come home to plunge into hot water with the powers at the rectory. "What was the matter?" she asked.

"Well, it was the old grievance about my bringing home no traps. Things do melt on a voyage somehow—and what with one outlet and another for your pay, it's of no use trying to keep square. I say, where's Meta? Gone out? I should have come here as soon as dinner was over, only Rose kept me. I am going to Grace's to tea. She asked me last night. How is George Godolphin? He is out too, I suppose?"

"He is well," replied Maria, passing by the other question. "What length of stay shall you make at home, Reginald?"

"Not long, if I know it. There's a fellow in London looking out for a ship for me. It's as gloomy as ditch-water this time at home. They are all regularly cut up about the business here. Will the bank go on again, Maria?"

"I don't know anything about it, Reginald. I wish I did know."

"I say, Maria," added the thoughtless fellow, lowering his voice, "there's no truth, I suppose, in what Prior's Ash is saying about George Godolphin?"

"What is Prior's Ash saying?" returned Maria.

"Ugly things," answered Reginald. "I heard something about—about swindling."

"About swindling!"

"Swindling, or forgery, or some queer thing of that sort. I wouldn't listen to it."

Maria grew cold. "Tell me what you heard, Reginald—as well as you can remember," she said, her unnatural calmness of tone and manner deceiving Reginald, and cloaking all too well her mental agony.

"Tales are going about that there's something wrong with George. That he has not been doing things upon the square. A bankruptcy's not much, they say, except to the creditors; it can be got over: but if there's anything worse—why, the question is, will he get over it?"

Maria's heart beat on as if it would burst its bounds; her blood was coursing through her veins with a fiery heat. A few moments of struggle, and then she spoke, still with unnatural calmness.

"It is not likely, Reginald, that such a thing could be true."

"Of course it is not," said Reginald, with impetuous indignation. "If I had thought it was true, I should not have asked you about it, Maria. Why, that class of people have to stand in a dock and be tried, and get imprisoned, and transported, and all the rest of it! That's just like Prior's Ash! If it gets hold of the story to-day that I have come home without my sea-chest, to-morrow it will be saying that I have come home without my head. George Godolphin's a jolly good fellow, and I hope he'll turn round on the lot. Many a time he has helped me out of a hole that I didn't dare tell anybody else of; and I wish he may come triumphant out of this!"

Reginald talked on, but Maria heard him not. An awful fear had been aroused within her. Entire as was her trust in his honour, improbable as the uncertain accusation was, the terrible fear, that something or other might be wrong, took possession of her, and turned her heart to sickness.

"I bought Meta a stuffed monkey out there," continued Reginald, jerking his head aside to indicate some remote quarter of his travels. "I thought you'd not like me to bring home a live one for her—even if the skipper had allowed it to come in the ship. I came across a stuffed one cheap, and bought it."

Maria roused herself to smile. "Have you brought it to Prior's Ash?"

"Well—no," confessed Reginald, coming down a tone or two. "The fact is, it went, with the rest of my things. I'll get her something better next voyage. And now I'm off, Maria, for Grace's tea will be ready. Remember me to George Godolphin. I'll come in and see him to-morrow."

With a commotion, equal to that he had made in ascending, Reginald clattered down, and Maria saw him and his not too good sailor's jacket go swaying up the street towards her sister's. It was the only

jacket of any sort Mr. Reginald possessed: and the only one he was likely to possess, until he could learn to keep himself and his clothes.

Maria, with the new fear at her heart—which, strive as she might to thrust it indignantly from her, to ignore it, to reason herself out of it, *would* continue to be a fear, and a very horrible one—remained alone for the rest of the day. Just before bedtime, Margery came to her.

"I have been turning it over in my mind, ma'am, and come to the conclusion that it might be as well if I do go to meet my sister. She's always on the groan, it's true; but maybe she is bad, and we might never get a chance of seeing each other again. So I think I'll go."

"Very well," said Maria. "Harriet can attend to Miss Meta. What time in the morning must you be away, Margery?"

"By half-past six out of here," answered Margery. "The train goes five minutes before seven. Could you let me have a little money, please, ma'am? I suppose I must give her a pound or two."

Maria felt startled at the request. How was she to comply with it? "I have no money, Margery," said she, her heart beating. "At least, I have but very little. Too little to be of much use to you."

"Then that stops it," returned Margery, with her abrupt freedom. "It's of no good for me to think of going, without money."

"Have you none by you?" asked Maria. "It is a pity you must be away before the bank opens in the morning."

Before the bank opens! Was it spoken in thoughtlessness? Or did she merely mean to indicate the hour of arrival of Thomas Godolphin?

"What I have got by me isn't much," said Margery. "A few shillings or so. It might take me there and bring me back again; but Selina will look glum if I don't give her something."

In Maria's purse there remained the sovereign and the seven shillings which George had seen there. She gave the sovereign to Margery, who could, if she chose, give it to her sister. Maria suggested that more could be sent to her by post-office order. Margery's savings, what the Brays had spared, and a small legacy left her by her former mistress, Mrs. Godolphin, were in George's hands. Would she ever see them? It was a question to be solved.

To her bed again, to pass another night such as the last. As the last? Had this night been only as the last, it might have been more calmly borne. The chill coldness, the sleeplessness, the trouble and the pain would have been there, but not the sharp agony, the awful dread she scarcely knew of what, arising from the incautious words of Reginald. It is only by comparison that we can form a true estimate of what is bad, what good. Maria Godolphin would have said, the previous night, that it was impossible for any to be worse than that: *now* she looked back, and envied it in the comparison. There had been the sense of the humiliation, the disgrace arising from an unfortunate commercial crisis in their affairs; but the worse dread which had come to her now was not so much as dreamt of. Curled up in her bed, shivering like one in mortal cold, lay Maria, her brain alone hot, her mouth dry, her throat parched. When, oh when would the night be gone!

## II.

## COMPANY TO BREAKFAST.

FAR more unrefreshed did she arise in the morning than on the previous one. The day was charmingly beautiful; the morning hot; but Maria seemed to shake with cold. Margery had gone on her journey, and Harriet, a maid who waited on Maria, attended to the child. Of course, with Margery away, Miss Meta ran riot in having her own will. She chose to breakfast with her mamma: and her mamma, who saw no particular objection, was not in spirits to oppose it.

She was seated at the table opposite Maria, revelling in coffee and good things, instead of plain bread-and-milk. A pretty picture, with her golden hair, her smooth face, and her flushed cheeks. She wore a delicate print frock and a white pinafore, the sleeves tied up with a light mauve-coloured ribbon, and her pretty little hands and arms were never still above the table. In the midst of her own enjoyment it appeared she found leisure to observe that her mamma was taking nothing.

"Mamma, why don't you eat breakfast?"

"I am not hungry, Meta."

"There's Uncle Thomas!" she resumed.

Uncle Thomas! At half-past eight? But Meta was right. That was Mr. Godolphin's voice in the hall, speaking to Pierce. A gleam of something like sunshine darted into Maria's heart. His early arrival seemed to whisper of a hope that the bank would be reopened—though Maria could not have told whence she drew the deduction.

She heard him go into the bank. But, ere many minutes elapsed, he had come out again, and was knocking at the door of the breakfast-room.

"Come in."

He came in: and a grievous sinking fell upon Maria's heart as she looked at him. In his pale, sad countenance, bearing too evidently the traces of acute mental suffering, she read a death blow to her hopes. Rising, she held out her hand, not speaking.

"Uncle Thomas, I'm having breakfast here," put in a little intruding voice. "I'm having coffee and egg."

Thomas laid his hand for a moment on the child's head as he passed her. He took a seat a little away from the table, facing Maria, who turned to him.

"Pierce tells me that George is not here."

"He went to London on Saturday afternoon," said Maria. "Did you not see him there?"

"No," replied Thomas, speaking very gravely.

"He bade me tell you this morning that he had gone—in case he did not see you himself in town."

"Why has he gone? For what purpose?"

"I do not know," answered Maria. "That was all he said to me."

Thomas had his earnest dark-grey eyes fixed upon her. Their ex-

pression did not tend to lessen the sickness at Maria's heart. "What address has he left?"

"He gave me none," replied Maria. "I inferred from what he seemed to intimate that he would be very soon home again. I can scarcely remember what it was he really did say, his departure was so hurried. I knew nothing of it until he had packed his trunk. He said he was going to town on business, and that I was to tell you on Monday morning."

"What trunk did he take?"

"The large one."

"Then he must be thinking of staying some time."

It was the same thought which had several times occurred to Maria. "The trunk was addressed to the railway terminus in London, I remember," she said. "He did not take it with him. It was sent up by the night train."

"Then, in point of fact, you can give me no information about him: except this?"

"No," she answered, feeling, she could scarcely tell why, rather ashamed of having to make the confession. But, it was no fault of hers. Thomas Godolphin rose to retire.

"I'm having breakfast with mamma, Uncle Thomas!" persisted the little busy tongue. "Margery's gone for all day. Perhaps I shall have dinner with mamma."

"Hush, Meta," said Maria, speaking in a sadly subdued manner, as if the chatter, intruded into their seriousness, were more than she could bear. "Thomas, is the bank going on again? Will it be opened to-day?"

"It will never go on again," was Thomas Godolphin's answer; and Maria quite shrank from the lively pain of the tone in which the words were spoken.

There was a blank pause. Maria became conscious that Thomas had turned and was looking gravely, it may be said searchingly, at her face.

"You have known nothing, I presume, Maria, of—of the state that affairs were getting into? You were not in George's confidence?"

She returned the gaze with honest openness, something like wonder shining forth from her soft brown eyes. "I have known nothing," she answered. "George never spoke to me upon business matters: he never would."

No: Thomas felt sure that he had not. He was turning again to leave the room, when Maria, her voice a timid one, a delicate blush rising to her cheeks, asked if she could have some money.

"I have none to give you, Maria."

"I expect Mrs. Bond here after her ten-pound note. I don't know what I shall do, unless I can have it to give her. George told me I could have it from you this morning."

Thomas Godolphin did not understand. Maria explained. About her having taken care of the note, and that George had borrowed it on Saturday. Thomas shook his head. He was very sorry, he said, but he could do nothing in it.

"It is not like a common debt," Maria ventured to urge. "It was

the woman's own money, entrusted to me for safe keeping, on the understanding that she should claim it whenever she pleased. I should be so much obliged to you to let me have it."

"You do not understand me, Maria. It is no want of will on my part. I have not the money."

Maria's colour was gradually receding from her face, leaving in its place something that looked like terror. She would have wished to pour forth question after question—Has all our money gone? Are we quite ruined? Has George done anything very wrong?—but she did not. In her refined sensitiveness she had not the courage to put such questions to Thomas Godolphin: perhaps she had not the courage yet to encounter the probable answers.

Thomas left the room, saying no more. He would not pain her by speaking of the utter ruin which had come upon them, the *disgraceful* ruin; of the awful trouble looming down, in which she must be a sufferer equally with himself; perhaps, she the greatest sufferer. Time enough for it. Maria sat down in her place again, a dull mist before her eyes and in her heart.

"Mamma, I've eaten my egg. I want some of that."

Meta's finger was stretched towards the ham at the foot of the table. Maria rose mechanically to cut her some. There was no saying this morning, "That is not good for Meta." Her heart was utterly bowed down beyond resistance, or thought of it. She placed a slice of ham on a plate, cut it into little pieces, and laid it before that eager young lady.

"Mamma, I'd like some buttered roll."

The roll was supplied also. What would not Maria have supplied, if asked for? All these common-place trifles appeared so pitifully insignificant beside the dreadful trouble come upon them.

"A bit more sugar, please, mamma."

Before any answer could be given to this latter demand, either in word or action, a tremendous summons at the hall-door resounded through the house. Maria shrank from its sound. A fear, she knew not of what, had taken up its place within her, some strange, undefined dread, connected with her husband.

Her poor heart need not have beaten so; her breath need not have been held, her ears strained to listen. Pierce threw open the dining-room door, and there rushed in a lady, all demonstrative sympathy and eagerness. A lady in a handsome light Cashmere shawl, which spread itself over her dress and nearly covered it, and a pork-pie straw hat, with an upright scarlet tuft, or plume.

It was Charlotte Pain. She seized Maria's hand and impulsively asked what she could do for her. "I knew it would be so!" she volubly exclaimed—"that you'd be looking like a ghost. That's the worst of you, Mrs. George Godolphin! You let any trifle worry you. The moment I got the letters in this morning, and found how nasty things were turning out for your husband, I said to myself, 'There'll be Mrs. George in the dumps finely!' And I flung this shawl on to cover my toilette, for I was not en grande tenue, and came off to cheer you, and see if I could be of any use."

Charlotte flung her shawl off as she spoke, ignoring ceremony.



She had taken the chair vacated by Thomas Godolphin, and with a dexterous movement of the hands, the shawl fell behind her, disclosing the "toilette." A washed-out muslin skirt of no particular colour, tumbled, and a little torn; and some strange-looking thing above it, neither a jacket nor a body, its shade a bright yellow and its buttons purple glass, the whole dirty and stained.

"You are very kind," answered Maria, with a shrinking spirit and a voice that faltered. Two points in Mrs. Pain's words had struck upon her ominously. The mention of the letters, and the hint conveyed in the expression, things turning out "nasty" for George. "Have you heard from him?" she continued.

"Heard from him!—how could I?" returned Charlotte. "London letters don't come in this morning. What should he have to write to me about, either? I have heard from another quarter, and I have heard the rumours in Prior's Ash."

"Will you tell me what you have heard?" rejoined Maria.

"Well," said Charlotte, in a friendly tone, as she leaned towards her, "I suppose the docket will be struck to-day—if it is not struck already. The Philistines are down on the house, and mean to declare it bankrupt."

Maria sat in blank dismay. She understood but little of these business matters. Charlotte was quite at home in such things. "What will be the proceedings?" Maria asked, after a pause. "What do they do?"

"Oh, there's a world of bother," returned Charlotte. "It will drive quiet Thomas Godolphin crazy. The books have all to be gone through and accounts of moneys rendered. The worst is, they'll come here and set down every individual thing in the house, and then leave a man in to see that nothing's moved. That agreeable item in the business I dare say you may expect this morning."

Let us give Charlotte her due. She had really come in a sympathising friendly spirit to Maria Godolphin, and in no other. It may be, that Charlotte rather despised her for being so simple and childish in the ways of the world, but that was only the more reason why she should help her if she could. Every word of information that Mrs. Pain was giving, was as a dagger-prick in Maria's heart. Charlotte had no suspicion of this. Had a similar calamity happened to herself, she would have discussed it freely with all the world: possessing no extreme sensibility of feeling, she did not understand it in another. For Maria to talk of the misfortune, let its aspect be ever so bad, seemed to Charlotte perfectly natural.

Charlotte leaned closer to Maria, and spoke in a whisper. "Is there anything you'd like to put away?"

"To put away?" repeated Maria, not awake to the drift of the argument.

"Because you had better give it to me at once. Spoons, or plate of any sort, or your own jewellery; any little things that you may want to save. I'll carry them away under my shawl. Never mind how heavy they are. Don't you understand me?" she added, seeing the blank perplexity on Maria's face. "If once those harping men come in, you can't move or hide a single article, but you might put the whole house away now, if you could get it out."

"But suppose it were known?" asked Maria.

"Then there'd be a row," was Charlotte's candid answer. "Who's to know it? Look at that little stuffer!"

Meaning Miss Meta, who was filling her mouth pretty quickly with the pieces of ham, seemingly with great relish.

"Is it good, child?" said Charlotte.

For answer, Meta nodded her head, too busy to speak. Maria, as in civility bound, invited her visitor to take some; some breakfast.

"I don't care if I do," said Charlotte. "I was just going to breakfast when I came off to you. Look here, Mrs. George Godolphin. I'll help myself: you go meanwhile and make up a few parcels for me. Just what you set most value by, you know."

"I should be afraid," answered Maria.

"What is there to be afraid of?" asked Charlotte, opening her eyes. "They'll be safe enough at the Folly. That is Lady Godolphin's; her private property. The bankruptcy can't touch that; as it will this place and Ashlydyat."

"Ashlydyat!" broke from Maria's lips.

"Ashlydyat will have to go, of course, and everything in it. At the same time that those harpies walk in here, another set will walk into Ashlydyat. I should like to see Janet's face when they arrive! You make haste, and put up all you can. There may be no time to lose."

"I do not think it would be right," debated Maria.

"Stuff and nonsense about 'right!' Such things are done every day. I dare say you have many little valuables that you'd rather keep than lose."

"I have many that it would be a great grief to me to lose."

"Well, go and put them together. I will take every care of them, and return them to you when the affair has blown over."

Maria hesitated. To her honourable mind, there appeared to be something like fraud in attempting such a thing. "Will you allow me just to ask Thomas Godolphin if I may do it?" she said.

Charlotte Pain began to believe that Maria must be an idiot. "Ask Thomas Godolphin! You *would* get an answer! Why, Mrs. George, you know what Thomas Godolphin is—with his straitlaced principles! He would cut himself in two, rather than save a button, if it was not legally his to save. I believe if by the stroke of a pen he could make it appear that Ashlydyat could not be touched, he'd not make the stroke. Were you to go with such a question to Thomas Godolphin, he'd order you, in his brother's name, not to put aside as much as a ten-and-sixpenny ring. You must do it without the knowledge of Thomas Godolphin."

"Then I think I would rather not do it," said Maria. "Thank you all the same, Mrs. Pain."

Mrs. Pain shrugged her shoulders with a movement of contempt, threw off the pork-pie, and drew her chair to the breakfast-table. Maria poured out some coffee, and helped her to what she chose to take.

"Are you sure the—the people you speak of will be in the house to-day?" asked Maria.

"I suppose they will."

"I wish George would come back!" involuntarily broke from Maria's lips.

"He'd be a great donkey if he did," said Charlotte. "He's safer where he is."

"Safer from what?" quickly asked Maria.

"From bother. I should not come if I were George. I should let them fight the battle out without me. Mrs. George Godolphin," added Charlotte, meaning to be good natured, "you had better reconsider your resolve and let me save you a few things. Not a stick or stone will be saved. This will be a dreadful failure, and you won't be spared. They'll take every trinket you possess, leaving you nothing but your wedding-ring."

Maria could not be persuaded. She seemed altogether in a fog, understanding little: but she felt that what Charlotte proposed would not be within the strict rules of right.

"They'll poke their noses into drawers and boxes, into every hole and corner in the house; and from that time forth the things are not yours, but theirs," persisted Charlotte, for her information.

"I cannot help it," sighed Maria. "I wish George was here!"

"At any rate, you'll do one thing," said Charlotte. "You'll let me carry off the child for the day. It will not be a pleasant sight for her, young as she is, to witness a lot of great hulking men going through the rooms, noting down the furniture. I'll take her back with me."

Maria made no immediate reply. She did not particularly like the companionship of Mrs. Pain for Meta. Charlotte saw her hesitation.

"Are you thinking she will be a trouble? Nothing of the sort. I shall be glad to have her for the day, and it is as well to spare her such sights. I am sure her papa would say so."

Maria thought he would, and she thought how kind Mrs. Pain was. Charlotte turned to Meta.

"Will Meta come and spend the day at Lady Godolphin's Folly?—and have a high swing made between the trees, and go out in the carriage in the afternoon and buy sugar-plums?"

Meta looked dubious, and honoured the invitation giver with a full stare in the face. Notwithstanding the swing and the sugar-plums—both very great attractions indeed to Meta—certain reminiscences of her last visit to the Folly were intruding themselves.

"Are the dogs there?" asked she.

Charlotte gave a most decided shake of the head, putting down her coffee-cup to do it. "The dogs are gone," she said. "They were naughty dogs to Meta, and they have been shut up in the pit-hole, and can never come out again."

"Never, never?" inquired Meta, her wide-open eyes as earnest as her tongue.

"Never," said Charlotte. "The great big pit-hole lid's fastened down with a strong brass chain: a chain as thick as Meta's arm. It is all right," added Charlotte, in an aside whisper to Maria, while pretending to reach over the breakfast-table for an egg-spoon. "She shan't as much as hear the dogs. I'll have them fastened in the stable. We'll have such a beautiful swing, Meta!"

Meta gobbled down the remainder of her breakfast and slid off her chair. Reassured upon the subject of the dogs, she was eager to be off at once to the pleasures of the swing. Maria rang for Harriet, and gave orders that she should be dressed.

"Let her come in this frock," said Charlotte. "There's no knowing what damage it may undergo before the day's out."

Meta was taken away by Harriet. Charlotte finished her breakfast, and Maria sat burying her load of care, even from the eyes of friendly Charlotte. "Do you like my Garibaldi shirt?" suddenly asked the latter.

"Like what?" questioned Maria, not catching the name.

"This," replied Charlotte, indicating the yellow article by a touch. "They are new things just come up: Garibaldi shirts they are called. Mrs. Verrall sent me three down from London: a yellow, a scarlet, and a blue. They are all the rage, she says. Do you admire it?"

But for Maria's innate politeness, and perhaps for the sadness beating at her heart, she would have answered that she did not admire it at all: that it looked an untidy, shapeless thing. Charlotte continued, without waiting for a reply:

"You don't see it to advantage. It is soiled, and has lost a button or two. Those dogs make horrid work of my things, with their roughness and their dirty paws. Look at this great rent in my dress which I have pinned up! Pluto did that this morning. He is getting fearfully savage, now he's old."

"You must not allow them to frighten Meta," said Maria, somewhat anxiously. "She should not see them."

"I have told you she shall not. Can't you trust me? The dogs——"

Charlotte paused. Meta came bursting in, ready; in her large straw hat with its flapping brim, and her cool brown Holland overdress. Charlotte rose, drew her shawl about her shoulders, and carried the pork-pie to the chimney-glass, to settle it on. Then she took Meta by the hand, said good morning, and sailed out, the effect of her visit having been partly to frighten, partly to perplex, Maria.

Meta came running back, all in a bustle, Charlotte following her. She had escaped from Charlotte's hand as Pierce was opening the street door. "Mamma, you have not read me a Bible story!" Meta could not remember when that customary after-breakfast routine had been dispensed with before, and was surprised.

"No, darling. Perhaps I can read you one to-night."

"As if Bible stories did any good to children so young as Meta!" remarked Charlotte, tossing up the scarlet tuft. "It's quite waste of time, Mrs. George Godolphin. I'd rather amuse a child of mine with half a column of *Bell's Life*."

Maria made no answering reply. She kissed again the little face held up to her, and they finally departed. Maria rang for the breakfast-things to be removed. It was soon done, and then she sat on with her load of care, and her new apprehensions. These agreeable visitors that Charlotte warned her of—she wondered that Thomas had not mentioned it. Would they take all the clothes she had up-stairs, leaving her only what she stood upright in? Would they take Meta's?

Jan.—VOL. CXXVII. NO. DV.

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Would they take her husband's out of his drawers and places? Would they take the keeper off her finger? It was studded with diamonds. Charlotte had said they would only leave her her wedding-ring. These thoughts were troubling and perplexing her; but only in a degree. Compared to that other terrible thought, they were as nothing—the uncertain fear, regarding her husband, which had been whispered to her by the careless sailor, Reginald Hastings.

### III.

#### BEARING THE BRUNT.

THOMAS GODOLPHIN sat in the bank parlour, bearing the brunt of the shock. With his pain upon him, mental and bodily, he was facing all the trouble that George ought to have faced: the murmurs, the questions, the reproaches.

All was known. All was known to Thomas Godolphin. Not alone to him. Could Thomas have kept the terrible facts within his own breast, have shielded his brother's reputation still, he would have done it: but that was impossible. In becoming known to Mr. Godolphin, it had become known to others. The discovery had been made jointly, by Thomas and by certain business gentlemen, when he was in London on the Saturday afternoon. Treachery upon treachery! The long course of deceit on George Godolphin's part had come out. Falsified books, wrongly-rendered accounts, good securities replaced by false, false balance-sheets. Had Thomas Godolphin been less blindly trustful in George's honour and integrity, it could never have been so effectually accomplished. George Godolphin was the acting manager: and Thomas, in his perfect trust, combined with his failing health, had left things latterly almost entirely in George's hands. "What business had he so to leave them?" people were asking now. Perhaps Thomas's own conscience was asking the same. But why should he not have left things to him, considering that he placed in him the most implicit confidence? Surely, no unprejudiced man would say Thomas Godolphin had been guilty of imprudence. George was fully equal to the business confided to him, in point of power, of capacity; and it could not certainly matter which of the brothers, equal partners, equal heads of the firm, took its practical management. It would seem not: and yet they were blaming Thomas Godolphin now.

Failures of this nature have been recorded before, where fraud has played its part. We have only to look to the records of our law courts—criminal, bankruptcy, and civil—for examples. To transcribe the precise means by which George Godolphin had contrived to bear on in a course of deceit, to elude the suspicion of the world in general, and the vigilance of his own house, would only be to recapitulate what has often been told in the public papers; and told to so much more purpose than I could tell it. It is rather with what may be called the domestic phase of these tragedies that I would deal: the private, home details, the awful wreck of peace, of happiness, caused *there*. The world knows enough (rather too much, sometimes) of the public part of these

affairs ; but what does it know of the part behind the curtain ?—the, if it may be so said, the inner aspect ?

I knew a gentleman, years ago, who was a partner in a country banking-house ; a sleeping partner ; and the bank failed. Failed through a long-continued course of treachery on the part of one connected with it—something like that described to you as pursued by Mr. George Godolphin. This gentleman (of whom I tell you) was to be held responsible for the losses, creditors and others decided, the real delinquent having disappeared, escaped beyond their reach. They lavished upon him harsh names ; rogue, thief, swindler !—while, in point of fact, he was as innocent and unconscious of what had happened, as they were. He gave up all he had ; the bulk of his means had gone with the bank ; and he went out of the hearing of his abusers for a while until things should be smothered ; perhaps the bad man caught. A short time, and he became ill ; and a medical man was called in to him. Another short time, and he was *dead* : and the doctors said—I heard them say it—that his malady had been brought on by grief ; that he had, in fact, died of a broken heart. He was a kindly gentleman ; a good husband, a good father, a good neighbour ; a single-hearted, honest man ; the very soul of kindness and honour : but he was misjudged by those who ought to have known him better ; and he died for it. I wonder what the real rogue felt when he heard of the death ? He was a relative. There are many such cases in the world ; where reproachful abuse is levelled at one whose heart is breaking.

There appeared to be little doubt that George Godolphin's embarrassments had commenced years ago. It is more than probable that the money borrowed from Verrall during that short sojourn in Homberg had been its precursor. Once in the hands of the clever charlatan, the crafty, unscrupulous bill discounter, who grew fat on the folly of others, his downward course was—perhaps not easy or swift, but at all events sure. If George Godolphin had but been a little more clear-sighted, the evil might never have come. Could he but have seen Verrall at the first onset, as he was ; not the gentleman, the good-hearted man, as George credulously believed, but the low fellow who traded on the needs of others, the designing sharper, looking ever after his prey, George would have flung him far away with no other feeling than contempt. George Godolphin was not born a rogue. George was by nature a gentleman, and an open-handed one too ; but, once in the clutches of Verrall, he was no more able to escape, than are the unhappy flies who go buzzing against the shining papers, placed to catch them, and there stick. Bit by bit, step by step, gradually, imperceptibly, George found himself stuck. He awoke to the fact that he could neither stir upwards nor downwards. He could not extricate himself ; he could not go on without exposure ; Verrall, or Verrall's agents, those working in concert with him, though not ostensibly, stopped the supplies, and George was in a fix. Then began the frauds upon the bank. Slightly at first. It was only a choice between that and exposure. Between that and ruin, it may be said, for George's liabilities were so great, that, if brought to a climax, they must then have caused the bank to stop, involving Thomas in ruin as well as

himself. In his sanguine temperament, too, he was always hoping that some lucky turn would redeem the bad and bring all to rights again. It was Verrall who urged him on. It was Verrall who, with Machiavellian craft, made the wrong appear the right; it was Verrall who had filled his pockets with the emptiness of George's. That Verrall had been the arch-tempter, and George the arch-dupe, was clear as the sun at noonday to those who were behind the scenes. Unfortunately, but very few were behind the scenes so far—they might be counted by units—and Verrall and Co. could still blazon it before the world.

The wonder was, where the money had gone. It very often is the wonder in these cases. A wonder too often never solved. An awful amount of money had gone in some way; the mystery was, how. George Godolphin had kept up a large establishment; had been personally extravagant privately as well as publicly; but that did not serve to account for the half of the money missing; not for a quarter of it; nay, scarcely for a tithe. Had it been to save himself from hanging, George himself could not have told how or where it had gone. When the awful sum total came to be added up, to stare him in the face, he looked at it in blank amazement. And he had no good to show for it; none; the money had melted, and he could not tell how.

Of course it had gone to the discounters. The tide of discounting once set in, it was something like the nails in the horseshoe, doubling, and doubling, and doubling. The money went, and there was nothing to show for it: little marvel that George Godolphin stood aghast at the sum total of the whole, when the amount was raked up—or, as near the amount as could be guessed at. When George could no longer furnish legitimate funds on his own account, the bank was laid under contribution to supply them, and George had to enter upon a system of ingenuity to hide the outgoings. When those contributions had been levied to the very utmost extent compatible with safety, with the avoidance of sudden and immediate non-discovery, and George was at his wits' end for money, which he *must* have, then Verrall whispered of a way which George at first revolted from, but which resulted in the taking of the deeds of Lord Averil. Had the crash not come as it did, other deeds might have been taken. It is impossible to say. Such a course once entered on is always down hill. Like some other downward courses, the only safety lies in not yielding to it at the first temptation.

Strange to say, George Godolphin could not see the rogue's part played by Verrall: or at best he saw it but very imperfectly. And yet, not strange; for there are many of these cases in the world. George had been on intimate terms of friendship with Verrall; had been *his*, it may be said, with him and Lady Godolphin's Folly. Mrs. Verrall was pretty. Charlotte had her attractions. Altogether, George believed yet in Verrall. Let the dagger's point be but decked tastefully with flowers, and men will rush blindly on to it.

Thomas Godolphin sat, some books before him, pondering the one weighty question—where could all the money have gone? Until the present moment, this morning when he had the books before him and his thoughts were more practically directed to business details, he had

been pondering another weighty question—where had George's integrity gone? Whither had flown his pride in his fair good name, the honour of the Godolphins? From the Saturday afternoon when the dreadful truth came to light, Thomas had had little else in his thoughts. It was his companion through the Sunday, through the night journey afterwards down to Prior's Ash. He was more fit to be in his bed than to take that journey: but he must face the exasperated men from whom George had flown.

He was facing them now. People had been coming in since nine o'clock with their reproaches, and Thomas Godolphin bore them patiently and answered them meekly: the tones of his voice low, subdued, as if they came from the sadness of a stricken heart. He felt their wrongs keenly. Could he have paid these injured men by cutting himself to pieces, and satisfied them with the "pound of flesh," he would have done so, oh how willingly. He would have sacrificed his life and his happiness (his happiness!), and done it cheerfully, if by that means they could have been paid.

"It's nothing but a downright swindle. I'll say it, sir, to your face, and I can't help saying it. Here I bring the two thousand pound in my hand, and I say to Mr. George Godolphin, 'Will it be safe?' 'Yes,' he answers me, 'it will be safe.' And now the bank has shut itself up, and where's my money?"

The speaker was Barnaby, the corn-dealer. What was Thomas Godolphin to answer?

"You told me, sir, on Saturday, that the bank would open again to-day for business; that the customers would be paid in full."

"I told you but what I believed," rose the quiet voice of Thomas Godolphin in answer. "Mr. Barnaby, believe me, this blow has come upon no one more unexpectedly than it has upon me."

"Well, sir, I don't know what may be your mode of carrying on business, but I should be ashamed to conduct mine so as to let ruin come slap upon me and not to have seen it coming."

Again, what was Thomas Godolphin to answer? Generous to the end, he would not say, "My brother has played us both, alike, false." "If I find that any care or caution of mine could have averted this, Mr. Barnaby, I shall carry the remorse to my grave," was all he said.

"What sort of a dividend will there be?" went on the dealer.

"I really cannot tell you yet, Mr. Barnaby. I have no idea. We must have time to go through the books."

"Where is Mr. George Godolphin?" resumed the applicant; and it was a very natural question. "Mr. Hurde says he is away, but it is strange he should be away at such a time as this. I should like to ask him a question or two."

"He is in London," replied Thomas Godolphin.

"But what's he gone to London for now? And when is he coming back?"

More puzzling questions. Thomas had to bear the pain of many such that day. He did not say, "My brother is gone we know not why; in point of fact, he has run away." He spoke aloud the faint hopes that rose within his own breast—that some train, ere the day was over, would bring him back to Prior's Ash.



"Don't you care, Mr. Godolphin," came the next wailing plaint, "for the ruin that the loss of this money will bring upon me? I have a wife and children, sir."

"I do care," Thomas answered, his throat husky and a mist in his eyes. "For every pang that this calamity will inflict on others, it inflicts two on me."

Mr. Hurde, who was busy with more books in his own department, in conjunction with some clerks, came in to ask a question, his pen behind his ear; and Mr. Barnaby, seeing no good to be derived from stopping, went out. Little respite had Thomas Godolphin. The next to come in was the Rector of All Souls'.

"What is to become of me?" was his saluting question, spoken in his clear, decisive tone. "How am I to refund this money to the little Chisholms?"

Thomas Godolphin had no satisfactory reply to make. He missed the friendly hand held out hitherto in greeting. Mr. Hastings did not take a chair, but stood up near the table, firm, stern, uncompromising.

"I hear George is off," he continued.

"He is gone to London, Maria informs me," replied Thomas Godolphin.

"Mr. Godolphin, can you sit there and tell me that you had no suspicion of the way things were turning? That this ruin has come on, and you ignorant?"

"I had no suspicion; none whatever. None can be more utterly surprised than I. There are moments when a feeling comes over me that it cannot be true."

"Could you live in intimate association with your brother, and not see that he was turning out a rogue and vagabond?" went on the rector, in his keenest and most cynical tone.

"I knew nothing, I suspected nothing," was the quiet reply of Thomas.

"How *dared* he take that money from me the other night, when he knew that he was on the verge of ruin?" asked Mr. Hastings. "He took it from me; he never entered it in the books; he applied it, there's no doubt, to his own infamous purposes. When a suspicion was whispered to me afterwards that the bank was wrong, I came here to him. I candidly spoke of what I had heard, and asked him to return me the money, as a friend, a relative. Did he return it? No: his answer was a false, plausible assurance that the money and the bank were alike safe. What does he call it? Robbery? It is worse; it is deceit, fraud, vile swindling. In the old days, many a man has swung for less, Mr. Godolphin."

Thomas Godolphin could not gainsay it.

"Nine thousand and forty-five pounds!" continued the rector.

"How am I to make it good? How am I to find money only for the education of Chisholm's children? He confided them and their money to me; and how have I repaid the trust?"

Every word he spoke was as a dagger entering the heart of Thomas Godolphin. He could only sit still and bear. Had the malady that was carrying him to the grave never before shown itself,

the days of anguish he had now entered on would have been sufficient to induce it.

"If I find that Maria knew of this, that she was in league with her husband to deceive me, I shall feel inclined to discard her from my affections from henceforth," resumed the indignant rector. "It was an unlucky day when I gave my consent to her marrying George Godolphin. I never liked his addressing her. It must have been instinct warned me against it."

"I am convinced that Maria has known nothing," said Thomas Godolphin. "She——"

Mr. Godolphin stopped. Angry sounds had arisen outside, and presently the door was violently opened, and quite a crowd of clamorous people came in, ready to abuse Thomas Godolphin, George not being there to receive the abuse. There was no question but that day's work took weeks from his short span of remaining life. Could a man's heart break summarily, Thomas Godolphin's would have broken then. Many men would have retaliated: *he* felt their griefs, their wrongs, as keenly as they did. They told him of their ruin, of the desolation, the misery it would bring to them, to their wives and families; some spoke in a respectful tone of quiet plaint, some were loud, unreasonable, half insulting. They demanded to know what dividend there would be; some asked in a covert tone to have *their* bit of money returned in full; some gave vent to most unorthodox language touching George Godolphin; they openly expressed their opinion that Thomas was conniving at his absence; they hinted that he was as culpable as the other.

None of them appeared to glance at the great fact—that Thomas Godolphin was the greatest sufferer of all. If they had lost part of their means, he had lost all of his. Did they remember that this terrible misfortune, which they were blaming him for, would leave him a beggar upon the face of the earth? He, a gentleman born to wealth, to Ashlydyat, to a position of standing in the county, to honour, to respect? It had all been rent away by the blow, leaving him homeless and penniless, sick with an incurable malady. Had they but reflected, they might have found that Thomas Godolphin deserved their condolence rather than their abuse.

But they were in no mood to reflect, or to spare him in their angry feelings; they gave vent to all the soreness within them—and perhaps it was excusable.

The Rector of All Souls' had had his say, and he strode forth. Making his way to the dining-room, he knocked sharply with his stick on the door, and then entered. Maria rose up and came forward: something very like terror on her face. The knock had frightened her: it had conjured up visions of the visitors suggested by Mrs. Charlotte Pain.

"Where is George Godolphin?"

"He is in London, papa," she answered, her heart sinking at the stern tone, the abrupt greeting.

"When do you expect him home?"

"I do not know. He did not tell me when he went; except that he should be home soon. Will you not sit down, papa?"

"No. When I brought that money here the other night, the nine thousand and forty-five pounds," he continued, touching her shoulder to command her full attention, "could you not have opened your lips to tell me that it would be safer in my own house than in this?"

Maria was seized with an inward trembling. She could not bear to be spoken to in that stern tone by her father. "Papa, I could not tell you. I did not know it."

"Do you wish to tell me that you knew nothing—*nothing*—of the state of your husband's affairs, of the ruin that was impending?"

"I knew nothing," she answered. "Until the bank closed on Saturday, I was in total ignorance that anything was wrong. I never had the remotest suspicion of it."

"Then I think, Maria, you ought to have had it. Rumour says that you are owing a great deal of money in the town for your personal necessities, housekeeping and the like."

"There is a good deal owing, I fear," she answered. "George has not given me the money to pay regularly of late, as he used to do."

"And did *that* not serve to open your eyes?"

"No," she faintly said. "I never cast a thought to anything being wrong."

She spoke meekly, softly, something like Thomas Godolphin had spoken. The rector looked at her pale, sad face, and perhaps a feeling of pity for his daughter came over him, however bitter he may have felt towards her husband.

"Well, it is a terrible thing for us all," he said, in a kinder voice, as he turned to move away.

"Will you not wait, and sit down, papa?"

"I have not the time now. Good day, Maria."

As he went out, there stood, gathered against the wall, waiting to go in, Mrs. Bond. Her face was rather red this morning, and a perfume—certainly not of plain water—might be detected in her vicinity. Her snuffy black gown went down in a reverence, as he passed. The Rector of All Souls' strode on. Care was too great at his heart, to allow of his paying attention to extraneous things, even though they appeared in the shape of attractive Mrs. Bond.

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## FREDERICK PRINCE OF WALES.

BY SIR NATHANIEL.

PUTTING this and that together, in his career as a Prince, and remembering the mature age to which he attained, it may very reasonably indeed be doubted, perhaps be quite confidently denied, that the father of George the Third would himself have made a model of a British king. One cannot be persuaded into a belief that the nation was a prodigious loser by the Prince's decease, despite the panegyrics of the Leicester House clique, and all the eulogies, adulations, and regrets, of his Majesty's Opposition. One cannot recognise in Frederick Prince of Wales the making of a Titus or an Antoninus Pius, despite the sounding brass of brassy Bubb Dodington's prose, and the tinkling cymbal of Thomson's verse.

When Thomson published Part the First of his "Liberty," the Prince was not yet the recognised power in the State, for good or evil, that within a few years he became—thanks to that famous declaration of principles which, as Mr. Bell says, raised his popularity so high, and made the council at Leicester House a formidable rival to the cabinet at St. James's; principles to which he exhibited his devotion on all available occasions of display—even the theatrical entertainments in which his children played at Leicester House being employed as a vehicle for impressing the public with his sincerity. As early as 1784, however, James Thomson hailed in his Royal Highness the noblest dispositions of the prince, and of the patriot, united: an overflowing benevolence, generosity, and candour of heart, joined to an enlightened zeal for Liberty—that theme of what Thomson perversely held to be his own best work—an intimate persuasion that on it depends the happiness and glory both of kings and people. But this was in a Dedication; and Dedications, at that time of day, were chartered to exude any amount of fulsome flattery.

And how figures Frederick in the Poem itself? A Goddess, Liberty, speaketh; a heavenly Power, that heareth and answereth poet's prayer; and this the tone of her divine response—this the burden of her strain inspired:

A Prince behold! for Me who burns sincere,  
E'en with a subject's zeal. He my great work  
Will parent-like sustain; and added give  
The touch the Graces and the Muses owe.  
For Britain's glory swells his panting breast;  
And ancient arts he emulous revolves;  
His pride to let the smiling heart abroad,  
Thro' clouds of pomp, that but conceal the man  
To please, his pleasure; bounty his delight;  
And all the soul of Titus dwells in him.\*

Poetical licenses are taken out for wholesale as well as retail business, and James Thomson, idler though he was, could drive a roaring trade in

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\* Thomson's *Liberty*, part i., *Ancient and Modern Italy Compared*.

this line when the fit took him. Suspend his license, or at least your faith in it; and consult Lord Hervey on the capabilities and salient character-points of his Royal Highness. True, my Lord Hervey, too, is a prejudiced witness; ex officio (at Court) as much prejudiced against the Heir-Apparent, as the poet of the Seasons was prepossessed in his favour. But John Lord Hervey was a shrewd judge of character, and an expert in royal society; and his portraiture of the Prince of Wales abounds in traits that are almost self-evidently like and to the life.

According to his lordship, then, Frederick Prince of Wales was made up of contradictions. H.R.H. was at once both false and sincere; false by principle, and sincere from weakness, trying always to disguise the truths he ought not to have concealed, and from his levity discovering those he ought never to have suffered to escape him: so that he never told the truth when he pretended to confide, and was for ever telling the most improper and dishonest truths when anybody else had confided in him. He was at once, Lord Hervey assures us, both lavish and avaricious, and always both in the wrong place, and without the least ray of either of the virtues often concomitant with these vices; for he was profuse without liberality, and avaricious without economy. According to the same authority, the Prince was equally addicted to the weakness of making many enemies and many friends, nobody being too low or too bad for him to court, nobody too good or too great for him to betray. "He desired without love, could laugh without being pleased, and weep without being grieved; for which reason his mistresses never were fond of him, his companions never pleased with him, and those he seemed to commiserate never relieved by him.

"When he aimed at being merry in company, it was in so tiresome a manner that his mirth was to real cheerfulness what wet wood is to a fire, that damps the flame it is brought to feed. His irresolution would make him take anybody's advice who happened to be with him; so that jealousy of being thought to be influenced (so prevalent in weak people, and consequently those who are most influenced) always made him say something depreciating to the next comer, of him that advised him last. With these qualifications, true to nobody, and seen through by everybody, it is easy to imagine nobody had any regard for him: what regard, indeed, was it possible anybody could have for a man who had no truth in his words, no justice in his inclination, no integrity in his commerce, no sincerity in his professions, no stability in his attachments, no sense in his conversation, no dignity in his behaviour, and no judgment in his conduct?"\*

Great was the manifestation of public joy, and fervent were the tones of loyal congratulation, which greeted the arrival of the Prince on these shores, in 1728. For some reason not very clear, but probably, as Earl Stanhope suggests, to gratify the Hanoverian party, the young man had never been permitted to visit England in the lifetime of George the First. He now came over at the age of twenty-one, a pledge of the Protestant Succession, and not without qualities to captivate the multitude, who are always apt to love an heir-apparent better than a king. The fair prospect was soon clouded and darkened by faction, and Lord

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\* *Memoirs of the Reign of George the Second.* By John Lord Hervey.

Mahon's History of England\* makes it but too evident how scrupulously Frederick followed his father's example in caballing against a sceptre-bearing size.

The Prince's best qualities, by Hervey's report, always gave one a degree of contempt for him; his carriage, whilst it seemed engaging to those who did not examine it, appearing mean to those who did. He was, indeed, on this noble lord's showing, as false as his capacity would allow him to be, and more capable in that walk than in any other—never having the least hesitation, from principle or fear of future detection, in telling any lie that served his present purpose. Hervey† further pronounces him to have had a much weaker understanding, and, if possible, a more obstinate temper, than his father;—and is fain to profess that had the Prince but had one grain of merit at the bottom of his heart, one should have had compassion for him in the situation to which his miserable poor head soon reduced him; for his case, in short, was this: he had a father that abhorred him, a mother that despised him, sisters that betrayed him, a brother set up against him, and a set of servants that were neither of use to him nor desirous of being so.

His position, Mr. Robert Bell remarks, placed him in direct hostility to the King's advisers, and, as a matter of policy, he formed an alliance with the Opposition, to whom he made that famous declaration of reforms, already mentioned. "But there was little reliance to be placed on the strength of his character, or the purity of his principles. The revelations of Bubb Dodgington show that the Prince was a man of feeble intellect and infirm resolution; and that the political schemes with which he amused his leisure at Leicester House, in anticipation of the advent of sovereign power, betrayed a spirit of vanity and favouritism not altogether reconcilable with his public professions."‡

Glancing into Bubb's Diary, at the opening date of that delectable journal, namely, the summer of 1749, we see that adventurer alighting at Kew about eleven o'clock, and "received most kindly" by H.R.H., who "told me he desired me to come into his service on any terms, and by any title I pleased;" "all this in a manner so noble and frank, and with expressions so full of affection and regard, that I ought not to remember them, but as a debt, and to perpetuate my gratitude." After dinner, H.R.H. insists on Bubb's accepting 2000*l.* *per ann.*, and on settling what was to happen in reversion,—a Peerage, to wit, with the management of the House of Lords, and the seals of Secretary of State, for the southern province. "I give you leave to kiss my hand upon it, now, by way of acceptance," said H.R.H. "Which I did accordingly," says the noway backward or bashful Bubb.

Here again are snatches and sundries from the Diary. "Kissed the Prince and Princess's hands, as Treasurer of the Chambers. Supped with their Royal Highnesses. . . . The Prince pretty eager about opposition."§ Immediately ensuing upon which is the highly characteristic

\* See vol. ii. pp. 126, 199 *sq.*; vol. iii. 164, 315, 330; vol. iv. 1, 6, 10. Edit. 1853.

† Memoirs of Reign of George the Second. Ed. by J. W. Croker, 1848; vol. i. p. 293.

‡ Bell's Annotated edit. of Thomson, vol. i. pp. 111, 208.

§ Oct. 1, 1749.

entry, of the same day's date, "Kissed the King's hand at Kensington. Was civilly received. Wrote to Lady Middlesex about what passed last night." Early next month: "Dined and supped at Kew. The Prince read to me an answer to my memorial written with his own hand. The difference in opinion between us is not considerable. The piece is astonishingly well drawn."\* In a few days again Bubb dines at Carlton House, Lord Egmont and Dr. Lee also present, and they arrange among them, under H.R.H.'s personal presidency at table, all that shall happen on the King's demise,—the Civil List in particular. And H.R.H. "gave us his hand, and made us shake hands with each other, to stand by, and support"† the propositions agreed on. But wicked people try to set the Prince against Bubb, and a deal of communication has to pass between them to make and keep matters straight. "At last he ordered, that he should go to my house at Hammersmith; with which I agreed, thinking *that* the strongest mark of his protection that we could desire. After much talk about this and that, and some idle accounts about the poll at Covent Garden, he made me sit by him, and ran into a long discourse about the army, and then about the reduction of interest, and so let himself into a discourse about the necessity of saying something about those things in Parliament, to feel pulse, and keep the party together, &c."‡

A month or two later, on Bubb's mooted a certain motion of political interest, we find H.R.H. making him "a very embarrassed and perplexed answer." And that very night was published "the vilest and most rancorous pamphlet against me, that, I believe, any age or country [O tempora, O mores!] can show, the author of it taking, by implication, the character of being in the Prince's service."§ Things are come to a pretty pass. The Prince has his doubts about Bubb, and Bubb is not quite sure about the Prince. Nor, in these mutual misgivings, can it be said that either of them, Prince or parvenu, was wrong.

However, a good face must be put on the matter, and so supple a tool must not be discarded while prospectively useful. Lord Middlesex appeases Bubb considerably by the assurance that H.R.H., having had the obnoxious pamphlet sent him in a letter, is "much incensed at it;" and it is agreed that "I should see the Prince as soon as might be;" and it is announced that "the Prince, as well as we, suspected that the pamphlet might come from the Court, in order to foment and increase divisions."|| Perhaps the handiwork of Sporus himself, Lord Fanny, that thing of milk?

The interview, after some little delay, comes off, and Frederick essays to heal the breach in the "family," as in cant phrase the Leicester House clique was domestic-felicitously styled—that happy family which the malice of envious outsiders was seeking to convulse and break up. "The Prince said, everybody was infamously abused: he and his father had been often so; that it would do me no hurt, &c."¶ But months roll on, and Bubb still has his maligners, active always, if not always successful. "Dined with Lord Talbot, who informed me of the many lies which were told of me to the Prince, and the unalterable inveteracy of the family

\* Nov. 4.  
§ Feb. 5, 1750.

† Nov. 12.  
|| Feb. 6.

‡ Nov. 24.  
¶ Feb. 9.

against me. God forgive them—I have not deserved it of them.”\* Bubb, and those for whom he so piously intercedes, have conflicting notions as to the real character of his deserts.

Being himself under a cloud, Mr. Dodington begins to augur badly of his country, and his Prince. He agrees with Lord Middlesex “that the country was in a deplorable state, and that the safety of the Prince’s succession was in great danger, from the maxims he had adopted, and in which he was encouraged by those he most attended to at present.”† But with the new year, things look a bit brighter. “At one o’clock received orders to dine and sleep at Kew. . . . Played at Farao,” &c.‡ “Went in private coaches with their Royal Highnesses, &c., to Mr. Glasse’s, where we sent for a conjuror.”§ Next day, Bubb assists at keeping the Prince’s birthday. It is the last that can be kept. Within two months the Prince is a dead man; and Bubb is, for life, a disappointed one.

The Diary from March 6th to 21st inclusive is entirely taken up with H.R.H.’s fatal illness. We heap together the sick-room items, such as they are. March 6. “Went to Leicester House, where the Prince told me that he had caught cold, the day before, at Kew, and had been blooded.”—8th. “The Prince not recovered. Our passing the next week at Kew put off.”—10th. “At Leicester House. The Prince was better, and saw company.”—13th. “At Leicester House. The Prince did not appear, having a return of a pain in his side.”—14th. “At Leicester House. The Prince asleep—twice blooded, and with a blister on his back, as also on both legs, that night.”—15th. “The Prince . . . out of all danger.”—16th. “The Prince without pain or fever.”—17th. “Went twice to Leicester House. The Prince had a bad night, till one this morning, then was better, and continued so.”—18th. “The Prince better, and sat up half an hour.”—20th. “Went to Leicester House; from thence to the House of Commons, and then to Hammersmith. I was told at Leicester House, at three o’clock, that the Prince was much better, and had slept eight hours in the night before, while, I suppose, the mortification was forming; for he died this evening a quarter before ten o’clock.”—21st. “I came immediately to town, and learned from Mr. Breton, who was at Leicester House when the Prince died, that, for half an hour before, he was very cheerful, asked to see some of his friends, eat some bread-and-butter, and drank coffee: he had spit for some days, and was at once seized with a fit of coughing and spitting, which last was so violent, that it suffocated him. Lord North was sent to the King. This morning the King ordered the body to be opened—an abscess was found in his side, the breaking of which destroyed him. His physicians, Wilmot and Lee, knew nothing of his distemper; as they declared, half an hour before he died, that his pulse was like a man’s in perfect health. They either would not see, or did not know the consequences of the black thrush, which appeared in his mouth, and quite down into his throat. Their ignorance, or their knowledge of his disorder, renders them equally inexcusable for not calling in other assistance.”

The illness at the outset appears to have been a slight cold, aggravated by neglect, and ending in pleurisy; there was also, as the post-mortem

\* July 8.

† Sept. 27.

‡ Jan. 15, 1751.

§ Jan. 20.



examination showed, a gathering imposthume on the Prince's breast, which was ascribed to a blow which he had received full two years back at a game of trap-ball.

To his own family the bereavement was a great shock. The Princess was left with eight children, and soon to become the mother of a ninth. He had been dead four hours before she could be convinced that he was really gone. His eldest boy, afterwards George the Third, is said to have exhibited deep emotion at the news; he turned pale, and laid his hand to his heart. "I am afraid, Sir, you are not well," said his tutor. He replied, "I feel something *here*; just as I did when I saw the two workmen fall from the scaffold at Kew."<sup>\*</sup>

Chesterfield writes on this occasion to his son, that the death of the Prince of Wales, "who was more beloved for his affability and good nature, than esteemed for his steadiness or conduct," has given concern to many, and apprehensions to all. The great difference of age, he adds, in the King and Prince George, "presents the prospect of a minority; a disagreeable prospect for any nation!"<sup>†</sup> but a prospect not realised in the present instance, there being nearly ten years of life in old Georgius Secundus yet.

Meanwhile the education and management of the heir devolved on the widowed Princess of Wales, to whom (she was of the Saxe Gotha family) Frederick had been united in April, 1736, and with whom, as Macaulay<sup>‡</sup> observes, he afterwards lived on terms very similar to those on which his father had lived with Queen Caroline. That is to say, the Prince adored his wife, and thought her in mind and person the most attractive of her sex;—but he thought that conjugal fidelity was an unprincely virtue; and, in order to be like Henry the Fourth and the Regent Orleans, he affected a libertinism for which he had no taste, and frequently quitted the only woman whom he loved for ugly and disagreeable mistresses.—So ill had been the terms on which the Prince had lived with his father and his brother, William Duke of Cumberland, that they could hardly be expected, Earl Stanhope allows, to feel any poignant sorrow for his loss:—the king, however, showed a decent concern; while the Duke of Cumberland, when the tidings were brought to him at Windsor, only turned to Lord Sandwich, and said, with a sneer: "It is a great blow to this country, but I hope it will recover it in time!" Through all the consequences of this important event, nothing, affirms the historian last named, could exceed in prudence and propriety the conduct of the Princess. Up to this time her principle of action had been duty to her husband; it now became duty to the King. "To this principle she steadily adhered. She resigned herself altogether to his will and guidance, and discouraged all cabals in her little Court, while the King, on his part, touched and surprised by her demeanour, showed herself and her children great kindness, and even great affection."<sup>§</sup> The sketch of the royal widow made popular in recent times by Mr. Thackeray's lectures, is the reverse of engaging, and describes

\* Walpole to Mann, April 1, 1751.

† Chesterfield to his Son, March 25, 1751.

‡ Essay on the Earl of Chatham.

§ Mahon's History of England, vol. iv. ch. xxxi.

her much as she was regarded in the latter portion of her life, when her manner of managing the heir to the throne, continued after his accession, and her intimacy with so obnoxious a politician as Lord Bute, caused a general dislike to, and outcry against her, which it was not her fortune, or perhaps in her will and nature, to live down.

As mother of the King, she inhabited Carlton House, which contemporary prints represent, as Mr. Thackeray points out, with a perfect paradise of a garden, with trim lawns, green arcades, and vistas of classic statues. "She admired these in company with my Lord Bute, who had a fine classic taste, and sometimes council took and sometimes tea in the pleasant green arbours along with that polite nobleman." As long as his mother lived, George III. was a "great, shy, awkward boy, under the tutelage of that hard parent,"—for such Mr. Thackeray accounts the Princess; affirming, indeed, that there is something to him exceedingly touching in the simple early life of the king; and declaring her Royal Highness to have been a clever, domineering, cruel woman, who kept her household lonely and in gloom, mistrusting almost all persons who came about her children. "Seeing the young Duke of Gloucester silent and unhappy once, she sharply asked him the cause of his silence. 'I am thinking,' said the poor child. 'Thinking, sir! and of what?' 'I am thinking if ever I have a son I will not make him so unhappy as you make me.' The other sons were all wild, except George. Dutifully every evening George and Charlotte paid their visit to the king's mother at Carlton House. She had a throat-complaint, of which she died; but to the last persisted in driving about the streets to show she was alive. The night before her death the resolute woman talked with her son and daughter-in-law as usual, went to bed, and was found dead there in the morning. 'George, be a king!' were the words she was for ever croaking in the ears of her son; and a king the simple, stubborn, affectionate, bigoted man tried to be."\* It is curious to think that this strong-minded woman's favourite occupation, even after marriage, had been dressing and undressing a doll.

As a minor, George the Third escaped playing the too usual part of patron of the Opposition, by tradition and practice peculiar to Princes of Wales; a part played systematically enough by Gentleman George his son, as it had previously been by Frederick his father. It seems as though either Prince of Wales had the distemper that Hamlet imputes to himself, when playing the fool (or something like it) with Rosencrantz and Guildenstern. What is the Prince of Denmark's grief, what his "cause of distemper," if his friends may, as surely being his friends they may, presume to ask, and expect to be told?

*Ham.* Sir, I lack advancement.

*Ros.* How can that be, when you have the voice of the king himself for your succession in Denmark?

*Ham.* Ay, sir, but, *While the grass grows*—the proverb is something musty.†

Mr. Robert Bell ironically supposes it to be a providential dispensation in royal families, as it is sheer cunning in vulgar ones, which makes the son espouse contrary opinions to the father;—it being "certain,

\* The Four Georges, § iii.

† Hamlet, Act III. Sc. 2

that whenever England has been favoured with a Prince of Wales, she has always found him heart and hand with the popular party—until he was called to the throne, when he left his principles to the next heir, to play the same game over again." By this ingenious political hedging, as Mr. Bell sportfully or sportingly phrases it, royalty makes so safe a book, that it can trim the odds to meet any human contingency.\*

From of old the relations between Crown and Crown Prince have been apt to show that which is unseemly between father and son. The latter days of Philip V. of Macedon were thus embittered. Demetrius, his son—not the elder, but the popular favourite—was the favourite of the Senate, as well as the people; and, as Dean Liddell says, "even where there is no positive reason, suspicion is apt to grow up between an aged King and the popular heir to his crown."† "It is the use and wont of our family," said Richard Cœur de Lion, "for the sons to hate the father; from the devil we came,‡ and to him we shall return."§ Richard and his brothers are described by a French historian as feeling this diabolical origin to be a family title, and justifying it by their deeds. When a priest, crucifix in hand, sought Geoffrey to reconcile him with his father, and prayed him not to be a second Absalom, "What," replied the youth, "would you have me renounce my right of birth?" "God forbid," replied the priest; "I wish you to do nothing to your own injury." "You understand not my words," said the Count of Brittany. "It is our family fate not to love one another. 'Tis our inheritance; and not one of us will ever forego it."|| But not in this instance can the father be said to have been one of the good haters—so far as his sons were concerned, towards each of whom his heart yearned with a love of which they could form no knowledge, and to which they would make no return. Henry the Second was no David, perhaps; but in David's feelings towards his Absalom, and others of his sons, Henry was not untried, or found wanting. At any rate, he had none of the aversion ascribed in (not by) Shakspeare to the fourth Henry, towards his scape-grace son—as where Hotspur, in his helter-skelter style, declares, of the twain,

But that I think his father loves him not,  
And would be glad he met with some mischance,  
I'd have him poison'd with a pot of ale.¶

It is in speaking of this same Harry of Monmouth that M. Michelet gives his sanction, in passing, to an observation that has been made, "not without a show of reason," that in England the eldest sons are the least attached to their fathers: they are heirs rather than sons. So wild Hal was the people's darling, and allied himself with the malcontents, and ingratiated himself with the Lollards;\*\* and, in short, sided actively and vexatiously with an organised Opposition.

\* Bell's *Life of Canning* (1846), ch. iii.

† Liddell, *Hist. of Rome*, vol. ii. book v. ch. xliii.

‡ The legendary genealogy of Henry II. traces him up to Robert the Devil. Also, to the fairy Melusina.

§ *De Diabolo venientes, et ad Diabolum transeuntes.*

|| J. Bromton, ap. Michelet, t. ii. l. iv. c. v.

¶ First Part of King Henry IV., Act I. Sc. 3.

\*\* Michelet, *Histoire de France*, t. iv. l. viii. c. iii.

Not that M. Michelet conceals similar "proclivities" in heirs-apparent of a French dynasty. He points in another place to Louis the Eleventh beginning, at the age of fourteen, his strife with the noblesse; and attempting, at sixteen, to dethrone his father, who disarmed him and gave him Dauphiny.\* "Thus Charles VII. had more than one secret thorn, and, in particular, one fearful one in his own family, by which he was pricked his whole life long, and of which he at last died." All who were suspected by the king were sure to become friends of the dauphin; and this holds good, says Michelet, of the Armagnacs in particular. The dauphin was born their enemy, began his military career by imprisoning, and was to end by exterminating them. "Well! Meanwhile they became dear to him as his father's enemies, he attracts them about him, and takes for his factotum, his right-hand man, the bastard D'Armagnac."†

The Crown Prince of all countries, Mr. Disraeli once sententiously affirmed,‡ is only a puppet in the hands of the people, to be played against his own father.

Treating of the relations, during the Empire, between the Emperor of the Romans and his Cæsar, or presumptive heir, Mr. de Quincey remarks, that the situation of the latter, as Cæsar, or "Crown Prince," flung into his hands a power of fomenting conspiracies, and of concealing them until the very moment of explosion, which made him an object of almost exclusive terror to his principal, the Cæsar Augustus. His situation again, as an heir voluntarily adopted, made him the proper object of public affection and caresses—which became peculiarly embarrassing to one who had, perhaps, soon found reason for suspecting, fearing, and hating him beyond all others.—A signal exception to the rule of these remarks is found in the relations that existed between the Emperor Pius and his adopted heir, Marcus Aurelius, who obeyed his sovereign with the punctiliousness of a Roman obedience—watched the very motions of his countenance—and waited so continually upon his pleasure, that for three-and-twenty years which they lived together, he is recorded to have slept out of his father's palace for only two nights. "Such, however, is the universal baseness of courts, that even this scrupulous and minute attention to his duties did not protect Marcus from the injurious insinuations of whisperers. There were not wanting persons who endeavoured to turn to account the general circumstances in the situation of the Cæsar which pointed him out to the jealousy of the Emperor." But these being, as Mr. de Quincey adds,§ no more than what adhere necessarily to the case of every heir *as such*, and the Augustus being happily superior to unfounded suspicions, the malicious efforts died away, from mere defect of encouragement.

A too signal, because too singular, exception from the great Latin historian's rule, that he who is next in order of succession is invariably an object of suspicion and hatred to the reigning powers that be: *Suspectum semper invisumque dominantibus qui proximus destinaretur.*||

\* Michelet, *Histoire de France*, t. v. l. xii. c. i.

† *Ibid.*, c. iii.

‡ Vivian Grey, book vi. ch. iv.

§ See the fourth chapter of "The Cæsars," reprinted in one of the volumes of De Quincey's collected works.

|| Tacitus, *Ann.*, l. ii.

*Jan.*—VOL. CXXVII. NO. DV.

Ben Jonson must have had Tacitus in his mind, and at his fingers' ends, when he was composing (literally composing, from Tacitus and others) the speech wherein Sejanus argues, on the subject of aspiring candidates for, if not direct heirs to imperial power, whom popularity is spoiling; or already has spoilt, that they,

—with these hourly ticklings, grow so pleased,  
And wantonly conceited of themselves,  
As now, they stick not to believe they're such  
As these do give them out; and would be thought  
More than competitors, immediate heirs,  
Whilst to their thirst of rule, they win the rout  
(That's still the friend of novelty) with hope.  
Of future freedom, which on every change  
That greedily, though empty, expects.  
Cæsar, 'tis age in all things breeds neglects,  
And princes that will keep old dignity  
Must not admit too youthful heirs stand-by;  
Not their own issue.\*

Sir Archibald Alison's portrait of the Prince Regent, in 1812, has remark inclusive, on his Royal Highness's antecedents,—that "the jealousy which generally exists between the ruling sovereign and the heir-apparent" had early brought him into close connexion with the leaders of the Whig party; and that for nearly fifteen years Carlton House was the "grand rendezvous of all the statesmen, wits, and beauties, whom jealousy of the reigning power had thrown into the arms of the Opposition."<sup>†</sup>

Power, at all times perilous, observes Hartley Coleridge, is trebly perilous in nonage;—nor is the matter much mended if the exercise of authority be kept awhile in abeyance. The impatience to rule alone, he adds, must have an unfavourable influence on education, and he must be of a "weak spirit indeed who does not look on his tutor with something akin to dislike. Indulgence corrupts, severity exasperates; and flatterers are always at hand to forestal the favours of majority."<sup>‡</sup>

From Lord Hervey's Memoirs, the Marquis of Bristol, prior to their publication in 1848, cut out and burnt various passages, the contents of which he thought unfit to be ever revealed at all. As his lordship was careful to mark the place and extent of each excision, Mr. Wilson Croker, the editor, concluded from the context that they all bore reference to the feuds in the royal family. Lord Hervey's widow, the celebrated Mary Lepell, allowed several of her friends to scan parts of the Memoirs; and one of them, Lord Hailes, who in 1778 justly described them as "written with great freedom," hinted that whenever they appeared, the origin of the antipathy between George II. and his eldest son would be "revealed to posterity"—a promise which, however, would appear to have been annulled by the Marquis of Bristol's fire and steel. For, as the *Quarterly Review* observed at the time, it is probable that we have thus lost a clue to what certainly is a very perplexing mystery; it being evident that the alienation between Prince Frederick and not only his

\* Sejanus, Act II. Sc. 2.

† Alison, *Hist. of Europe*, vol. ix. ch. lxiv. § 48.

‡ Marginalia, II. 308.

father, but his mother, was strong and decided while he was yet in his early youth—years before he ever saw England; and historical inquirers would now, the reviewer supposed, be more than ever puzzled, since Hervey's Memoirs showed that the father's animosity did go so far as to contemplate, if possible, Frederick's actual disinherittance:—an extravagance alleged by the Prince himself, or at his suggestion, in the scandalous mock fairy-tale of "Prince Titi," but not confirmed by any better authority\* until the Memoirs in question came in, or came out, to corroborate the averment.

Earl Stanhope seems to trace a main portion of the domestic bickerings to Frederick's resolve, after the paternal prohibition was passed, to remain faithful to his engagement with the Princess Royal of Prussia, afterwards Margravine of Bareuth, and of late made very familiar to our reading public in Mr. Carlyle's Life of her brother, Frederick the Great. The "brutal temper of the king [of Prussia], who used to beat his daughter, and who wished to behead his son, and the personal antipathy between him and his cousin George II., finally broke off the negotiations.

"Prince Frederick, in as much despair as a lover can be who has never seen his mistress, sent from Hanover one La Motte as his agent, to assure the Queen of Prussia that he was determined, in spite of his father, still to conclude the marriage, and that he would set off in disguise for Berlin to execute his purpose. But the Queen, in an overflowing transport of delight, could not refrain from imparting the good news to the English envoy at her court. He, as was his duty, gave timely notice to his own; the rash project was prevented; and the headstrong Prince was summoned to England, where he arrived, to the great joy of the nation, in 1728."†

Already for more than a dozen years before that date had the famous Double-Marriage project between the royal houses of England and Prussia been started and settled. And "little Fred (a florid milk-faced foolish kind of Boy)," as Mr. Carlyle "guesses," made presents to his little Prussian cousin, wrote bits of love-letters to her; and all along afterwards fancied himself, and at length ardently enough became, "her little lover and intended,—always rather a little fellow."‡ Mr. Carlyle's next mention of him is as George the First's "Grandson Fred, now a young lout of eighteen; leading an extremely dissolute life, they say, at Hanover; and by no means the most beautiful of mortals" § to the eyes of Grandfather George. Anon Mr. Carlyle comes across a curious story, *histoire fort curieuse*, about "one of Prince Fred's amourettes"—which story the historian forthwith, in the name of the whole human species, "sweeps into the cesspool." But he quotes the Duchess of Kendal predicting that the Princess of Prussia will have a bad life of it with Fred. "A dissolute fellow he, not liked by the public."|| Whereas the style of her Majesty of Prussia to the young lady her daughter used to be: He is a Prince, that Frederick, who has a good heart, and whose genius is very small. Rather ugly than handsome; slightly out of shape even (*un peu contrefait*). But provided you, Wilhelmina, have the com-

\* See *Quarterly Review*, vol. lxxxii. pp. 501 sq.

† Mahon's Hist. of England, vol. ii. chap. xvii.

‡ Carlyle, Hist. of Frederick the Great, vol. i. book v. ch. i.

§ Ibid., ch. iv.

|| Vol. ii. book vii. ch. ii.

plaisance to suffer his debaucheries, you will quite govern him; and you will be more King than he, when once his father is dead. What glories for you in England!—But Wilhelmina was married, in November, 1731, to the Margrave of Baireuth, while “Prince Fred, not yet wedded elsewhere, is doing French madrigals in Leicester House; tending towards the ‘West Wickham’ set of Politicians, the Pitt-Lyttleton set; stands ill with Father and Mother, and will not come to much.”\*

For some years, indeed, after his arrival in England, the Prince of Wales seems to have remained quiet; but, as he became familiar with the English language and customs, and conscious of his own importance, he entered more and more into cabals against his parents. He professed a love of literature, and a patronage of men of talents; partly, Earl Stanhope believes, from opposition to his father, who had always despised the first, and neglected the latter. Thus it had happened at last, remarks the same historian, that nearly all the wit and genius were ranged on the side of Opposition. “To these the Prince’s house was always open; Pulteney, Chesterfield, Wyndham, Carteret, and Cobham became his familiar friends, and the ‘all-accomplished St. John’ the Mentor of his political course. It was with a view to his future reign, and as an oblique satire on his father’s, that the fine essay of Bolingbroke, the ‘Patriot King,’ was composed.”†

It was some time in 1734, that the Prince, “now falling into much discrepancy with his father, and at a loss for a career to himself,” supplied Mr. Carlyle with an ante-chamber episode, by appearing on a sudden in the ante-chamber at St. James’s, one day, and solemnly demanding an interview with his Majesty. After conferring awhile with Walpole, George admitted his son; who made three urgent requests—for leave of absence to go upon the Rhine Campaign, for a fixed revenue as heir-apparent, and for a suitable consort. “Paternal Majesty received Fred and his three demands with fulminating look; answered, to the first two, nothing; to the third, about a Consort, ‘Yes, you shall; but be respectful to the Queen;—and now off with you, away!’”

“Poor Fred, he has a circle of hungry Parliamenteers about him; young Pitt, a Cornet of Horse, young Lyttleton of Hagley, . . . not to mention others of worse type; to whom this royal Young Gentleman, with his vanities, ambitions, inexperience, plentiful inflammabilities, is importunate for exploding Walpole. He may have, and with great justice I should think, the dim consciousness of talents for doing something better than ‘write madrigals’ in this world; infinitude of wishes and appetites he clearly has;—he is full of inflammable materials, poor youth. And he is the Fireship those elder hands make use of for blowing Walpole and Company out of their anchorage. What a school of virtue for a young gentleman;—and for the elder ones concerned with him! He did not get to the Rhine Campaign; nor indeed ever to anything, except to writing madrigals, and being futile, dissolute, and miserable with what of talent Nature had given him. Let us pity the poor Constitutional Prince. Our Fritz [of Prussia, in *his* collision with Paternal Majesty] was only in danger of losing his life; but what is that to losing your

\* Cf. Carlyle, vol. ii. book viii. ch. iii. and vi.

† Mahon’s Hist. of England, vol. ii. ch. xvii.

sanity, personal identity almost, and becoming Parliamentary Fireship to his Majesty's Opposition?"\*

Nothing, however, is more natural, as Lord Macaulay argues, than that, in a monarchy where a constitutional Opposition exists, the heir-apparent of the throne should put himself at the head of that Opposition;—a course to which he is impelled by every feeling of ambition and of vanity; since he cannot be more than second in the estimation of the party which is in, but is sure to be the first member of the party which is out. The highest favour which the existing administration can expect from him is that he will not discard them. But, if he joins the Opposition, all his associates expect that he will promote them; and, shrewdly continues the historical critic, "the feelings which men entertain towards one from whom they hope to obtain great advantages which they have not, are far warmer than the feelings with which they regard one who, at the very utmost, can only leave them in possession of what they already have." An heir-apparent, Macaulay therefore infers, who wishes to enjoy, in the highest perfection, all the pleasure that can be derived from eloquent flattery and profound respect, will always join those who are struggling to force themselves into power. This he believes to be the true explanation of a fact which Lord Granville attributed to some natural peculiarity in the illustrious House of Brunswick. "This family," said he at Council, presumably after his daily half-gallon of Burgundy, "always has quarrelled, and always will quarrel, from generation to generation." He should have known something of the matter, our most popular historian goes on to say; for he had been a favourite with three successive generations of the royal house. Lord Macaulay cannot quite admit Lord Granville's explanation, but owns the fact to be indisputable. Since the accession of George the First, said he, midway in the reign of William the Fourth, "there have been four Princes of Wales, and they have all been almost constantly in Opposition."† Happily we have, at this present time of writing, a fifth Prince of Wales, in whom, let us hope, history will recognise a signal refutation, not merely of Carteret's hereditary theory, but of Macaulay's explanatory comment.

More than once we have had occasion to supply incidental proof, in the course of these rambling notes, that Mr. Carlyle is not too much absorbed in the doings and sufferings of his Crown Prince of Prussia, to take notice from time to time of the heir-apparent of England, his cousin and namesake. In the fourth chapter of the tenth book of his History, prominent place and liberal space are given to the strange narrative of her Royal Highness's first accouchement, in 1737. He relates, after his own fashion, how "Fred and Spouse" are, in the month of August, in that year, "out at Hampton Court: potential Heir due before long, and no preparation made for it. August 11th, in the evening, out at solitary Hampton Court, the poor young Mother's pains came on; no Chancellor there, no Archbishop to see the birth,—in fact, hardly the least medical help, and of political altogether none. Fred, in his flurry, or by forethought,—instead of dashing off expresses, at a gallop as of Epsom, to summon the neces-

\* Carlyle's *Frederick the Great*, vol. ii. book ix. ch. x.

† Macaulay's *Critical Essays*, vol. ii., "Earl of Chatham," *passim*.



sary persons and appliances, yoked wheeled vehicles and rolled off to the old unprovided Palace of St. James's, London, with his poor Wife in person! Unwarned, unprovided; where nevertheless she was safely delivered that same night,—safely, as if by miracle. The crisis might have taken her on the very highway: never was such an imprudence. Owing, I will believe, to Fred's sudden flurry in the unprovided moment,—unprovided, by reason of prior desuetudes and discouragements to speech, on Papa's side. A shade of malice there might also be. Papa doubts not it was malice aforethought all of it. 'Had the potential Heir of the British Nation gone to wreck, or been born on the highway, from my quarrels with this bad Fred, what a scrape had I been in!' thinks Papa, and is in a towering permanence of wrath ever since; the very Newspapers and coffee-houses and populaces now all getting vocal with it.

"Papa, as it turned out, never more saw the face of Fred. Judicious Mamma, Queen Caroline, could not help a visit, one visit to the poor young Mother, as soon as proper: coming out from the visit, Prince Fred obsequiously escorting her to her carriage, found a crowd of people and populace, in front of St. James's; and there knelt down in the street, in his fine silk breeches, careless of the mud, to 'beg a Mother's blessing,' and show what a son he was, he for his part, in this sad discrepancy that had risen! Mamma threw a silent glance on him, containing volumes of mixed terror; drove off; and saw no more of Fred, she either. I fear, this kneeling in the mud tells against Prince Fred; but in truth I do not know, nor even much care. What a noise in England about nothing at all!—What a noisy Country, your Prussian Majesty! Foolish 'rising sun' not restrainable there by the setting or shining one; opposition parties bowling him about among the constellations, like a very mad object!"\*

Prince Fred never saw father or mother again. *She* died within a month or two of that mud manifesto. The Prince survived her for some fourteen years. But George and Frederick, in all those long years, were to meet again no more.

While Lord Hardwicke made it his earnest endeavour to reconcile King and Prince, Sir Robert Walpole, it is admitted, took the contrary course, and strove to keep open the breach, fearing lest his own removal might be made one of the conditions of a family settlement.† He urged, that the King had now, after the accouchement insult, a decided advantage, by the Prince having put himself so much in the wrong; which advantage ought not to be parted with: thus preventing the King's passion from cooling—an easy task, for, as Earl Stanhope says, although Frederick's apologies were now so humble and numerous, that they should, perhaps, have made some impression on the King, yet, as the son had been disrespectful and untoward, so the father continued harsh.‡ Walpole determined to strike while the iron was hot—the iron temper, just now at hissing heat, white heat, of his royal master; whom he therefore advised, as it seems, himself drawing up the document in that master's

\* Carlyle, *Hist. of Fredk. the Grt.*, vol. ii. pp. 618 *sqq.*

† Coxe's *Mem. of Walpole*, I. 539.

‡ Mahon's *Hist. of England*, ch. xvii.

name, to forward a message to the Prince in very violent terms. It was better, Sir Robert said, "to take it short at first." We are told that the language was afterwards greatly softened at Lord Hardwicke's interposition; but it still remained sufficiently strong: it drew an angry picture of the Prince's conduct; declared that the King would receive no reply; and informed him, "It is my pleasure that you leave St. James's with all your family." This message, signed by the King, was delivered to the Prince on the 10th of September. It being peremptory, Frederick retired from the palace, and took up his residence at Norfolk House, St. James's-square, which immediately became the centre of all opposition and political intrigue. The King issued an order, that no persons who paid their court to the Prince and Princess should be admitted to his presence; and an official circular was sent to each of the foreign Ministers, containing the whole correspondence that had passed in this unfortunate transaction.

"Such," observes the noble historian, "was the public estrangement between George the Second and his son, nearly resembling in its particulars the estrangement, twenty years before, between the same monarch and his father. A christening was the occasion of the first—a child-birth of the latter. In both cases was the heir-apparent commanded to quit the Royal palace; in both was the scandal trumpeted to all Europe through the foreign Ministers."\*

Yet, it is to be added, that amidst all this liberality of disclosures, there still, as in most domestic quarrels, would appear to be some secrets that remain untold. Sir Robert Walpole informed the Chancellor of certain passages between the King and himself, and between the Queen and the Prince, "of too high and secret a nature" to be trusted to manuscript, but from which his lordship "found great reason to think, that this unhappy difference between the King and Queen and his Royal Highness turned upon some points of a more interesting and important nature than have hitherto appeared."†

While Frederick was from that time forth a falling man as regards favour at Court, he gained no counterbalancing favour with that large portion of the public which loves to back any man of mark whom a Court delighteth to disfavour. Salient contrasts were drawn by Jacobite agents between the winning character of the Young Pretender and the pronounced unpopularity of his rival, Prince Frederick. Among the advantages which Mr. Carte assumes the old Pretender to have secured during the Session 1742-3, he reckons "the utter contempt into which Prince Frederick is fallen‡ by his conduct at that time, so that nobody

\* Mahon, vol. ii. pp. 206-7, 3rd ed.

† Lord Hardwicke's Narrative. (Hardwicke Papers.)

‡ It is pleasant to record that Frederick showed some generosity of feeling to fallen adherents of the foiled Prince Charlie, in 1746. When the conduct of Lady Margaret, Sir Alex. Macdonald's wife, and the Earl of Eglinton's daughter, who aided the fugitive Prince, on her being appealed to by the heroic Flora, was much inveighed against at Court, and on one occasion elicited some such censure from the Princess of Wales, "And would not you, madam," interposed Frederick, with creditable warmth, "would not you in like circumstances have done the same? I hope—I am sure you would!" It is also said to have been at his intercession, that Flora Macdonald was released from the prison in London to which she had been conveyed, after a twelvemonth's confinement.—See Mahon, vol. iii. p. 315, and *Quarterly Review*, No. xxviii. p. 330.

for the future will have any recourse to him or dependence upon him.”\* And though Mr. Carte writes of prejudice prepense, as a partisan should, the opinion he records is ratified in the main by writers entirely of opposite camps, entirely free from his prejudices, if not from others of their own. Moderate and impartial Lord Mahon, describing the low pitch the Opposition had sunk to, alike in reputation and in numbers, midway in the eighteenth century, observes that although nominally it had for its chief the Prince of Wales, its influence was in truth confined to a narrow circle of friends; “for so weak and fickle had been his conduct to all parties, that even the near approach of a throne could not make him an object of respect.”† Lord Brougham ironically styles him “that very honest and sincere character, Frederick Prince of Wales—a man who, even in those times of falsehood, in all its ramifications of intrigue and job, stood unrivalled in the prevailing arts of his age.”‡ Burke’s latest, and singularly florid biographer, pronounces Frederick to have “deserved, even less than his royal father, the devoted loyalty of a high-minded and patriotic people. It has been the custom to ascribe all good qualities to a Prince of Wales; yet flattery itself found it hard to say that Prince Frederick possessed a single virtue.”§

Nor should Fred’s father or mother be applied to for a character for him, by any who might wish him well, or indulge a sneaking compassion for so friendless a Highness. It stands on record, damning to all parties, that the King would ask the Queen “if the beast was his son,” and that while her Majesty affirmed his paternity, she would add, “My dear first-born is the greatest ass, and the greatest liar, and the greatest canaille, and the greatest beast in the whole world, and I most heartily wish he was out of it.”|| One would fain believe that the stories of her implacable aversion to him, as expressed on her very death-bed, were malignant fiction rather than malignant truth—the most heartlessly malevolent of fabrications rather than the most unseasonably malevolent of facts.

\* Mr. Carte (in the Stuart Papers) to “King” James, May 4, 1743.

† Mahon, vol. iv. ch. xxxi.

‡ *Edinburgh Review*, vol. lxxvii. p. 456.

§ Macknight’s *Life of Burke*, vol. i. p. 42.

|| Lord Hervey’s *Memoirs*, II. 472.

## DAMON AND PYTHIAS.

BY CARL BERNHARD, AUTHOR OF "COUSIN CARL."

FROM THE DANISH. BY MRS. BUSHBY.

IN the so-called good old times, when grown-up people could sometimes be childish—now-a-days even children themselves are above such infirmities—in these good old times one often heard a ballad, a favourite song, which was as common as the lively popular airs that are now repeated nightly at the casinos; but these old songs were by no means lively, for lively music was not then in vogue; the songs were almost all sentimental. There was one ditty about "Friendship, Hope, and Love," in which love was depicted as "light red," and of which I can now remember but two lines. It was very generally sung:

Friendship rarely doth abound,  
Tell me where it can be found!

Yes, where can it be found? All mankind seek for it; every one wishes to have a friend. Most people believe, for a time, that they have found one, but when the friendship comes to be tested, it disappears, and they discover their mistake. Why does it disappear? Who knows why? But that it does most frequently disappear is quite certain.

Formerly, even in the grey olden times, long before anybody thought about friendship being violated, they must have had hard work enough to find the genuine article, else there would not surely have been such a fuss made about the three classical pairs of friends whose names we have all learned by heart—Damon and Pythias, Orestes and Pylades, Euryalus and Nisus—all of whom were never distinguished for anything, as far as I have been able to discover, except that they lived as friends, and ultimately died as friends.

It is surprising enough that, whilst every one understands the words *a friend* in a good sense, there should be some little hesitation about the exact meaning of *a good friend*, and that the more eulogising and confirmatory adjectives are added to it, the less respect it should inspire, until *a real good old friend* has become almost synonymous with a stupid old blockhead, or a cunning old rogue. If one were only to hear the following disjointed words of a conversation, "Oh yes, he is a good friend enough," nine out of ten would indubitably fancy that the speakers were alluding to some matter in which one party had been taken in, and would think that what had happened manifested the credulity of that saying, in which all the ten firmly believe, "Save me from my friends, and I will save myself from my enemies!" Undeniably, there is some truth in this sentence, and however little there may be, it is sad that one must admit there is any at all.

One of my—but I may be misconstrued myself if I say one of my good friends; I shall therefore, for the present, confine myself to calling him a worthy acquaintance of mine—had, from his earliest childhood, been an enthusiastic worshipper of friendship. Nothing more natural, for friendship is so inherent a feeling in the breast of every human being, of either sex, that it is a desire of the soul, which it strives to realise even

before it thinks of love. His predilection for friendship was, it may be said, born with him, as people may be born with a propensity for stealing or drunkenness; and when he was not more than four years of age, and his grown-up relatives would have it that his little cousin should be his "little wife"—for big people are always too ready to begin putting nonsense into the heads of children—he used to get angry, and declare that she should not be his wife, but his friend.

And when he had grown older, and had commenced his classical studies, he raved about being a Damon to some Pythias. He was an excellent lad, cheerful, good natured, good looking, and by no means deficient in talent; in short, he was in all respects a steady schoolboy, but perhaps he carried a little too far his ideas about friendship. He had not, however, then attached himself to any one individual among his companions; he was on good terms with them all, while he thirsted after one, only *one* true friend, as a celebrated author is known to have wished but one reader, but that one to be capable of understanding him thoroughly.

I withhold his name, for he is now in so conspicuous a station that many of my readers must know him, and it would, perhaps, annoy him to see his name in print, for he is one of those folks who have an old-fashioned dislike to what they call "appearing in print;" that is to say, being named publicly. I shall designate him by one of his first names, which he used in his boyish years—viz. Mikkel; it is an ugly name, but he is not to blame for that, since his opinion about it was not asked. When he was christened, his parents had him called after a rich old uncle, who, the good people thought, might, on that account, at a future day, leave him a large legacy. It is a bad custom to make innocent children suffer for their parents' bad taste in choosing names, and to inflict on them ill-sounding family names, either because these had been chosen by a generation who had queer notions, or from selfishness, and from speculation, as in the case in question. Mikkel was grown up, and had undergone much jeering on account of his frightful name, but his uncle did not leave him a stiver! It was a shameful trick—a positive fraud, the parents naturally thought. No one can blame Mikkel because he would no longer put up with the disagreeable appellation, especially as it had come to his ears that a young girl had given her suitor a basket solely on account of his name. She said, "he had such a shockingly ugly name, that she never could bring herself to say, my sweet Morten. Dear no! the sound made her shudder, and one really must be able to say *sweet* to one's lover." Morten and Mikkel are much on a par. He renounced, therefore, the name of the ungrateful uncle, and selected for the future one of the high-sounding names which had also been bestowed on him at his baptism, like that shoemaker's son who was christened Jens Napoleon Petersen. Nevertheless, I should prefer to call him Damon, that savouring more of the anonymous, and this I will do with the permission of my kind readers.

When he and I went to school together we got on very well, and were on good terms; but no sworn and patented friendship took place between us. It happened one day, as we were walking together outside of one of the gates of the town, on a Friday, and he was lost in his Damon-Pythias dreams, which went in at one of my ears and out at the other, we met a school companion, who was crying as he came out of a house. The good-hearted Damon stopped him, and asked what was the cause of his distress,

and we were informed that our comrade had been visiting a *good friend*. Damon could not see that there was any cause for howling about this; he would have been glad enough to have been in his place. Yes, but our unlucky school companion had received a sound drubbing from his good friend, and from some of the latter's good friends, because he would not be always their horse, and drag them in the little carriage; he wished to take his turn to go inside of it, at least for once, but they abused him like a pick-pocket, and beat him; this was always the way he was served, and it was a great shame, for he had liked his friend so much; but now he would have nothing more to do with him. And when he had told him that he was going to break with him, the fellow had thumped him well, and turned him out of doors, and it was almost dinner-time, and now he had no friend—and he would get no dinner!

The soft-hearted Damon offered him forthwith his friendship and a dinner; the boy went home with him to his parents' house, where he dined, and immediately afterwards staunch brotherhood was sworn, and the empty place in Damon's heart was filled up! Fate had granted his wish, and he had providentially found a friend!

Mikkel was a happy boy; he had now truly become Damon, and the other was Pythias. It was a strong friendship, whose not few thorns seemed to Damon like so many roses. He had to thrash his companion's former friend, and fight all that friend's chums, in order to revenge his Pythias, and prove their misconduct to him; and he got many a bruise, and many a torn jacket in these battles, which merged into a long, lasting war—a war he had to sustain alone, for Pythias stood aloof. He had to write all his friend's exercises, and prompt him every day in his lessons, which Pythias, trusting to Damon's friendship, had neglected to learn, and this cost the latter many a scold from the master, who had observed it. But if ever he happened to require the least help himself, he got none, for Pythias was incapable of giving it. Damon not only shared all the nice things he had with his friend, but he often gave him the largest portion, and, indeed, sometimes the whole; but he never got anything in return. Pythias took care to eat all his good things by himself; but Damon never dreamed of finding fault with this; he was pleased and proud of being able to make various useful presents to his friend, and loved him the better for it. Thus passed the whole of his school-days; and in consequence of this sworn friendship the two were called by all the boys Damon and Pythias.

They were at length to separate, and each to go his own way. "I am sorry I am obliged to part with you, I shall miss you very much," said Pythias, when the farewell moment came.

"I don't know how I shall exist without you," said Damon. "I am truly wretched!"

They agreed to write to each other often. Damon did write letter after letter, but never received an answer; that grieved him extremely. He was taken ill about six months afterwards, but I will not say that it was disappointed friendship that made him ill; he had caught an epidemic which was raging then, and had a long illness. Though Pythias knew this, he had never once inquired for his school friend. As soon as he could hold a pen, Damon wrote to him over and over again—no reply! Then he buried his friendship in his silent, faithful breast, until at last it died, long after it had been buried.

His student-days arrived, and found him full of the enthusiasm of youth. Damon longed for all that was beautiful and noble, but especially for friendship. Love had not yet touched him. I believe that he looked upon it as a sickly, unmanly feeling, which could not be indulged in without relinquishing the energy and the strength of mind that ought to characterise a man! Poor Damon! I verily believe such was his opinion.

Well, Damon found at length his Pythias; but not the old Pythias, for whom he had toiled and fought, and who had repaid him with such ingratitude. No; a bran-new Pythias had he stumbled upon, one who, like himself, was "a master in the kingdom of mind;" one who, like himself, was devoted to the true and the beautiful; one who, he thought, could sympathise with him in everything, and to whom he attached himself with the strongest ties of friendship—a really good friend.

And this friendship lasted for some years—during the whole time they were at the university—and they were nicknamed Damon and Pythias, to the great satisfaction of one of the friends at least. Damon was certainly a kind and trustworthy friend. He wrote with untiring patience all the tedious college manuscripts; Pythias used them almost always, and, moreover, lent them to strangers, so that Damon never could get them when he wanted them himself. Damon bought all the books they both required, for Pythias needed his own money for other purposes; and when Pythias wanted them no longer, he sold them. Damon remained at home from balls, that Pythias might borrow his dress-coat, as he did not think his own good enough; and Damon rejoiced that he had a good coat which fitted Pythias so well. Not a week passed that Pythias did not borrow money from Damon, of which he never made any memorandum. Pythias was fond of going to the theatre, and he always went to the boxes. One day, when Damon suggested that it would be better for him to go to the pit with him, for the money which one box ticket cost would pay two pit tickets, and they might go there and amuse themselves together, as he really could not afford the more expensive places, Pythias replied that he by no means wished his friend to spend his money in going to the theatre on his account, that he only wanted to *borrow* the money for his own ticket, as he was out of cash at the moment, but he could not think of going to such a place as the pit. And the good-natured Damon gave him the last shilling he had, and remained at home, rejoicing that his dear friend was amusing himself in the boxes.

At length they were both to graduate, and Pythias held his ground only because Damon had been an unwearied grinder for him, and had devoted himself, early and late, to cramming him in order to pull him through. His success delighted Damon much more than his own.

There was some talk of a foreign tour—and they were both candidates for the stipend accorded for that purpose—what a pleasure if they could travel together! But this year there was only *one* stipend to be given away; Damon was sure of getting it, having been the cleverest student. Pythias adjured him, of course in the name of friendship, to resign his claim, because, for many important reasons, it was necessary for him—Pythias—to get away for a time; in fact, he could hold out no longer, while Damon had many other resources. Damon pondered on the subject, but could not find out what these resources were; nevertheless, he withdrew his petition, and left the field open to Pythias, but he endeavoured

voured in vain, also in friendship's name, to induce him to confide to him the important reasons which had influenced his dear Pythias to demand the sacrifice he had made for him. He was enlightened as to the truth, however, afterwards. When Pythias had obtained the stipend, and was off, it came out that he had been, for a long time, in the habit of gambling, and that he had lost a great deal at play. The debts he had left he transferred to his friend in an affected, high-flown, bombastic epistle to his "dear, faithful Damon," and in order that the latter, to whom he bade farewell for ever, might still more highly honour friendship, he had drawn without asking leave a few little bills of exchange in his name, wherein his writing was so cleverly imitated, that Damon himself had the utmost difficulty in distinguishing it from his own!

To one who had for so many years put entire confidence in the reciprocity of the ardent and sincere friendship he himself had felt, it was a severe blow to meet such scandalous treachery. Damon took measures to have the bills of exchange paid, and, with a bleeding heart, he buried Pythias the Second!

Damon now forswore friendship, and withdrew himself from society; it was easy to do this, for his circle had been principally composed of Pythias's acquaintances, and he did not much relish seeing them now—he did not like to hear them pulling Pythias to pieces, and recounting the many dirty tricks he had played them, to whom he had also pretended to have been a good friend. Damon commenced his professional career, and found comfort in his occupations; but his heart was lonely.

One evening he read in the work of a celebrated philosopher the following sentence:

"The dog is man's best friend—it alone is faithful."

These words made a deep impression on him. Within eight days he had purchased a dog, a large handsome Newfoundlander, of a good breed. It was then only in its puppy years, and had to be brought up to obedience and cleanliness; this cost him the trouble of bestowing sundry good thrashings on the animal, but Damon knew that he who loves the child spares not the rod, and he loved his dog as if it had been his child, until it should be educated to become his friend. Hector would receive his caning, steal up to his master's feet, lick his hand, sigh deeply, and at the slightest glance of encouragement would spring up joyfully and wag his tail. When Damon looked up from his employment, he always encountered Hector's friendly gaze. When he took his hat and stick, the dog would start up from his place near the stove, if he were even in the soundest sleep, to follow him through thick and thin, by day or by night. Truly, the philosopher was right; the dog is man's faithful friend, and Hector was not troublesome, and he obeyed no other being in this world but his master—they were friends.

This friendship lasted for a couple of years, and it filled up in a certain degree the vacancy in Damon's heart, and cheered his lonely hours.

But gradually this friendship took the same turn as love often does—the one loves, and the other allows himself or herself to be loved. The parts they played changed gradually; Damon assumed the dog's part, and became humble, obedient, and faithful, whilst Hector took the master's part, and turned capricious, tyrannical, and ungrateful. The four-footed creature had become almost like a man, from being the constant companion of his two-legged friend. Damon put up with all this,



and the dog imposed upon him in his canine fashion, exactly as the schoolboy and the student had imposed on him formerly in their human fashion.

Damon had had many disagreeables to encounter latterly. One day he came home very much fretted, with his head full of some tiresome business papers, which absolutely required his immediate attention. He patted his favourite, spoke to him as to a friend who could understand him, complained to Hector of the provoking chief of the department who had annoyed him, and Hector fixed on him a thoughtful look; it was as if the dog had comprehended how hard it is to be annoyed. This did his heart good; he recovered his spirits, and began to work away vigorously at the papers he had brought home with him. But Hector got angry at finding himself neglected, and also he wanted to go out to walk. "No, my friend, it is impossible—don't disturb me—down, down—there is no time for walking just now!" The dog became importunate, and was patted and dismissed; he then became obstinate, and laid his clumsy paw upon the table, so that the inkstand was upset over the numerous half-finished papers. For that he got a slap; he became enraged, and tried to drag his master off of his chair; Damon kicked him away, expecting that he would then be quiet, but it made him worse, and he rushed upon him. Damon also got angry; he seized the ruler, and struck Hector with it, who, however, dragged the chair from under him with his teeth and paws. The one swore, the other growled; it was, certes, anything but friendship that was displayed in this scene, which collected all the inhabitants of the house on the outside of Damon's door, in terror at this unusual dog-fight.

I arrived at that moment, having come to speak to Damon on some business. It was an awful plight in which I found him: excited, bitten, and with his clothes torn; whilst the dog stood snarling over the broken chair, with a brutal, triumphant look, flashing eyes, and teeth set. It was evident that he knew he was the master there, and he looked with anything but a friendly expression at the subdued Damon.

"And this illusion has fled also!" he said to me, when we had taken up the overturned chair, and gathered together the scattered and ink-stained papers.

"And thou also, Brutus!" he exclaimed, with a comical degree of gravity, and a melancholy glance at the sullen-looking dog.

"The bestia bruta!" said I. "This comes of choosing four-footed friends." And I seized the opportunity of bestowing upon him a lecture about his animal mania, which had made him quite an oddity, and had withdrawn him from the society of rational beings. Shame, suffering, and anger brought him over to my way of thinking; he made a threatening gesture towards Hector, who instantly rose up and showed his teeth; he was evidently ready to renew the battle at any moment. It was really too absurd.

After a great deal of persuasion, I prevailed on Damon to go home with me, and conclude that uncomfortable evening among my family circle. Before we left his lodgings, I privately requested the landlord to have Hector removed to an inn, where he could be tied up till the next day, when I should come to say what was to be done with him.

The evening passed off tolerably well; it succeeded in dissipating his chagrin. I accompanied him home towards midnight, and before I left

him I had obtained his permission to send Hector into the country, to a relation of mine, where he would be well treated and be useful as a chained dog, for Damon himself perceived that he could not be made a friend of, and that he was too ill-tempered and dangerous to be allowed to go about loose. And thus was Pythias the third, the four-footed, deposed.

It was very strange that though he wanted sadly to have his Pythias's place refilled, he never made the slightest overture to me to occupy it. Nevertheless, we were very intimate. He often visited me, and found pleasure in the society of my family, and more especially in that of a young girl, who was a frequent guest at my house, and who was both pretty and good, though, perhaps, being a country girl, she wanted a little of that finer polish which can only be acquired in the capital.

I have no doubt it was her being so open, straightforward, unsophisticated, and natural, that charmed him with her; oddly enough, love was never mentioned by either of them; they always spoke of friendship alone, up to the very day of their betrothal. And, indeed, after they were betrothed there was no change in their manners to each other. I never saw him show her any of the usual little attentions, or bestow on her any of the little endearments so common during this period; he always spoke to her as if she had been a male friend; it seemed as if he could not perceive that she belonged to womankind.

This engagement delighted us all, especially my sensible wife, who augured a peaceful future for them, a life devoid of passion's storms, calm and even, and rendered comfortable by a competence sufficient for all their wants, though it could not be called a fortune, according to the common acceptance of the word.

The damsel's parents gladly gave their consent, and as Damon very justly considered a long engagement a wearisome affair, before six months had passed they were man and wife.

The young girl was certainly a sweet pretty bride, and I really cannot imagine how Damon could be satisfied with calling her "my friend," as he led her from the altar; and I was still more surprised next day to find that she had already begun to look after her household matters. There was nothing to be found fault with in this, to be sure, and neither of them seemed to think this out of the usual way. The young couple appeared to be quite happy, and it was to be supposed that Damon's heart had at last found its haven of rest. He had his young wife, all went as she wished, and his house was, therefore, a pleasant one; it was evident that it was under the care of a good and kind spirit.

I have observed that there is one thing which is a stumbling-block in almost all young ménages—that is, the continued intimacy, after marriage, of the husband's young men friends. Most young wives seem to think that they must keep a watchful eye upon these friends, and quietly strive to put an end to their baneful influence over the husband; for they suppose that these former companions will withdraw his thoughts from the sanctity of domestic life and lead him into naughty ways. These suspicions seem to be deeply rooted in the minds of newly-married women. I sincerely believe they are suggested by young wives, who ought to know better by experience, and might have perceived that their husbands' earlier associates would, in general, be glad to be received as members of the family circle. The wives imagine that their dominion is

insecure so long as these suspicious persons are on board ; they think that when such is the case the ship of matrimony may be at any moment upset, or stranded on unknown shores, that they must steer with a skilful hand, and that they cannot be safe until they have had the husbands' early friends cast overboard. I can assert this from experience, for I have myself been cast overboard more than once on account of such groundless suspicions.

But a house can hardly be without visitors, and what is more natural than that these should consist of the young wife's friends and connexions? She believes she can depend upon them; she is accustomed to them; she likes to display to them her notable housekeeping; it is so very natural, and therefore one generally sees the husband's friends and relations by degrees supplanted by those of the wife.

Damon's wife, however, was not obliged to manœuvre at all to get rid of his especial friends, for, with the exception of myself, who had my own house, and was already a sedate and discreet person, he never invited a single old associate. It was not necessary for her to throw any one overboard to make room for her friends and relations; these were self-elected intimates at Mikkel's house, and all went on well there.

There was one of her cousins in particular to whom Damon soon attached himself. He was a young man who had exactly the qualities which were wanting in Damon. He was, among other things, witty, lively, amusing; he was at all times ready for anything, and knew how to make the best of everything. Damon soon found that he could not do without him, and he became a daily guest at his house, which there was nothing in the way of business to prevent his being, as he lived in a state of *il dolce far niente*, waiting until some good appointment might offer itself, which might suit a person of his talents and pretensions.

Before the expiration of a year, I observed that by degrees a change had taken place in their relative positions. Damon had this time nearly undermined his own happiness. His old Pythias folly had awoke again in him, almost without his being conscious of it. His interest in his young wife was actually cast into the shade by his friendship for her cousin, who had become Pythias the fourth. She discovered at length that she was quite set aside, and was jealous of this neglect; at the same time she grew more and more intimate with her cousin, whose lively conversation pleased her. That he had fallen in love with his young cousin I will not assert, but he paid her at times such marked attention, that I often thought this was the only reasonable inference to be drawn from his conduct; at other times, there was so much levity and carelessness in his manners, so much flightiness in his way of talking, that I felt myself compelled to discard the supposition. Certain it is, however, that he was always hovering around her; that her reputation might run the risk of being injured by his demeanour towards her, and that dangerous consequences really might arise from their being so much together in the intimacy of daily life, yet—who was to blame except Damon?

With his accustomed blindness, the husband could not see anything of this; he made quite sure that it was entirely for *his* sake that the young man played chess, talked politics, smoked tobacco, and went out to walk or to fish whenever Damon wished to go. In order that they might manage to be still more together, he had prevailed upon the cousin to come out and stay with him at a country-house he had hired at a few

miles from town, where they had plenty of room. This invitation was given much against the wishes of his wife, who had tried to prevent it, but she had consented to it when she found that Damon had set his heart on it. He said, jestingly, that he could not do without some male society, and a trio would be pleasant in their pastoral life. In this trio he himself voluntarily assigned the second part to the cousin, while he took the third to himself.

Damon, however, was a little changed; he felt no longer inclined to be *quite* so subservient in his friendship as he had formerly been with his two and his four-footed friends. By degrees, a desire had crept into his mind to take his revenge, and for once become himself the domineering party. He began to be somewhat importunate in his claims on the time and companionship of the cousin, who, on his side, showed decided symptoms of wishing to emancipate himself, especially from the tiresome and frequent fishing expeditions to the neighbouring lake; but fishing was perhaps Damon's greatest pleasure, especially when he had the company of a good friend. Damon was annoyed that the cousin had several times latterly excused himself from accompanying him, and, not caring to go alone, he had been obliged to relinquish his favourite amusement. One day—it was too bad—on a beautiful evening in the very height of summer, he refused to go fishing when there could be no earthly reason for his doing so—none that Damon could discover, except that he preferred to parade up and down the alley of linden-trees at the other end of the garden with his wife—while he himself sat at the top of the stone stairs, and fretted until he was quite out of humour. He could see that they spoke eagerly to each other, and laughed, and amused themselves, while he was wearying himself; and neither of them seemed to be thinking of him or his ennui. What were they going to do now? So! They were actually setting off to walk in the very direction of the lake, where he would so gladly have gone to fish; but *then*, it was too far to go, forsooth!—now, they could go notwithstanding the distance. It was almost like defying him; that was probably the cousin's intention.

A disagreeable light seemed to dawn on his mind. And when this operation first begins to take place, a man is apt to fancy more than he has valid grounds for supposing. And this was the case with Damon.

In an exceedingly unpleasant state of mind, he returned to the usual sitting-room in search of some employment to make time pass less heavily. The comfortable room spoke volumes to his excited mind, with its quiet and peace. It was arranged by his wife's taste, everything bore witness in her favour. There stood her work-table, there lay her work, the half-finished embroidery which she was preparing for his birthday, and at which he therefore avoided looking. Upon a table close by hers lay the cousin's portfolios and drawing materials. There was no necessity for the tables being so near each other, and he pushed the table with the drawings a little away from the work-table. The young man certainly had talent—there were comical sketches, and little landscapes, thrown off as illustrations of poems, not without genius; he thought he would just look into the portfolios, when, in opening one of them, a sheet of paper, with pencil drawings, slipped out of it. What were these? He must see. They were a whole row of caricatures, in doing which the cousin excelled. There was a man with his nightcap on, evidently asleep and

snoring ; a man with a pipe in his mouth, half asleep over a fishing-rod ; a man half asleep over a chess-board ; a man half asleep over a Berlin newspaper ; and lastly, a man half asleep over his tobacco-pipe, while his pretty young wife seemed dreaming over the work she had in her hand. Of what was *she* dreaming while *he* was dozing ? This question forced itself upon him. The sleepy-headed man was no other than himself, caricatured in the most laughable manner ; the young wife might have been taken from nature : it was a charming likeness. Damon sat as if he had fallen from the skies, with the sheet of paper in his hand ; he could scarcely conceive the ingratitude which had suggested these sketches, or the barefaced impudence of leaving them in an open portfolio, in his own daily sitting-room, where any one might see them—not only himself and his wife, but his guests and his servants also.

Fate brought me to him for a second time at a critical moment. I came accidentally to pay him a visit, and found him somewhat in the same state as on the evening Hector had been doing battle with him. I entered into his angry feelings, but nevertheless could hardly refrain from bursting into a fit of laughter at the exceedingly impertinent, but very droll drawings. We had a serious conversation on the position in which he was placed ; with great difficulty I brought him, at length, to perceive that much of the blame rested with himself, and that his young wife had nothing to reproach herself with. I combated his assertion that she must have been cognisant of the existence of these caricatures, and must have sat for the likeness of herself ; and I even went so far as to promise to prove to him her ignorance of the drawings, though I did not know how that was to be effected without occasioning a *scene*—and I had the greatest horror of scenes.

We had a long conversation, we two, for the wife and the cousin remained a good while absent—longer than I thought was exactly right, especially as it was getting late ; but Damon did not seem to think about it ; he was engaged in speculating on the theme I had suggested for his consideration—namely, that a husband who never makes the slightest effort to find amusement for his young wife, but, without the least compunction, leaves her to solitude or weariness, has himself to blame if another succeeds in interesting and amusing her. It is this unfortunate transition from the devoted assiduity of the days of courtship, to the sleepy security of married life, that so often undermines love, and renders the heart empty ; and nature has decreed that a woman's heart can never remain long perfectly vacant.

At last the truants returned. It was evident that the lady, at least, felt it was not quite right to have stayed out till so long after the usual hour for tea ; she bustled about to get the tea ready, and was very attentive in helping us to it. Damon maintained a grave silence, and I felt somewhat embarrassed ; the cousin alone seemed quite at his ease, and not at all gêné ; I could not make out whether this was nature or art. Perhaps it was politic to appear as if he had no idea that there could be any cause for animadversion on account of their unusually long walk. My confidence in her began to waver a little, whilst my anger at him increased.

After tea the conversation fell, by mere accident, on portrait-painting. It was the lady who brought the subject forward, by speaking of the picture of a female which she had observed in passing, hanging like a

sign, over the open door of a garden. Nothing could have been more à propos. I hastened to ask the young wife if she had ever had her likeness taken. No, she never had, and she never intended to have it taken, for she could not bear the idea that any one should sit down and stare at her. The cousin declared this was a silly objection, and appealed to me if he were not right.

"Oh! that is because he wants to make a sketch of me himself," she said, in rather a hurried manner; "he has often begged me to permit it, but I won't do so."

The cousin remarked that there was no question of permission, only of complaisance; if he chose to make a portrait of her he could do it without asking her leave; he could take her likeness without her knowing anything about it; he could do it from memory. His cousin laughed at these assertions, and laughed so naturally, that I felt quite convinced I was right about her. Damon, on the contrary, looked more and more distressed as this conversation proceeded; it was quite apparent to me that he was miserable, and in a painful state of doubt, and I had promised him a proof of his wife's innocence. Without uttering a word, I laid hold of a corner of the paper on which were the treacherous drawings, drew it out of the portfolio, and handed it to her. I admit that this was very hard on the cousin, but why should I spare the young jackanapes, from whom no mercy for others was to be expected, as his caricatures showed plainly enough?

She evidently did not know what I meant by showing the drawings to her, or what she was to do with them. On the first glance at the paper she seemed about to burst into a fit of laughter, and no one who had seen these capital caricatures of Damon could have blamed the child of nature for doing so. But, on the second look, her eye had had time to run over the whole sheet, and she had beheld her own likeness; the contrast was too glaring, and there now did not linger the slightest trace of a smile on her countenance. She blushed crimson, threw the sketches far away from her, as if they had burned her hand, which, for a short time, she placed over her eyes, as one does when suddenly coming to the brink of a precipice. And her womanly tact had assuredly told her that such had been her position. It was a moment for a painter of scenes from domestic life to have taken a sketch. In the background were the open doors leading from the pretty sitting-room to the garden, whose trees seemed drawn on the clear evening skies in their full beauty. On the sofa sat a man, apparently very unhappy, with his cheek resting on his hand, and a look expressive of the deepest anxiety fixed upon a young woman, whose guiltless countenance rivalled the glow of the evening sky; whose whole bearing evinced mingled anger and humility, innocence and embarrassment, while her eyes were riveted on the paper she had cast from her, which had revealed to her one of the dark shades of life. At a little distance from her stood a grave-looking man, whose face expressed perfect confidence in, and esteem for, the young wife; he stood as if he wished to inspire her with courage to follow the dictates of her own heart. And nearest the door leading to the entrance-hall sat a young gentleman, whose assured, careless deportment formed a strong contrast to his perplexed and irresolute glances; no one could have doubted that he was the cause of the dismal mood which had seized upon all the rest of the party, and that he was aware of this himself.

But it was only for a few short moments that the young wife stood as described. Presently, she looked up fearlessly, although tears were streaming down her cheeks; without vouchsafing a single glance to the young gentleman, she swept past him, threw her arms round her husband's neck, and sank, weeping, by his side on the sofa. And this charming, natural act found a response in his heart; he flung his arm round her waist, and pressed her to his breast. It was a dumb and yet an eloquent scene!

The friend and the cousin were now *de trop*. I made a sign to him, and he left the room with me, without the others appearing to notice our departure.

It was rather an embarrassing situation in which we two found ourselves placed as we walked along the high road together. But as I have always considered that "honesty is the best policy," I did not, on this occasion, depart from my general rule. I began by telling him frankly that the ingratitude which he had displayed towards my friend, who was also his friend, and his cousin's husband, by caricaturing him so ill naturedly, and his hardihood in leaving the drawings in an open portfolio in a sitting-room common to all the family, as if he wished them to be seen by at least *one* member of it, had convinced me that his remaining in that house would be productive of unhappiness to his hosts, and would be disagreeable to all parties. It was Damon himself, who, by accident, had found the caricatures. It was impossible, of course, that he could pass them over in silence, and their discovery might have caused an extremely unpleasant scene. I had sought to avoid this, as I knew that no explanation or apology could have been accepted; in fact, none satisfactorily could have been offered. I pointed out to the young man that it was not likely his intercourse with the family could be renewed; that it would be necessary for him to determine what he was to do with himself for the future, as he could no longer reckon on their kindness.

"Soft and fair goes far," says the proverb, and its truth was shown here. My words were taken in good part; the cousin and I continued to walk back and forwards on the high road half the night. He accompanied me at length to town, and then there was nothing for it—if he were to have a roof over his head at all—but to give him a bed at my house. We laid our heads together to think of what could be done to procure a situation for him, which might give him some profitable employment for the present, and some prospect of advantage for the future; and at last we both agreed that he had better look after an appointment in one of the provincial towns, which had just become vacant, and in the disposal of which I had some influence. Security, however, to a certain small extent, would be required, but I would help him to obtain this. I was quite certain, I said, that if I asked Damon, he would be his security, for he had a most amiable and forgiving temper. I wished Damon to have this satisfaction, and the cousin this humiliation; *that* should be his only punishment. I am now inclined to believe, however, that he found the punishment tolerably light, and bore it with great equanimity, notwithstanding that he vapoured a great deal about obligation, mortification, contrition, &c. &c.

To cut a long story short, the plan we had hit upon that night was carried out. The cousin went to the country town and obtained the situation, Damon became his security, and was not sorry to have this little

revenge upon him. And his young wife, who, through my indiscretion, found out afterwards what Damon had done, was quite overcome by her husband's generosity, and thought more of him than ever. A man is never sorry that his wife should entertain the belief that he is generous and noble minded; that raises him much more in her estimation than if he gave her occasion for the vain satisfaction of admiring his wit. That, certainly, Damon's wife had no opportunity of doing, for he possessed neither wit nor genius, but he was a good, kind-hearted person. Their married life, which had been so nearly rendered unhappy, after the cloud above referred to had cleared off, glided on in a calm and even tenor, and nothing occurred to disturb their serenity.

But man is his own worst enemy, an old philosopher has said, and not without truth. Before twelve months had expired Damon's old whim had revived; he longed again for a friend, and began to lament that he had no one to whom he might speak on many subjects on which he could not converse with his wife.

"To speak the honest truth," he said to me one day, "I miss my wife's cousin exceedingly. He was a pleasant, sociable young man as could be, and I really do believe that we did him injustice—at least as far as my wife was concerned—and that she never would have troubled herself about him if he had remained in our house till doomsday. I really do miss him often."

I opened my eyes in amazement at hearing this speech. But he was in earnest. Notwithstanding his domestic comforts, and all his previous unfortunate experience, he longed for—his phantom, his patented friend, his Pythias the fifth! The old fixed idea was again in the ascendant! His folly almost made me ill, but it also made me very angry, and this time I did not let him off easily. I remonstrated with him on the injustice with which he had during his whole life treated me; who had always been his true friend, a fact which no one could deny, though he had scarcely considered me as such, while he had run up friendship after friendship with a set of worthless creatures. His Pythias-fancy was a positive frenzy with him, approaching to insanity. But he had never had the least idea of what friendship *really was*. And as he was ignorant of it, I would tell him that friendship is the reward of affection, and it is not to be found in the street, like acquaintances, the mere result of chance. But what had he gained by his various friendships? Had they not been for a long time a wretched slavery, and in the last instance an equally wretched attempt at governing? The absurdity had merged at length into a perfect monomania, which deserved no mercy, for it had nearly made his poor wife thoroughly unhappy. If he could not give up the indulgence of this caprice, I advised him to engage a Pythias by the month for certain stipulated wages; some poor devil whom he could order to go with him to fish, or sit down to a chess-board whenever he pleased, for he required no other companion. Such an arrangement would be very convenient, because he could dismiss the hired Pythias when he pleased without further ado. As to myself, I said, I should continue to visit at his house only on his wife's account, for, as she was to be so neglected by him, she might require in her isolation the occasional society of a sincere friend. I should not come any longer for his sake, as he had shown me plainly enough how little he cared, or had ever cared, for me.



Damon was quite dumbfounded at the warmth with which I spoke, and at the unvarnished truths with which I overwhelmed him ; his conscience must have told him that my accusations were not without foundation. He gave in, and concord was restored between us upon the condition that, for the future, he should renounce all search after his Pythias puppets. It was further resolved that the pacification should be "firm and lasting," as it is called in all treaties of peace.

I had been two or three months travelling abroad, when I received a letter from Damon, giving me to understand that an event was expected in his house, which was looked forward to with much pleasure. I was delighted to hear it, hoping that it would add so much to the happiness of my friends in the future. At length, to my joy, came another letter, announcing the birth of a son, his exact image, and he was so expansive in his descriptions of the little stranger, whom he seemed to look upon as a prodigy, that he scarcely left himself room to mention his wife.

As soon as I returned home, I went to see him, and found him, like a fond papa, in the nursery, where he was pacing up and down, holding a monologue about the boy's education and future prospects. The young mother was sitting on the sofa with that languid, touching expression of heartfelt joy, which is so becoming to young mothers, and with a dreamy look, as if she, too, were beholding in her mind's eye the future for her child, and in thought were bestowing on him the cherub form more meet for an angel than a child of mortality. I congratulated them both with all my heart. Damon lifted his "exact image" from the cradle, raised the infant high in the air, and exclaimed with pleasure and pride :

"See here! here is my new-born friend—my rightful Pythias!"

I could not help smiling at this truly unexpected outburst. What obstinacy!

The young mother held out her arms, and cried : "Oh, give him to me—give me my child, my own little man, my darling!"

And when the infant was placed in her arms she caressed him with that tenderness which only a mother can show.

"My Pythias!—My darling!" They had both spoken from their hearts, and found the word which made them happiest.

When the boy was to be christened, the mother proposed that he should be named Charles, and the father that he should also be called Pythias. Charles was after me ; Pythias was after him, the other—the phantom. I could not refrain from whispering to Damon, if it would not be well to have the child also christened "the fifth." He laughed, and pushed me so, that I had nearly gone head-foremost into the cradle to "the new-born Pythias."

And Charles Pythias united in his own person that which makes the happiness of marriage—love and friendship. I do not believe that either of the parents bethought them how long these feelings had been shared among various individuals, so entirely were they now united and concentrated in this one little child.

But I pleaded earnestly that the boy should on no account be called Pythias, and insisted that it was quite enough for him to bear my name, as his father's friend. I was determined to free myself from hearing anything more of Pythias. Happily I carried my point, and I *did* hear no more of him. The new-born Pythias, however, took, in due time, his rightful place, though he had escaped bearing the ridiculous name.

## ABOUT A SENSATION.

BY EDWARD P. ROWSELL.

IN the time of the Indian mutiny, the editor of one of the daily newspapers was pleased to assume that Lucknow had fallen. Charging the calamity to the remissness of government, he applied himself to a vigorous leader, which he commenced in grandiloquent fashion, somewhat thus :

"All is over. They have drunk their last cup of cold water. They have cast their final look to heaven," &c. &c.

He was an editor, you observe, with what Mr. Bright terms "a robust conscience." He was not satisfied with an inference, he dashed at a bold assertion of fact. I dare say many a worn, half heart-broken seeker of news saw those startling words, and quailed with horror. No matter. The worthy and sagacious editor had outgrown the weakness of caring for other people's feelings, and he appreciated an object of great importance in the composition of leaders; he knew the value of creating *a sensation*.

The love of "sensations" begins very early in life. Look at the apparent cruelty of a boy. I suppose there has scarcely lived the youngster who has not thrust flies into the tiniest of cages, "spun" cockchafers, pelted cats, and pulled the wings off butterflies. But it would not be correct to judge a boy as cruel as his actions seem to imply. Of course it is impossible to absolve him from the charge of cruelty altogether. The boy who tortures anything knows that he is doing so, and in not desisting, he is a young brute. But he does not derive pleasure purely and simply from the giving pain. In truth, it is in the thrill of horror excited by his own atrocity that his morbid gratification chiefly consists. Any strong sensation, either mental or bodily, not decidedly disagreeable, is, to a boy, agreeable. He would not, for instance, like your thrusting a pin into him, or acquainting him that he should have no dinner; the sensations you would excite would be decidedly disagreeable. But when a boy is very hot he proclaims himself "jolly;" when he is very cold he is equally "jolly;" and when he is torturing an insect to death I fear he is "jolly" too. He would find no gratification in poking the insect, he would find little in killing it outright. But as he deliberately divests a butterfly of one wing, and then of the other, there creeps through him a sensation that he is a very monster of cruelty, and in this sensation is pleasure. All excitement is agreeable to a boy. Thus a boy has a taste for slaughter-houses. Thus a boy is fascinated with tales of wonders, murders, and ghosts. Thus a boy has an openly-avowed yearning to see a man hang.

You remember that remarkably shocking case not long back of two children, the eldest, I think, not more than eight years old, murdering an infant about three. There seemed such an utter absence of motive. They had not quarrelled with the child or his parents, and they did not rob him of his clothes. But lo! the elder children saw the younger toddling their way. And, depend upon it, they were seized with an irrepressible longing for a great sensation. So they fell upon the infant,

and beat him, and dragged him through by-paths (it was in a part not much frequented) to a pond side, where they stripped him, threw him into the pond, and left him. The blood runs cold at the mere recapitulation of the harrowing facts. Now the young murderers had nothing to say in their defence. They at once admitted their guilt, if I recollect rightly, and they cried. Not a syllable of excuse or explanation was forthcoming. But there was an explanation, just as there is an explanation of everything, and I venture to assert its being that which I have given above. That same odd pleasure in a pungent sensation which I have alluded to as urging the young gentlemen to torture the butterfly, incited the young paupers to beat and drown the child. The only difference is, that it led the latter to greater lengths than it leads the former. The young gentleman mutilates the butterfly or pelts the cats, and his appetite is appeased. But, alas! for those unhappy young paupers. They longed for something stronger and more stimulating, so they laid hands on the baby, treated him brutally, and put him in the pond.

You would, of course, be indignant if I asked you whether you had ever voluntarily attended an execution. Yes. I thought so. Well, I ought to have reflected, you were a respectable person, and as the world would not have sanctioned your appearance, the Old Bailey could not possibly have seen you on one of those very sad mornings. But here you interpose, and say I am not rightly explaining your absence, for the restraining influence was not the world's opinion, to which you are always indifferent, but that natural aversion which, as a person of refined and proper feeling, you necessarily entertain to so dreadful a sight. Yet, forgive me, I adhere to my own way of putting it. I submit to you that you were scared from the Old Bailey by the world's judgment alone, and that so far from having a natural aversion, you had a natural inclination for the spectacle. You may be one of the gentler sex; never mind, I hold to my view. And consider for a moment—is it so preposterous? You are aware that in Spain they are very fond of bull-fights. The contest is often severe; generally the bull, but sometimes the torador is killed. There was a shocking case only the other day. Now, very great ladies witness these bull-fights, and evidently delight in them. These ladies, I fancy, would claim to rank with you, every whit, in refinement and good feeling. And if you reproached them with barbarity in respect of their fondness for such sanguinary exhibitions, they, turning round, would represent you as a poor mawkish thing, incapable of appreciating a really grand sight. Of course I, for one, see no beauty in the spectacle; I think it horrible, but I can quite understand other people thinking it just the reverse. For you see to what a number of great sensations must it, during its continuance, give birth. There is the tremendous animal slowly rising to ungovernable wrath. How appalling he looks, and how delicious must be the feeling to the spectators, as they think of the terrible danger below, that they may loll in their seats, shut their eyes or open them, chat or be silent, for that they sit in perfect security above. And as the interest of the fight increases, and the noble creature, grievously wounded, summons all his remaining energies for a final assault on the wretched (and one is almost tempted to say, the rather *inferior*) creature who is torturing him, how pleasantly stimulated by the blood and the agony are those great ladies, and how eagerly they

watch the termination of the struggle. Probably the bull is killed. That is quite right. But perhaps the man is killed. Well, that is a pity. But there are plenty more toradors.

Now, of course, there is not an actual parallel between the bull-fight and the execution. In the one case the man is a voluntary performer; his life may not be sacrificed, and he may receive the reward for which he endangered it. In the other, the man is an involuntary sufferer, and, humanly speaking, scarcely anything could prevent his life being taken. But then, again, on the other side, the agony of the bull must be awful to witness. Undoubtedly, the leading feature in both spectacles is the same—the terrible. And if great ladies, well-born and bred, can be so absorbed in admiration of bravery and address that they can delightedly watch a bull-fight—a contest wherein either the man or the animal must be, and both may be, killed—it really seems to me but a step or two farther to be susceptible of pleasure in seeing a man hung.

When, dear young lady, I first proffered you the card of a good seat whence to witness an execution, I knew certainly you would roughly reject it. You would scorn me immensely. But stay a minute; I might be able to tell you that in the matter of attendance at executions, a brilliant new view had suddenly flashed on the fashionable world. I might be able to tell you, that in consequence of that view (it is quite beyond me to suggest its character—who, indeed, would venture to say on what magnificent idea the fashionable world might not at any time fasten!), the Old Bailey now, on an execution morn, looked on a goodly crowd of nobles and gentles of both sexes, and that they were gathered there without the slightest frown from propriety and good feeling. You would be staggered at this. You would cease your indignant protest of a natural aversion for the sight. You would scan the ticket. My friend, you would take the ticket. My gentle and kind young lady, when I, on the dreary morning, sought you in the seat indicated on the card, *there you would be*. You would look pale, I dare say; you would grow paler as eight o'clock approached. You would turn sick at the first stroke of the hour; you would faint, perhaps, at the last. But now, mark you, throughout the time you would be receiving a certain gratification, and it would consist in the *very intensity of your horror*. There would run through your whole nervous system a thrill—you would say simply of dread—I say of dread *with a relish*. You would, in short, be experiencing the pleasure of a great sensation.

The lower orders are very fond of sensations. You have an evidence of this in the advertisements of their favourite newspapers. You know how prominently "Accidents and Offences" shine in the appetising announcements of those rather marked journals. I fancy a dreadful murder must ensure an extra sale of many thousands of copies. And you can well understand that that which is highly interesting to the man of education must be very insipid to the man with none. Brown, the bricklayer's labourer, sitting on a summer evening in front of a public-house, smoking his pipe, and spelling through last week's news, is not minded to weigh critically the *pros* and *cons* as to Prince Alfred becoming King of Greece, but he will read every word about the garrotting cases, and arrive at a perfectly independent judgment as to the correctness of a verdict in a trial for murder. Then the working classes have their own peculiar

periodicals. We all know them. There is the time-honoured illustration, designed, not to help the story, but to create a sensation. In it certain characters are almost sure to be present. There are the villain with scowling face, and the distressed damsel of tender beauty. There you see the gay gallant of licentious bearing, and the haughty matron with unbending mien. James, the butcher-boy, gazes at these stirring pictures, and pleasantly is his imagination stimulated. It bears him far away from the painful subject of heavy trays of meat, of forgotten orders, angry customers, and a furious master. It takes him into the land of beauteous maidens, shocking villains, hair-breadth escapes, dreadful tortures, and terrific combats. The leading tale (I should suppose, for I never read one) is full of highly-spiced incident. Well. I do not object so far as Jones is concerned. The man or the boy who has to cut up meat and carry great burdens in the day will not suffer much from a little warming of the imagination over-night. It must be an amazingly strong dose of bad fiction which could upset *him*. But I am not sure about the women who read these tales. I am not sure that the now well-principled cook may not have her head sadly turned by that profligate in the loose clothes and with that lovely sword. There is something dangerously fascinating about that scamp. And I would, too, the Susans and Marys in our kitchens read very sparingly about charming ladies who went out of the way a little, but who were subsequently so repentant and so sweetly gentle, that one liked them perhaps better than the stiff puritans who always kept right. I am afraid of cook trying to transform honest Joe Smith, the beer-man, to whom she is plighted, into a gay gallant. I am afraid she may succeed. I am afraid that while she is dreaming of living in marble halls, she may be preparing the way for most untoward events.

And in other things, the lower classes are equally lovers of great sensations. A melodrama, hot and strong, delights the gallery; "a tremendous header" is the thing to elicit overpowering cheers from that sublime region. Blondin, walking the rope at a prodigious height, must have been intensely relished. The coming fight between Sayers and Heenan kept all England in a full boil of excitement for weeks before. Think of a man travelling all the way from America to try whether he could not pommel a man with whom he had no sort of quarrel, more than that man could pommel him. What a sensation the idea gives you! Who can wonder at an immense mob having years ago attended to see a man fulfil his pledge of getting into a quart bottle? See how both English men and women shove in a crowd; how nice it is to dig your elbow with all your might and main into your neighbour's ribs! What do you think of a grand footman's knock? State your opinion of a butcher-boy's driving. Is it not a treat when you are in your bedroom, up two or three flights of stairs, to hear the magnificent clicking with which Mary "sets" the tea-things in the kitchen?

I can understand the partiality of a certain class for Mr. Spurgeon. I allude to the section embracing the gradations between the middle and the lower classes. They revel, doubtless, in Mr. Spurgeon's bold, buoyant, half-jocular, familiar style. To me that style is exceedingly distasteful. True, the opposite is dreary enough, and we have many examples of it in the Established Church. It is painful enough to hear a man address

his fellow-men on the most important of subjects in a manner showing him to be well-nigh disqualified for addressing them on any subject at all. Still I, myself, would infinitely rather put up with this—with the dreary, with the lugubrious, with the shallow, with any style, in short, however defective—rather than with *the amusing*. Save me from the lively preacher. I have a notion that our Common Father and our Great Salvation are subjects beyond description awful, and that every sinner drawing near to them should indeed feel, and manifest the feeling, that he is on holy ground. I confess I cannot altogether reverence the memory of Rowland Hill. That he was a sincerely good man is, I suppose, indisputable; but from his eccentricities, and his style of preaching, I shrink greatly. Take only one of the anecdotes of his objectionably odd ways. Once while in the pulpit, he looked over, and saw his clerk asleep. He seized his Bible, and banged the delinquent on the head with it smartly. “There,” he cried, “if you will not hear the Word of God, you shall feel it.” How such an act, and such words, must shock every right-minded person. Yet Rowland Hill’s preaching was greatly admired, and so is Mr. Spurgeon’s. And it is only just to say that it probably reaches many hearts which no other style would reach. It excites the emotions of an auditory which, possibly, might be very little moved, either by the brilliancy of Mr. Melvill, or the impressiveness of the Archbishop of York. For it creates a great sensation, and one hesitates to say too much against it. You see you cannot instil into Smith, the bricklayer, or Stagg, the carpenter, any very refined ideas of religion. You cannot lift them to any very lofty heights, they are too heavy; but both Smith and Stagg have brains and hearts, nevertheless. They are quite open to reason and to appeal, such as Mr. Spurgeon drives home.

If I should ever be so unfortunate as to become a party to an action before a common jury, I should certainly like for my counsel a man of vast bodily dimensions, and with an overpowering voice. He might not be very learned or astute. I would forgive him that; I should only ask that he roar so as to make the court walls shake, and thump the table with giant strength. He would be sure to create a sensation in my favour. A very little man once said to me, “There is a great deal in size.” No doubt of it; and be assured the little man had grievously experienced the truth of his remark. Even if you are of average dimensions, you cannot look up to the face of a man who is six feet high, and proportionately broad, without some amount of involuntary respect. And if to these physical advantages your friend add but a moderate allowance of intellectual, what a fortunate fellow he is! What up-hill work it is to struggle in an argument with a man whose voice can drown yours at any moment when the tide runs against him, and who is taking a leisurely survey of the top of your head all the while you are speaking. How impossible it is to shake off altogether the feeling of your bodily inferiority, and the mortification such feeling occasions.

It is quite essential to creating a sensation in the pulpit, at the bar, or on the platform, that you appear entirely in earnest. Of course as regards the two first, you may be very earnest without being vehement or noisy. But on most platforms the more vehement and noisy you are the better. You should utter the strongest sentiments in the strongest language. Follow that course, and a general uprising of hands, and stamping of

feet, will surely reward you. A mob is very impatient of the slightest approach to tediousness. Even if the orator's communication be seemingly of a most unwelcome character, they will receive it applaudingly, so long as it be conveyed with vigour. Thus Hunt, the demagogue, once, when addressing a multitude, shouted at the top of his voice, "You'll all be starved! I tell you, you'll all be starved!"—a prediction, one would suppose, the reverse of exhilarating, but which was, nevertheless, greeted with prolonged and uproarious applause.

There is a time in life when the desire for excitement will hardly take denial. A young man of certain age chafes under anything like quietude. He pines after strong sensations. The hot blood in his veins stimulates him to all sorts of extravagances. To him those considerations which weigh upon a few of his class who stand apart, and look a little beyond the immediate present, only mark the Slow Coach. To him the rollicking indifference which regards that immediate present as all in all, and cares not a straw even for the next half-hour, marks a free and glorious spirit. Dr. Johnson, even, you recollect, went out readily for a spree, and assisted the greengrocers in Covent-garden Market. It is a state of feeling which does not last long, but while it lasts it is immensely pleasant. I am one of the quietest men breathing, but I confess I can form some conception of the huge delight experienced by revellers in former days, who, having become hilariously drunk, fell to fisticuffs with the watch, and superbly triumphed. As we grow older, shadows fall upon us, and we view such exploits in a better light. We see how coarse, degrading, and selfish they were, how utterly undeserving of the esteem in which we once held them. Still the recollection of that esteem is wonderfully keen within us. There is never any doubt but that then those wild performances rendered us supremely jubilant. Men remember the time when they, so to speak, lived on excitement, when they were incessantly goaded by the spirit which we may suppose to have animated the Irishman, who, on taking his son to the theatre, thus solemnly admonished him: "Now, Pat, remember, when the music begins, wherever you can see a head, *hit it*."

We are naturally incredulous about any very startling news. We quickly begin to consider what allowance we must make for colouring. We know how certainly the information will hardly have passed through a single channel without receiving a little additional paint. Still we, so to speak, let the paint remain; nay more, the chances are, that when, next minute, we, in turn, present the news to some one else, it will display the effect of a few heightening touches from our own brush. Everybody likes to try and stagger other people a trifle more than he has himself been staggered. This is but natural. It is so pleasant to create a sensation even by this mild means. Suppose to-day an influential City man had said jocularly, in a public place, that he had just returned hastily from France, for having seen the little Prince Imperial shake his tiny fist in the direction of Dover, he had thought he had best be off. When the story came to be repeated, the action would be transferred to the emperor, and men would look grave. The next version would be that the emperor not only shook his fist, but frowned most horribly. A further improvement would then be acquired in the addition that the emperor had sworn upon his sword to do something very great and

dreadful without a moment's delay. Finally, a man would burst in upon you, declaring he had it from an undoubted source that war between England and France was absolutely imminent. All this, you see, would arise out of the love of creating a sensation. If, in these garotting times, a butcher-boy be told by the baker-boy that a gentleman's hat has been knocked off and his pocket picked, you may be sure that, passing onwards through the baker-boy, the grocer-boy, the lamplighter, and the cook, the account will ultimately come out somewhat thus: "The most awful garotting case yet perpetrated has just been heard of; a gentleman has been robbed of everything, and was so horribly injured that he died on his way to the hospital."

It was rumoured once that the first Napoleon really contemplated a spring upon this island. It must have been rather a stirring fancy, that you might be waked up in the middle of the night by the noise of a French army marching on London. The bare possibility of morning dawn seeing a dozen or so of French soldiers quartered upon you, doubtless sent a little thrill through your nervous system. But, depend upon it, there was a grim sort of pleasure in the suggested peril. You observe, there was probably no real belief in it. People, I dare say, just wafted the notion of danger gently before each other's eyes as a kind of amusement. They talked about it sufficiently to excite an agreeable sensation of horror, and then dismissed it. It would have been anything but a lively theme had there been actual apprehension. But there was not, so even timid women, as they lay on their feather-beds under a load of blankets, could rouse at night and joke as to sounds in the streets being those of the French host, and could nevertheless turn round in perfect comfort to sleep again.

It would be a dreary thing if you were one of very few inmates in an ill-protected country-house, to go to bed really anticipating a burglarious attack. But there would be a half-pleasurable sensation in contemplating the possibility of such an attack if you had plenty of stout companions with you quite prepared to give the intruders a warm reception. If a singularly well-authenticated story went round of a ghost walking in a churchyard at midnight, few persons would care to test it singly, but what a curiously pleasurable excitement there would be among a small merry party who should allow themselves to be shut up for the purpose. In these different cases you have further illustrated my idea of "a sensation." The fear, you see, would just rise up to the point at which it would be amusing and stimulating; it would keep below the point at which it would be painful.

I abhor the silliness and selfishness which seek a very mild sensation in practical jokes. It is very inconsiderate nonsense, for instance, to advertise for persons to fill some good situation, directing them to a much-occupied man of business, who will be almost driven mad in consequence. There was recently in the *Times* an announcement of the marriage of a certain reverend gentleman. Directly after a letter appeared, purporting to come from the reverend gentleman, denying the truth of the announcement. Behold, next day, another letter appeared, bearing the same signature, declaring the previous letter to have been a hoax, for that the marriage really did take place. Now, what inconsiderate absurdity was manifested in the false communication. My friend, if you cannot create



a good wholesome sensation, remain quiet. Sensible people have a profound contempt for the man who is always fidgeting himself into petty notice. He accomplishes his object at last, and he gets his reward, but the reward is not always of the character he expected.

What a wretched thing it is to hear a man give utterance to sentiments so odd or so objectionable that you can imagine them expressed solely to excite wonderment. A man once in Dr. Johnson's presence launched out in praise of drinking, and having urged that it drowned care, and made one forget what was disagreeable, asked the Doctor whether in the face of these advantages a man might not be allowed to drink? "Yes," replied the Doctor, "if he sat near *you*."

What nonsense there is in a man performing, merely for the sake of vaunting, a preposterous feat. A City clerk gets one poor holiday, and walks to Brighton, a distance of fifty miles. Then he tells everybody about it. He wants you to understand that he is a marvellous pedestrian, for that the effort was to him a positive pleasure. Of course you do not so understand. You know perfectly well that a man whose average exercise is about five miles a day, cannot on a particular day walk fifty without great inconvenience. In your mind's eye you see the silly fellow as he arrived at Brighton, looking so pale and haggard that he was quite an object. Still you do not like to keep from him his poor reward. He thought he should create in you a sensation, so you lift your hands, cast up your eyes, and exclaim, "Prodigious!" Now the man who acts thus; the man who tells you, with satisfied simper, that he was drunk last night; the man who drawls out that he has been to five balls in succession, wishing you to believe him a most captivating person; the man who puts on a dreadful scowl and declares against Brown, who, he says, has injured him, hostility so bloodthirsty that women-folks are aghast, but which gives you no concern, because you know that the mere appearance of Brown would put him to silence in a minute; the man who assures you that his love for Susan Tomkins is killing him, whereas you know he cannot boast a heart large enough for the love of a canary-bird;—these, one and all, I hold to be mere ninny-hammers, very absurd and very contemptible.

I know, indeed, that you may legitimately seek to create a sensation, and may cut a very poor figure. You may make your effort prematurely. Sheridan did so, in oratory; so did Disraeli. But if your end be good, and you have a reasonable chance of success, you can afford many failures. You will most likely succeed at last. Behold a choice illustration. Tom King said he could conquer Jem Mace. He tried, and was beaten. He said he was foiled only by an accident, and he repeated his assertion. He tried again, and he conquered. So, my young friend, if you feel a strong conviction that you have it in you to create a sensation in a good and honourable way, and you are bent on trying, do not be discouraged even by a knock-down blow (remember, they were terrific blows which Sheridan and Disraeli received), but rise up and address yourself to the fight again. Mind, I only say if you are "bent on trying." I leave to you to decide whether, even should you succeed, you will find an adequate reward. Perhaps it might be better for you that you should be content with a quiet path, and travelling onwards, doing a little good here and a little there, and nothing great anywhere, come at last in a very peaceful mind to a very peaceful home.

## RUINED ABBEYS AND CASTLES OF GREAT BRITAIN.\*

THE publisher has availed himself in this work of the accuracy of photography to present to the reader the precise aspect of the places, which are at the same time commended to his notice by two practised pens—those of William and Mary Howitt. There is no doubt but that this is a step in the right direction. We are no longer at the mercy of the imaginations, the caprices, or the deficiencies of artists, but have before us the genuine presentment of the object under consideration, and we are thus led to hail it not only as a great improvement in modern illustration, but also as an evidence on the part of the publisher of a praiseworthy desire to assist in authenticating literature by the achievements of modern art.

A pleasant selection from among the more noted of the Ruined Abbeys and Castles of Great Britain herald this important innovation in the system of illustrating works. Bolton Abbey is appropriately introduced by the Strid, where the young lord of Egremont was drowned, and in consequence of which catastrophe

A pious structure, fair to see,  
Rose up, this stately priory !

at the bidding of an afflicted mother, the Lady Aaliza. Bolton is followed by Glastonbury, with its mock legends and rich reminiscences of a luxurious reality ; by the remote and islanded Iona, once the luminary, not of the Caledonian regions only, but of the whole world, and, by the Norman-Gothic Lanthony, the predecessor of Gloucester, and where Walter Savage Landor appears to have sunk and lost large sums of money in our own times. He was curiously enough driven out of the place, like the monks of old, by the lawless, plundering habits of the dwellers in the Black Mountains.

These picturesque ruins are followed by the more formidable-looking castle of Chepstow, with an especial view of the scene of imprisonment of Marten the regicide, and by the truly English Tintern, an almost unrivalled scene of quiet monastic beauty. Then we have Raglan, the rival of Chepstow in magnificence, and which once, with its demesnes, supported a garrison of 800 men, including 4 colonels, 82 captains, 16 lieutenants, 6 cornets, 4 ensigns, 4 quartermasters, and 52 esquires and gentlemen ! Conway, the portal to the mountain scenery of North Wales, is well known as one of the most picturesque ruins in England, and to its chronicles, replete with equal interest, the editors have imparted all the charm conveyed by pictures of actual life. The fragmentary remains of Goodrich, once a stout castle and a formidable stronghold, as testified by Lingen's resistance to those rebels, whom the editors favour only too much, now sink into insignificance by the side of the modern pretensions of Goodrich Court.

Fountains Abbey stands in the same relation to Glastonbury that Raglan does to Chepstow—as olden rivals in pomp, pride, wealth, and luxury. Among the fairest structures of the land, the possessions of

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\* Ruined Abbeys and Castles of Great Britain. By William and Mary Howitt. The Photographic Illustrations by Bedford, Sedgfield, Wilson, Fenton, and others. London: A. W. Bennett.

Fountains Abbey spread over an uninterrupted space of more than thirty miles. Roslin Chapel and its prentice pillar, and Hawthornden with its caves, the hiding-place of Bruce and his followers, are endeared to us by the reminiscences of youth; and Elgin has an almost more than human interest in the story of the young vagabond once sheltered by its ruins, returning a wealthy hero from the Orient, to found a free school which provides clothing and maintenance for such children as cannot be supported by their parents. Pious Andrew Anderson!

Holyrood Abbey and Palace, replete as they are with historical interest, can scarcely be classed among our picturesque ruins; not so Melrose, celebrated by other pens besides Scott's:

Pile of King David, to thine altar's site,  
Full many a footstep guides and long shall guide;  
Where those are met, who met not save in fight,  
And Douglas sleeps with Evers, side by side.

Melrose is one among many a superb relic of that pure and beautiful British church which existed prior to the Roman hierarchy in these islands. The sweetest reminiscences associated with the ivy-clad, mouldering battlements of Carisbrook are not so much of the persecuted Charles as of the beautiful, pale, and proud Princess Elizabeth, sitting in her prison, meditating in her solitude on the calamities of her father, and expiring there, her fair cheek resting on her Bible.

It is, alas! beyond the power of photography to reproduce this touching picture, but imagination helps to fill up the canvas.

Rievaulx, or the abbey in the vale of Rye, owed, like the abbey at the Fountains, its origin to the untimely end of a youthful heir. Human afflictions have often won prosperity to the Church. The scene is much changed, however, since a small and rude monastery was first founded by Walter Espec, in a spot of almost frightful solitude and savageness, or even when the black-hooded Cistercians toiled with exemplary diligence at the mines and founderies of their rocky tenement. Rievaulx, now in utter ruin, is approached by carriage-drive and lodge-gate, and is contemplated from a terrace adorned with Grecian temples and paintings by Bernici. Out upon it! The association is as incongruous as it is misplaced. We remember astounding a distinguished antiquary, on the occasion of a visit to Furness Abbey, the last subject of illustration in the volume before us, by exclaiming, on emerging from the hollow in which that proud ruin lies embosomed—Beckansgrill, or the Glen of the Deadly Nightshade—and climbing the heights from whence opened a magnificent view of Furness Forest, the chase and isle of Walney, the vale of Duddon and Morecombe Bay, and of the hills of Cumberland beyond, "How much more magnificent is nature than the most pretentious creation of art!" Our friend's ideas were wrapt up in the lofty walls and arches, the clustered columns, and long-drawn aisles of the colossal ruin below, and he was proportionately indignant at the outrageous solecism. But, after all, when the founders of these once prosperous and truly magnificent edifices selected the most picturesque sites in Great Britain for their erection, they never purported to rival nature; they merely placed an exquisite structure on her bosom, as a fair lady does a brooch, not to outdo, but to heighten the charms in which architecture or gem are set; and there was nothing, after all, so very heterodox in our ejaculation.

## GRANVILLE DE VIGNE.

## A TALE OF THE DAY.

## PART THE TWENTY-FOURTH.

## I.

## THE WIFE TO WHOM SABRETASCHE WAS BOUND.

It was April. The first chesnut-leaves of the Tuileries were silvered in the moonlight, and the dark Seine dashed onwards under the gloomy bridges of the city, out under the wooded heights of fair St. Germain, where the old oaks that had listened to the love of Louise de la Vallière were thrusting out their earliest spring buds. It was a fair spring night, and the deep, calm heavens bent over Paris, as if in tenderness for the fair white city that lies in the valley of the Seine, like one of the gleaming lilies of its own exiled Bourbons. Around it, in the grand old chace of St. Cloud, in the leafy glades of St. Germain, in the deep forest aisles of Fontainebleau, among the silent terraces of Versailles and Neuilly, the spring night lay calm, still, hushed to the holy silence of the hour; in Paris, the city of intrigues, of pleasures, of blood, of laughter, of mirth, of death; of gay wit and fiery strife, of coarse brutality and exalted heroism; in Paris, the Paris of Mirabeau and André Chénier, of Rivarol and St. Just, of Marie Antoinette and Theroigne de Mirecourt; in Paris, the spring night was full of jests, and laughter, and merry chants de bivouac, while the gas-flowers of Mabille gleamed and scintillated, and the Imperial household thronged the vacated palace of the D'Orléans, and the light-hearted crowd filled the Boulevards and the cafés; and women, with forms more lovely than their minds, were fêted in cabinets particuliers, and the music and the revelry rang out from the Chaumière and the Château des Fleurs; and Paris was awake, crowned with flowers, with laughter on her lips and sparkling in her eyes, gay as a young girl at her first ball—gay as she has ever been, even on the eve of her darkest tragedies, her most terrible hours.

The soft spring night came down on Paris. Before the cheval-glass in her luxurious bed-chamber, with all the entourages of grace and refinement, with bright jewels on her hair, and her white cloud-like dress, and her priceless necklet of pink pearls, and her exquisite beauty, which other women envied so bitterly, stood the belle of its most aristocratic réunions—Violet Molyneux; shuddering, even while her maid clasped the bracelets on her arm for a ball at Madame de la Viellecour's, at the memory of those cruel words from her brother's lips, which bade her choose between infidelity or death. At the window of her own room, looking up to the clear stars that seemed to gaze from their calm and holy stillness on the gay and feverish fret of the human life below, Alma Tressillian gazed on the spring night, her dark-blue eyes brilliant once again with the radiance of joy and hope; he was coming home—her lover, her idol, her worshipped "Sir Folko"—what could await her now but a return of that heaven once so rudely shivered from her grasp? Not very many yards off, in her crowded and bizarre boudoir, where finery stood the stead of taste, and

over-loading passed for luxury, the Trefusis read the line in the English papers which announced the arrival of her law-termed husband's troop, and threw it with an oath to Lady Fantyre, that the Crimea had not rid her of his life, and left her mistress of the portion of his wealth that would have come to her—for the law would have recognised her rights as his "wife," and she was in difficulties and in debt. Underneath the windows, that shone bright with the wax-lights of Violet's toilette-table, stood a woman, once as beautiful as she, but now haggard, tawdry, pitiful to look upon, with the stamp of a she-devil's furious temper on her features, begging of the passers-by for the coins that would procure her the sole thing she now loved or craved—a draught of absinthe; that deadly tempter, that sure, slow, relentless murderer who, Jael-like, soothes us for the moment to drive the iron nail into our brain while we slumber, and whom, madman-like, we seek and crave and thirst for, though we know the end is death. Those four women—how unlike they were! Dissimilar as night and dawn; as fragrant, spotless roses and dark, dank, deadly nightshade; as the two spirits that in fable and apologue hover over our path, the one to lead us to a Gehenna, the other to an Eden; dissimilar enough, God knows. Yet the same stars looked down on them, the same men had loved them, and, in one chain of circumstance, Fate had bound and woven them together.

That same night Sabretasche arrived in Paris. Rumours had reached him of Violet's engagement to Prince Carl of Vollenstein-Seidlitz. Believe them for an instant he did not. Though his fate had taught him that delicate and satiric sneer at men and women, at the world and its ways, which made his soft voice and polished words so keen a weapon to strike, he was by nature singularly trustful and loyal, and, where he loved, believed, nor allowed hints, or doubt, or suspicions to creep in; nothing but her own words would have made him believe Violet had changed towards him, and with those letters of hers breathing such tender and unalterable affection, he would have refused to credit any second-hand story of her which would have thrown a shadow of doubt upon her truth.

But the rumour of her projected union with Vollenstein struck him with a sudden and deadly chill; he realised for the first time the possibility that, one day, if he could not claim her, another might; that another man might win what fate denied to him. He knew her family was proud, and, for their station, very poor; and though he trusted Violet's truth and honour too fully to believe she would give her beauty to another while her heart was his—though he believed her to have spirit, courage, and fidelity passing that of most women—though he knew that she would never, like some women, find consolation either in a brilliant position or in calmer affections, still—still—he knew what Lady Molyneux was. He remembered women who had loved, perhaps, as fondly as Violet, who had gone to their husbands' arms with hearts aching for another; and Sabretasche, despite his faith, trembled for the treasure of which another man might rob him any moment, and he have no right or power to avenge the theft! I know he *ought* to have rejoiced if Violet had been able to have found that happiness with some other which he was unable to give her—at least, so some romancists of a certain order, who draw an ideal and immaculate human nature, would tell us, I suppose—but Sabretasche was only mortal, as I have often told you, and before we can love quite so exquisitely, I fear we shall have to

ostracise love altogether. He cares but little for his jewel, who sees it gleaming in his rival's crown and does not long to tear it from his hated brows and hide it in his bosom, where no other eyes, save his own, shall see its radiance.

So Sabretasche went to Paris as soon as his troop was landed at Southampton, to learn what truth or untruth there was in this report of Violet's marriage; to look—if unseen himself—once more upon his darling, before another's right should claim the beauty once his own. He had many friends in Paris, for he had often spent his furloughs in that fair city, where life is enjoyed so gaily, and wit current in its fullest perfection; and even as he reached the station, a man he knew—the Marquis de St. Cloud—met him, and chatted with him some minutes of the Crimea, and of their mutual friends who had fallen at Inkermann and the Tchernaya.

"One of your compatriotes is the belle of our salons just now," began M. de St. Cloud, who, having been long absent, attached to the French embassy at Vienna, had heard nothing of Sabretasche's brief engagement. "We are consolidating the alliance by worshipping at an English shrine, and parbleu! Violet Molyneux would excuse any folly on anybody's part. You know her, of course, mon cher? She is going to be married to that fool Vollenstein, who has gone into as great ecstasies as his German phlegm will allow about her jolie taille. However, you will know plenty about her before you have been four-and-twenty hours here, so I need not bore you beforehand. Ah! bon Dieu, there is my train! I shall be back in two days. I am only going to Vivienne for a bear-hunt. Au revoir! I shall see plenty of you, I hope, when I return."

Away went St. Cloud, in his carriage, and Sabretasche threw himself into a fiacre to drive to his accustomed locale, the Hôtel de Londres. The report was current, then, in Paris; and though he knew that reports are idle as the winds, based upon nothing very often, and circulating their poison without root or reason, still a sickening dread came over him; he felt as though, do what he would, a thousand mocking fates were leagued together to drag Violet from him; and he felt an imperative demand, a craving thirst to see her, to hear from her own lips whether or no she would be this man's wife, against which he had no strength to contend. He must see her, and if she told him she could, without regret or lingering pain, wed Carl of Vollenstein, or any other, he would not curse her nor reproach her, poor child! he would have no right to do so, and he would have loved her too well to do it if he had; but he would pray God to bless her, and then—leave her, and never look upon her face again.

It was nine o'clock—the still spring night slept softly, rocked on the boughs of the great belt of boulevard trees round Paris—when Sabretasche, alone, walked from the Hôtel de Londres to the house where the Molyneux lived in the Champs Elysées. He had stayed but a few minutes at his hotel; he had taken nothing scarcely since his chocolate at eleven; he could not rest till he had seen her again; his darling, whose fair face had been present to him in the silence of those long night-watches, only broken by the booming of the Russian cannon; whom he had longed so yearningly to see in all those weary months since he had parted from her—that terrible parting, on what should have been his marriage-day, when instead of his bridal caresses he had pressed his last kisses, his fare-

well to all hope, all joy on her lips, that were white with pain as she lay fainting in his arms, too dizzy with suffering to be wholly conscious of it.

His heart beat thick with a very anguish of longing as he drew near the house in which she dwelt. A carriage stood before the entrance, the door was wide open, the hall was bright with its wax-lights, the servants were moving to and fro, and in the full glare of the light, waiting for the fan she had forgotten, stood, on her father's arm, Violet—Violet, two years before his promised bride; and once more he beheld that form, that face, that with the din of war and death around had never for an hour ceased to haunt him with their surpassing loveliness. There she stood, unconscious of the eyes whose gaze she often thought would have power to recal her from the tomb; there she stood, with her white cloud-like dress, from whose gossamer folds that slight and perfect form rose, like Aphrodite from the sea form; a narrow band of gold and pearls clasping her wavy chesnut hair; her large eyes darker and more brilliant still from the shadow beneath their lids; all that grace and fascination and delicate beauty about her which the Parisians merged in one word—*ravissante*; there she stood, and his brain reeled, and his heart beat with laboured throbs, and he grasped the lamp-post to save himself from falling, as he looked upon the woman that he loved.

As he leaned there in the darkness, holding down with iron strength the mad impulse that rose in him to spring forward to her, nothing but the dread of shocking her too suddenly keeping him back, even in such a scene and with such spectators; Violet, taking her fan from a servant, crossed the pavement and entered the carriage, still unconscious that in the darkness of the night the life she held so dear was beating close to hers!

The carriage rolled down the Champs Elysées. Ere the door closed, Sabretasche went up to a servant, lounging against the portal to talk to a pretty bouquetière of his acquaintance.

"Où va t-on?" he asked, rapidly.

The man—Lord Molyneux's own man—started as he recognised Sabretasche, whom he had known so well two years before.

"Pardon, monsieur! Milord et miladi et mademoiselle, vont au bal masqué chez Madame de la Viellecour. Puis-je oser dire à monsieur combien je suis bien aise de le voir arrivé en bonne santé de la Crimée?"

"Merci, Alceste!" answered Sabretasche, absently; his brain was still dizzy, his pulses were still beating loudly with the sight of that exquisite beauty that might never be his, that might soon be another's!

"Puis-je offrir à monsieur——?" began Alceste, hesitatingly, noticing the deadly whiteness of his face. The question roused him to his old refined hatred of notice or publicity, and with a hasty negative he turned, summoned a fiacre, and drove back to the Hôtel de Londres. As he had entered it first he had met Léonce de la Viellecour, the Duc's son by an early marriage, who, always accustomed to see the Colonel come to Paris for pleasure and beaux-yeaux, had laughingly bidden him go to see his handsome belle mère at her bal masqué that night; to which Sabretasche, impatient to rid himself of Léonce, had given a hasty negative. Now he was as eager to go thither, and dressing rapidly, drove to Viellecour's rooms in the Chaussée d'Antin, and asked him to take him with him to the Duchess's ball. Léonce gladly assented, gave him a domino and a mask (it was a fancy of the Duchess's to have it masqué; I fancy her belle position was not so all-sufficient for her, but that she was driven to

*lionneism* as a *divertissement* from the stately grandeur that *would* pall sometimes), and drove him off to Gwen's palatial house in the grim court-yard, among the dead glories of the Faubourg, lighted up for one of the most brilliant and amusing *réunions* of the season, for all the most celebrated and beautiful women in Paris were there; and the mask gave it much of the zest, the *méchanceté*, and the freedom of a *bal de l'opéra*—a *bal de l'opéra* where all the revellers had pure descents and stately *escutcheons*, though not, perhaps, much more stainless reputations than the fair maskers of more "equivocal position," who were treading the boards and drinking the champagne of the opera festivities.

Not desirous of recognition; only waiting to watch that face so unutterably dear to him, Sabretasche persuaded Léonce to leave him, telling him he was tired, and would rather look on than join in the conversation, the intrigue, the waltz, the smooth whirl, and subdued murmur of the society around him. Viellecour, a man who always allowed others to please themselves, as he on every occasion made a point of pleasing himself, quitted him at his desire, and threading his own way amidst the courtly crowd of glittering dresses and dark dominoes, left Sabretasche, the best-known man in Europe, the courted *lion* of both France and England, the *bel esprit* whose wit was quoted and fashion followed, whose bow was a brevet of rank to whoever received it, alone in that truest solitude, the solitude of a crowd. Had he made himself known, few there but would have made him welcome; but incognito, no one remembered him, nor looked twice at the little of his features his mask left uncovered, to recollect that they saw Vivian Sabretasche—for he had been two years out of society, and for any chance of being remembered in society, however before it may have courted us, and however we may have amused and delighted it, one might as well be lying dead among the sands of the Seine or the mud of the Thames, as have ceased to have shone in it or been of use to our *bons amis* for two long twelvemonths. *Hors de vue hors d'esprit* is the motto of the great world, which buries its greatest hero in Westminster Abbey and its fairest beauty in Père la Chaise, then fills up their places, and thinks no more of them in its ebb and its flow from the day when the dust of their tombs fell on their coffin-plates!

Sabretasche was alone in that brilliant crowd where he owned so many friends, but where heart, and eye, and thought sought for only one his love for whom had dragged him hither, to a scene so uncongenial to all his thoughts; but after well-nigh two years' absence from her, never looking on her face save in torturing memory, he would not have stayed twelve hours in voluntary absence; to breathe the same air with her, to gaze upon her loveliness, was better than that utter absence which so nearly and so horribly resembles death that we may well shrink from it as from the absence of the grave.

He moved through the rooms, threading his way through the groups of men and women occupying themselves with the light love, the exciting intrigue, the laugh, the witticism, the badinage, which while away such hours for the *beau-monde*—those brilliant butterflies who toil so wearily on the treadmill of fashion; those fair women with such soft eyes and such scheming brains. He passed through them, and as yet he saw her not; though now and then he heard from men as they passed by him praises of her beauty, praises which turned his blood to



fire, for how could he tell but that some of these might be his rivals, one of these be some day her husband? A man as tall as himself, in a violet domino powdered with violets in gold passed him quickly; and Sabretasche, gentle though his nature was, could have fallen on him and slain him without shrive, for jealousy quickened his senses, and, despite his mask, he recognised Prince Carl of Vallenstein-Seidlitz, the man with whom in days gone by he had drank Johannisberg, and played écarté, and smoked Havannahs under the linden-trees of his summer palace, little foreseeing that the day perhaps would come when Vallenstein would rob him of the one once promised him as his own wife.

He lost the Prince in the crowd; and still nowhere could he find Violet, whom his eyes ached with longing to gaze upon again. He caught a fragment of conversation as he passed between a faded beauty and a young fellow in a *régiment de famille*.

"So that English girl is really going to marry poor dear Carl! What a dexterity these English have in catching the best alliances, though they *do* forswear marriages de convenances, and cry them down with such horror."

The young man laughed. "Ah, madame, the Englishwomen are like their country, they boast of a great deal which they do not carry out. Yes, La Violette Anglaise is going to marry poor Carl—so her brother told me, at the least, and he has good cause to make that marriage, I fancy, for he has lost, *pardieu!* I should not dare to say how much, to his future beau frère, and Monsieur le Prince is no easy creditor when his treasury is as empty as it is just now."

Sick at heart, Sabretasche moved on—how dare they seek to sell his darling to pay her worthless brother's debts! Yet still he trusted her too well to believe that any persuasion, coercion, or allurements, would force her into a marriage-vow that would be a lie. He loved her, therefore he trusted her, through good report and evil report. At last he found himself in the ball-room, but amongst its waltzers he failed to find Violet; in her stead he saw a certain Comtesse de Chevreuil, who, many years before, had looked into his beautiful mournful eyes too long and dangerously to forget them now, and who, recognising him with a quickening pulse, though she was a woman of the world, opened a conversation with him that she would fain have turned into the same channel as long ago. When at last she turned away from him, with a laugh that covered a sigh, to a man who would have given a good deal to win the softened tone to which the Colonel was deaf, Léonce de la Viellecour dragged him perforce to see the Duchess, to speak to Madame of the Crimea and of Carly. She bade him welcome with that smile which no woman ever refused to give to Sabretasche.

Gwen Brandling and Madame de la Viellecour must truly have been two different beings, that she could talk with scarce a tremor of that terrible death-scene in the hospital of St. Paul—talk of it flitting her fan, and glancing through her mask with those magnificent eyes, while the dance-music rang out in her ears! Did she really think so little of her brother, of the fair child with his golden curls and his gleeful laugh, who had played with her under the shadow of the lime-trees in their old home, long, long years before, when the world and its prizes were no more to her than the polished chesnuts lying at her feet, and no prophetic shadow foretold to him his dying hour in the horrors of Sebas-

topol? Did she really think no more of him, as she waltzed in that brilliant circle with the arms of a royal Prince around her splendid form? Had the "belle position" she worshipped so utterly chilled all remnants of Gwen Brandling out of Madame de la Vieillecour? God knows! I will not judge her. Because there are no tears seen in our eyes, it does not follow we are dead to all grief.

The windows of the ball-room, that magnificent ball-room, equalling in size and splendour the famous *Galerie de Glaces*, opened at the far end on to a terrace overlooking the cool shadowy gardens behind the hotel, with their dark yews and cedars, formal alleys, and white ghost-like statues; and dropping the curtain of one of the windows behind him, Sabretasche stood a moment to calm his fevered thoughts. At the end of the terrace, having evidently quitted the ball-room as he had done by one of the twelve windows that opened on the terrace, stood a woman and a man. With all his trust in her, Sabretasche's heart beat thick with jealousy, doubt, and hate, as he saw in the clear starlight the white gleaming dress and the jewelled band upon her waving hair, which he needed not to tell him that the woman was Violet; and beside her, bending towards her, was the violet domino of Carl of Vollenstein, his mask in his hand, and on his impassive Teuton features an eagerness and a glow but very rarely awakened there.

Not for his life could Sabretasche have stirred a step from where he stood; fascinated, basilisk-like, he gazed upon the woman he loved so madly, and the man whom the world said had robbed him of her, and would soon win from her the title by which but two years before he had hoped to have called her. He stood and gazed upon them, upon the sole thing that bound him to life, the one for whom he had suffered so much, whom he would have cherished so fondly; and upon him, the spoiler, the rival, who had stolen from him all he valued upon earth. They were speaking in French, and some of their words came to him where he stood.

"That is your last resolve?"

"Yes," answered Violet; and at the sound of that sweet and musical voice, whose harmony had been so long silent to him, Sabretasche's veins thrilled with that strange ecstasy of delight which borders so close on pain. "I am not ungrateful, monsieur, for the honour you would do me; but for me to accept it would be a crime in me and a treason to you. I know—I grieve to know—that others may have misled you, and not replied to you at the first as I bid them, and I sought this opportunity to tell you frankly, and once for all, that I can never be your wife."

"Because you love another!" said Vollenstein, fiercely.

Violet drew away from him with her haughtiest grace.

"If I do, monsieur, such knowledge should surely have prevented your seeking me as you have now done. I should have thought you too proud to wish for an unwilling bride."

"But I love you so tenderly, mademoiselle; I would win you at every risk, and if you give me your hand, I will do my best to make your heart mine too——"

Violet put out her hand with an impatient deprecatory gesture.

"It is impossible, monsieur! Do not urge me further. Leave me, I beg of you. I shall never marry. I should have hoped my friends had made you understand this; but since they misled you, there was but one

open and honourable course for me to pursue—to tell you at once, myself, that, much as I thank you for the honour you would do me, I can never be your wife, nor any other's. Your words only pain me; you are too true a gentleman to press me longer. Leave me, I entreat of you, sire."

He was too true a gentleman to press her further; he bowed low, and left her; he would not honour her with another word of regret, though it cut him hard, for *he*, Carl of Vallenstein, who might have mated with almost any royal house in Europe!—to be rejected by the daughter of a poor Irish peer; and as his violet domino floated past Sabretasche, Sabretasche heard him mutter, under his blondes moustaches,

"Que le diable emporte, ce peste d'homme marié!"

He lifted the curtain of one of the windows, and went back into the brilliantly-lighted ball-room; and Sabretasche was at last alone with the woman he loved so utterly, who stood clenching her hands convulsively together, and looking up to the spring-night stars, the moonbeams shining on her face with its anguished eyes and the costly pearls gleaming above her brow.

"Vivian—Vivian, my husband!—I will be true to you—I will. Truer than wife ever was!"

It was a stifled, heart-broken whisper that scarcely stirred the air, but it roused a tempest in the heart of the man who heard it. With an irrepressible yearning love he stretched out his arms, murmuring her name—that name that had been on his lips in so many dreams, broken by the din of hostile cannon. Violet turned, and, with a low, faint cry of joy unutterable, sprang forward, and fell upon his heart. That meeting was sacred; unseen by any eyes save those of the pale calm stars, which watch so much of this world's deepest grief and sweetest rapture. For a while, in the joy of reunion, they forgot all save that they were together—forgot that they met only for fate once more to tear them asunder—forgot all, save that he held her in his arms with that heart beating against his which no man as yet had had power to win from him—save that he once more was with her in this life, come back to her from danger and suffering, out of the very shadow of the valley of death, from under the very stroke of the angel of destruction.

On such a meeting we will not dwell; there is little such joy on earth, and what there is, is sacred. As, after a dream of the night in which those we have lost live again, and the days long gone by bloom once more for us with all their sunshine and their fragrance, we awake in the grey dawn of the winter's morning with all the sorrow and the burden, the darkness and the weariness, of our actual life rushing back upon us, the more dreary from the glories of the past phantasma, so they awoke from their joy to the memory that they had met only to part again—that they had had an interval of rest, given them only like the accused in the torture-room, even that they might live to suffer the more.

They must part! If it be hard to part a living member from a quivering human body, is it not harder to part and sever from each other two human hearts such as God formed to beat as one, and which are only torn asunder at the cost of every quivering nerve and every clinging fibre? Heaven knows, few enough hearts in this world beat in unison for those that do, to need be parted! Yet—they must part; and as the memory of their inexorable fate rose up before him, Sabretasche shuddered at the sight of that exquisite loveliness condemned for his sake to

a solitary and unblest life, desolate as a widow without even the title and the memories of a wife. Involuntarily he drew her closer to him—involuntarily he murmured,

“Oh, my God! Violet, we cannot live thus!”

What comfort had she to give him? None. She could only weep passionate tears, clinging to him and vowing she would be true to him always—true to him, whatever chanced.

“‘True to me!’ God bless you! But, my darling, worse than anything else to me is it to see your young bright life so sacrificed,” murmured Sabretasche, with that deep and melancholy tenderness which had always tinged his love for Violet Molyneux, even in its happiest moment—a tenderness which would have made this man whom the world, with characteristic keen-sightedness, had called a heartless libertine, give up every selfish desire, if by so doing he could have secured her happiness, even though utterly irrespective of his own. “True to me! God bless you for your noble love! And I have nothing to give you in return but suffering and tears—I have nothing to reward you with but anguish and trial! If I could but suffer for both—if I could but bear your burden with mine! I made you love me! Oh, Heaven! if I could but suffer alone——”

“No, no,” murmured Violet, vaguely; “not alone, Vivian—not alone. What we suffer, let us suffer *together*. You would not have me cease to love you?”

“My God! no. Your love is all I have in life. And yet, if I were not selfish, I should bid you forget me, and try to rejoice, if you obeyed. Violet, if ever you should”—and, despite all his effort, his voice was all but inaudible with the anguish and the tenderness he tried to hold down and rein in—“if you should think at any time it were possible to find happiness with another—if you could go joyfully to another’s heart—if you fancy you could in other loves forget my fatal passion, which would have given you every earthly joy had fate allowed me, and has been only doomed to crowd your years with suffering—if you ever think another love could make you happy, *be* happy, my darling; I will never reproach you. Do not think of what *I* shall suffer; no complaint of mine shall ever trouble you. If you are happy—whom I love better than myself—I will try and thank God that he has not through me cursed the life dearer than my own, and in time, perhaps, I may learn to bless the one who has given you the joy I would have——”

He ceased; his voice was low and broken; he could not complete his generous speech; the great love in him overpowered every other feeling; he could not bid her wed another! Who amongst us would ask of any man to sign his own death-warrant? Who can wonder that Sabretasche shrank from consigning himself to a living death, to an existence hopeless as the grave, with throes of mortal agony that would never cease as long as there were blood in his veins and vitality in his heart? Violet looked up in his face, the moonlight gleaming in her eyes, so full of anguish, and on her lips, on which was the smile of a love without hope, yet faithful to the end—such a smile as a woman might give from the scaffold to one whom she would fain comfort to the last.

“Do you remember, Vivian, when you first told me you loved me, I said I was yours—yours for life and death—yours for ever? That vow I did not make to break; it is as sacred to me as though it were my

marriage oath to you. Love, happiness, home—and with another? You can know me little, my own dearest, to speak so to me; who, loving you, could care to look upon another, could tolerate another's vows, could think of peace where *you* were not? Others have tried to urge me to infidelity. I never thought *you* would insult me too. Noble, generous, unselfish as your love is, I, your own Violet—I, who thought once to be your wife—I will be worthy of it, and I count sorrow from your hand far dearer than joy from another's!"

Sabretasche could not answer her; he tried to thank her, he tried to bless her for her words, but his voice failed him. To have such a heart laid at his feet, and to be compelled to reward it only with suffering and trial; to have such a love as this given him, and to be forced by fate to live as though he had it not!—to leave her as though she were nothing to him, when only grown dearer by absence, to part from her was to wrench away his very life. His burden grew greater than he could bear. He shivered at her touch, at the sight of that eloquent and tender loveliness which alternately chilled his veins to ice and fanned them into fire. Violet's nobility and devotion tempted him more cruelly than her beauty. Fair faces, well-nigh as fair as hers, he had often won in the long years before, while he was a man of the world, and she a young child playing by the blue waters of Killarney; but such a love as hers, never. They might have been so happy! if in his early youth he had not wedded—in his eager trust, and generosity, and honour—a woman he had thought an angel, and who had proved a fiend. They might have been so happy! Ah, me! what words in life so mournful as that "might have been," which banishes all hope, and speaks of the heaven which had been ours if our own folly had not barred us out. "*Might have been!*" There is no heavier curse on any human life.

His burden grew heavier than he could bear. With her words dawned the ideal of so fair a life! A life with thoughts, and tastes, and hopes in unison—a life such as his poet's mind, weary of the hollowness, and satiated with the pleasures of the world, had sometimes pictured, but never hoped to find—a life of mingled poetry and passion, of every refinement alike of mind and sense—a life of love so precious, such as the fondest fancy, the wildest dream of his earliest days, his softest romance had never hoped to win. It dawned before his eyes, it rose up before his grasp with all its sweetest glories. The world—the world—what was that to them? he had but to stretch out his hand and say to the woman who loved him, "Come!" and both might go to a life beautiful as a summer's dream, where love alone would be their world—a world sufficient to them both, for here he dreaded no inconstancy from her, and here he feared no satiety for himself.

His burden grew heavier than he could bear. He grew more deathly pale; great tearless sobs heaved his chest; his head was drooped till his lips rested on her hair; he stood immovable, save for the fast thick throbs of his heart, and the convulsive strength with which he pressed her against his breast. The physical conflicts he had of late passed through were peace, rest, child's play, compared with this deadly struggle that waited for him the first hour of his return!

Suddenly he lifted his head.

"I have no strength for this! Let us go into the world. I must put some shield between us and this torture."

He spoke rapidly, almost harshly; it was the first time that his voice had ever lost its softness, his manner the tenderness natural to him at all times, and doubly gentle ever to her. She lifted her eyes to his with one heavy, hopeless sigh, and Sabretasche, as he heard it, shivered from head to foot. He dared no longer be with her alone, and—he led her back into the crowded ball-room. There were many masks worn that night at that *bal masqué* of the Duchesse de la Viellecour's!

"I wish I were Violet Molyneux," thought a young girl, who, plain and unattractive, was brought to all such scenes to sit unnoticed and spiritless. God knows, brilliant belle though Violet was, there was little enough to be envied in her lot. They who did envy her, little guessed how her heart echoed the last words Sabretasche had murmured in her ear.

"Would to Heaven we could die together, rather than live apart thus!"

Violet left immediately; she told her father she felt unwell and wanted rest. It was true enough! Sabretasche had quitted the house at once; he could not be with her before the eyes of others, and standing on the *pavé*, he watched her as he had watched her in the Champs Elysées, going to her carriage, with all her high-bred and delicate beauty—that beauty that must never be his.

He reproached himself for having given her the torture of the past hour. He knew she, like him, would buy their meeting at any price of suffering, but he felt the cost was too great for her to bear. She endured anguish enough in their mutual doom; and such conflicts as these would wear out her young life. Such tempests of the heart as they had passed through that night do the work of years upon those who endure them. Tender and gentle as he was ever over her, thinking of her trial before his own; ever willing to spare her before himself, Sabretasche, who felt as if he could never make reparation to her for having drawn down on her head the curse of his own fate, though he had done so all unconsciously and unwittingly, in ignorance of the chain that dragged upon him; at any cost to himself would, had he been able, have spared her, were it but an iota of the weight of grief which love for him had brought on her young head. He loved Violet Molyneux with such love as is but very rarely seen among men or women!

He walked along under the silent April stars, heedless of where he turned his steps, unconscious to everything in that brilliant capital, where he had often shone, the gayest and most witty in its fashionable coteries, the most careless and most dazzling in its many revels; unconscious he, its once reckless and courted lion, of all but the weary burden which it was his greatest grief that he could not bear *alone*. He walked along under the calm April skies, the air around him sweet with the fragrance of the dawning spring, careless of the groups that jostled him on the *trottoir*, from the gay students, chanting their *chansons à boire*, to the piteous outcasts whose last home would be the *Morgue*; from the light-hearted, bright-eyed *grisette* of the *Quartier Latin*, to the wretched *chiffonnier* of the *Faubourg d'Enfer*, stopping to carry rags and filth away as wealth. He walked along, blind to the holy beauty of the midnight stars, deaf to the noisy laughter of the midnight revellers. He walked along, till a shrill voice struck on his ear, the voice of a woman, "*Limosina per la carità, signor!*"

The language of his childhood, of his youth, of his only cloudless days, of his poet's fancies, penned in its silvery rhythm under the fair skies of

Italy, with all a boy's romance and all a boy's fond hope, while hope and romance were still in the world for him; always stirred a chord of tenderness and regret in his heart. For his fondest endearments Italian words rose to his lips, and in his hours of strongest passion Italian was the language in which he would first and most naturally have spoken. Despite the chain that Italy had hung upon him, he loved her and he loved her language with one of the deep and mournful attachments with which we love what has cost us heavily, and which is yet dear to us. From his musing, that shrill voice, with its "*Carità, carità, signor!*" startled him with a sudden shock. Perhaps something in the tones stung him with a vague pang of remembrance, a pang as of an old wound suddenly struck in the dark by an unseen hand. At any rate, involuntarily, for the sake of the Italian words, he stretched out his hand with the alms she begged.

The face was haggard, faded, stamped with the violence of a fiendish temper, inflamed with the passion for drink; the eyes red, the lips thin, the brow contracted, the hair grey and spare—the face of a virago, the face of a drunkard. Still, with an electric thrill of memory, it took him back to another face, twenty years younger, with delicate colouring, smooth brow, coral lips, long shining hair, and dark voluptuous eyes—another, yet the same, marked and ruined even then with the stain of the same virago passions.

He gazed upon her, that dim and horrible memory struggling into birth by the light of the gas-lamp; her bloodshot eyes looked up at him; and *thus*, after twenty years, Sabretasche and his faithless wife met once again in life.

He gazed upon her as men in ancient days gazed on the horrible visage of the Medusa, fascinated with a spell that, while they loathed it, held them tight bound there, to look till their eyes grew dim and their hearts sick unto death on what they dreaded and abhorred; fascinated, he gazed upon her, the woman who had betrayed him; fascinated, she gazed on him, the husband she had wronged. They recognised each other; the tie that had once bound them, the wrong that had once parted them, would have taught them to know each other, though twice twenty years had parted them; he who had wedded and loved her, she who had wedded and dishonoured him.

There they stood, in the midnight streets of Paris, face to face once more. They, husband and wife! They, those whom God had joined together! Oh! farce and folly and falsehood! There they stood together. The man, with his refined and delicate features, his noble bearing, his gentle and knightly heart, his generous and chivalric nature, his highly-cultured intellect, his fastidious and artistic tastes, his proud, poetic susceptibilities, so sensitive to dishonour, so incapable of a base thought or a mean act; and *she*—the beauty she had once owned distorted with the vile temper and ravings of a shrew; in face and form, mind and feeling, the stamp of an unprincipled life, a vulgar bias, a virago's passions, of a conscience dead, of a heart without honour, of a brain besotted with the drink to which she had latterly flown as consoler and companion; a creature from whom a passer-by would shrink with loathing of the evil gleaming in her eyes; the type of that lowest, most debased, most loathsome womanhood, ruined by the worst of passions, drink; from whom, if such reeled out before him from a gin palace, or

passed him on the pavé, he shrank with the disgust of his fastidious taste, and the compassionate pity of his gentle and generous nature.

Yet these were husband and wife. Church and law bound them together, and would have thought it sin to part them!

She looked up in his face—up into those melancholy and lustrous eyes, which seemed to her the eyes of an avenging angel, for the last time that they had gazed upon her he had flung her from him in self-defence—a murderess in her mad and vengeful temper, in her dire hatred of him for coming between her and the love that wronged him—the man so young, so fond—the husband who had borne with her so unwearyingly, trusted her so generously, who should have won, if ever man had a right to win, loyalty and tenderness in return.

With a stern severity foreign to his nature, Sabretasche gazed upon her. All his wrongs, all the memories of that betrayal of which he had no proof to give the world, but which had stung and eaten into his very soul—all the torture which his tie to this woman had brought on his head and on hers who was dearer than his life—all the joys of which this wife, so false to him, had robbed him—all the happiness which she, traitress to him, denied him, with that title which law gave her, but which nature refused—all the horror, the bitterness, the misery of his bondage to this woman, and the separation from the one who so truly loved him—all rushed upon him, with a tide of fierce and cruel memories, at the sight of the wife to whom fate condemned him. His face grew yet paler and stern, with an iron bitterness rare with him. Wronged pride, outraged trust, violated honour, grief, loathing, scorn, pity, an unspoken accusation, which was more full of reproach and rebuke than any violent words, were written on his face as, sick unto death, he turned involuntarily from her—deeply as she had wronged him, she was sunk too low for him to upbraid. With a shudder he turned from her; but—with an inarticulate cry and a gurgle in her throat, she fell down on the flagstone of the street. Confused, and but half-conscious from the draught with which she had drugged her thoughts and satisfied the passion which had grown upon her, as the passion for drink grows ever on its victims; strongly imbued with the superstition of her country; while vague and stray remnants of the miracles, the credulities, and the legends of her religion still dwelt in her mind too deep for any crime, or any deadened conscience, to uproot her belief in them—the pale stern face of her husband, with those dark, melancholy, reproachful eyes that gazed upon her with a voiceless rebuke that touched even her into remorse for the lengthened wrong her life had done him, seemed, as he stood suddenly before her in the faint cold light of the moon, as the face of an avenging angel beckoning her to the chastisement of her crimes; as the face of an accusing spirit come from the land of death to summon her to follow him. Debilitated and semi-conscious, her strength eaten and burnt away by the deadly potency of absinthe, her mind hazy and clouded, more impressionable at such times than at any other to the superstitions of her creed and country; struck with terror at what her weak mind fancied was a messenger of retribution from the heaven she alternately reviled, blasphemed, and dreaded; with a shrill cry of horror and appeal, she fell down at Sabretasche's feet a helpless, moveless mass, lying still, death-like, huddled together in the cold, clear moonlight, on the glistening pavement, before the man her life had wronged.



Sabretasche's impulse was to leave her there ; to fly for ever from the spectacle of the woman he had once loved so fondly, and who had once slept innocently on his heart, who was thus lost and thus degraded ; to leave for ever the sight of a wife who outraged every sense, every delicate taste, every noble feeling, but to whom the law still bound him, because from a drunkard no divorce is granted ! That was his impulse ; but pity, duty, humanity stayed it. Though she was his enemy, she was a woman ; though she had wronged him, she was now in want ; though she had forsaken, betrayed, and robbed him of more than twenty long years' peace and joy, she had *once* been his love. He had once vowed to cherish and protect her, and, though Heaven knows, she had long ago lost all right or power to appeal to those vows, or that care, he would not leave her there, alone in the Paris streets at midnight, lying in the kennel like a dog. A crowd gathered round them in an instant—round the man with his patrician's grace and beauty, and the woman lying at his feet, squalid and repulsive—all the more loathsome, for the shadow of past loveliness that remained, showing all that nature would have left so fair, but for the vile human passions that had ruined and destroyed it. Among the crowd was a young medical student from the Quartier Latin, on his way from the Bouffes, who stooped down to look at her as she lay, and then raised his eyes to Sabretasche.

"Monsieur ! regardez comme elle saigne !"

A dark crimson stream was welling from her lips out on to the pavement, white and glistening in the moonlight. With a sickening shudder Sabretasche turned away. He had seen the horrors of the Great Redan ; he had looked on suffering and bloodshed with that calmness and tranquillity of nerve which soldiers learn perforce ; but a sudden faintness seized him at the sight of that life-stream which, perchance, bore with it the last throbs of an existence which was the curse of his own. The street faded from his view, the voices of men grew confused in his ear, the grey moonlight seemed to whirl round and round him in a dizzy haze, out of which glared and laughed in mocking horror the face of a fiend—the face of his wife. His brain lost all consciousness ; life seemed slipping from his grasp ; he saw nothing, he heard nothing, he was conscious of nothing, save that horrible loathsome face close to his, with its wild bloodshot eyes dragging him with her down, down, down—away from life—into a vague hell of horror.

The soft night wind fanning his brow awoke him from his swoon ; the voices around him seemed to bring with them a glad rush of free, healthful, welcome life ; the terrible phantom of his brain faded away in the clear light of the moon, and in its stead came the memory of Violet's sweet, fair face. The truth rushed on him with the questions of the medical student as to his own health, the young fellow having noticed the sudden stagger with which he reeled back, and the deadly pallor of his face, and he answered the glance with which Sabretasche asked the question his lips refused to put into words.

"They have taken that poor woman, monsieur, to the Café Euphrosyne to see what's the matter with her before she goes to the hospital. My friend Lafitole is with her."

Sabretasche thanked him for his care, and asked him to show him the Café Euphrosyne. He longed to leave the place, to go where he could run no risk of hearing, seeing, coming again in contact with the terrible phantom of the night—the phantom that was no spirit-form

moulded by the fancies of his brain and dissolved in the clear and sunny light of morning, but a dark and hopeless reality from which there was no awakening. But he knew by her prayer, "*Carità! carità!*" that she must be in want, poverty-stricken, and probably, now that he could make no more money from her claims on Sabretasche, deserted by her brother; and the heart of Sabretasche was too generous, too gentle, too full of knightly and chivalric feeling, to leave her without aid to suffer, perhaps to die, homeless and destitute in the hospital of a foreign city.

The Café Euphrosyne was a rather low and not ever-cleanly house in the by-street into which Sabretasche unconsciously had wandered, chiefly frequented by the small shopkeepers of the quartier; but the people of the house were good-hearted, good-natured, cheerful people—a man and his wife, with whom the world went very well in their own small part of it, and who, unlike the generality of people with whom the world goes well, were very ready and willing to aid, if they could, any with whom it went ill. Their café was open, and lighted; Gringoire Virelois—the young *épiciier* over the way—was giving a supper after the Cirque Olympique to his fiancée, Rose Dodu, and her friends, and in an inner room the good mistress of the house was venting pitiful exclamations and voluble compassion on the poor woman whom her bon ami, the water-carrier, had lifted on his broad Auvergnat shoulders and borne into her café, at the instance of M. Lafitole, a medical student.

There, on a table, lay the once beautiful Tuscan, surrounded with a crowd—the many curious, the few compassionate—the life-blood still dropping slowly from between her thin ashy lips, her bloodshot eyes closed, her haggard cheeks more hollow still from their leaden hue, the hair that he remembered so golden and luxuriant now thin and spare, and streaked with grey, far more so than her years warranted. As Sabretasche drew near the door of the chamber a murmur ran among the people that the English milord knew something of her, and on the strength of it Lafitole came forward to Sabretasche.

"Pardon, monsieur, but may I ask if you know anything of this poor woman, of her family, of where she comes from? If not, she shall go to the hospital."

The flush of pain and of pride that passed over Sabretasche's face, and then passed away, leaving it pallid as any statuary, did not escape the young student's quick eyes.

"No," he answered quickly. "Do not send her to the hospital. Let her remain here; I will defray the expenses."

He took out his purse as he spoke, and at sight of the glittering gold within it, and the sum he tendered her out of it, Madame Rioletze, though as little mercenary as a woman can be who lives by the money she makes, thought what an admirable thing it is to fall in by fate with an English milord, and immediately acquiesced in his wish for her to receive the stranger, and listened with the humblest respect while he bade her do all that was necessary, and send for some surgeon, whom the young student recommended as the nearest and the cleverest.

Sabretasche waited there, leaning against the door of the café, the night wind blowing on his fevered forehead, a thousand conflicting thoughts and feelings at war within him, till the surgeon who had been brought thither came down the stairs and out of the door. As he passed him, Sabretasche arrested him.

"Monsieur, allow me to ask. Is she—will she——"

He paused; not to save his life could he have framed the question to ask if hers were in jeopardy; hers, dark with the wrong of twenty years' wrong to him; hers, so long the curse upon his own; hers, the sole bar between himself and Violet.

"Will she live?" guessed the surgeon. "No, not likely. She has poisoned herself with absinthe, poor devil! I suppose you found her on the pavement, monsieur? It is very generous to assist her so liberally. Shocking thing that absinthe—shocking! Bonsoir, monsieur."

The surgeon, without awaiting a reply to any of his questions, went off, impatient to return to the *écarte* he had left to attend his summons to the *Café Euprosyne*, and *Sabretasche* still leaned against the door-post in the still, clear starlight, while the soft, fresh rush of the night wind, and the noisy revelry from *Rose Dodu's* betrothal supper, alike passed by him unheeded.

His heart throbbed, his pulses beat rapid time, his brain whirled with the tide of emotions that rushed through him. For twenty years he had not seen his wife; he had left her that day when he had flung her from him, in self-defence, as he would have flung a tigress clinging to him with its cruel griffes, a young and beautiful woman, with the rounded form, the delicate outline, the luxuriant hair, the rich colouring of youth. As such he had always thought of her. In absence we seldom give account for the ravages of time; and this haggard, wild-eyed woman, with her whitening hair, her thin lips, her hollow cheeks, her remnant of bygone loveliness, only just sufficient to render more distinct the marks and ruinous touch of years and bad passions, and that deadly love of stimulants which stamps itself so surely on its victims, seemed to him like some hideous caricature or phantom, rather than the real presence of his wife. For twenty years his eyes had not rested on her, and the change which time had wrought, and temper and drink hastened, shocked him, as a young child, laughing at his own gay, fair face in a mirror, would start, if in its stead he suddenly saw the worn and withered features he should wear in his old age. This sudden resurrection of the memories of his youth; this sudden meeting with the wife so long unseen; this abrupt transition from the delicate, fresh, and exquisite loveliness of *Violet Molyneux*, to the worn, haggard, repulsive face of the woman who barred him from her; took a strange hold upon him, and struck him with a strange shock; such as I have felt coming out of the warm, bright, voluptuous sunshine of a summer's day into the silent, damp, midnight gloom of a cavern. And side by side with that face, seen in the glare of the gaslight, with that harsh voice and that shrill cry for alms, "*Carità! carità!*" and those wild, bloodshot eyes lifted to his, rose the memory of the one so young, so fair, with its beautiful open brow, and its earnest, impassioned eyes, and its soft lips white with pain, and the clinging clasp of those fond hands, and the quiver in that low and tender voice speaking those noble words, "I count sorrow from your hand dearer than joy from any other." Side by side they rose before him, and with a wild thrill of such delirium as they might know who, on the scaffold, putting up their last prayer to God, and taking their last look of the golden sunlight and the laughing earth, see the pardon which beckons them to life among their fellow-men from the very border of the grave, there came rushing through his heart and brain the thought of *freedom*—the freedom that would come with Death!—to banish it he would have needed to be Deity, not man.

He leaned there against the door, his thoughts mingling in strange chaos death and life; at once going back to the buried past of his youth and on to the possible future of his manhood, when Rose Dodu and her party, brushing past him with their light French jests, going homewards after their merry supper, roused him back into the actual moment, and ere the house closed for the night he turned and sought Madame Riollette, to bid her have all that might be necessary for the comfort and the care of her charge, and wait for no solace that money could bring to soothe the dreary passage to the grave of the woman whose life had blasted his. Church people, I know, looked on Sabretasche as an âme damnée and a lost spirit—as a child of wrath, ungodly, worldly, given over to dissipation, and scepticism, and self-indulgence—yet, if I had wronged him, or were in need, I would rather have his reading of charity and forgiveness than that of “eminent Christians,” though theirs is “doctrinal and by grace,” and his the simple offspring of a noble heart, a generous nature, and a tolerant mind, which, knowing much evil in itself, forbore to avenge much evil in others.

Madame Riollette listened to his injunctions with the reverence which gleaming Napoleons are sure to gain for their owner all the world over, and promised to give the sufferer every care and comfort—a promise she would have kept without any bribe, for she was full of the ready and vivacious kindness of her country, and was one of the best-natured little women that ever breathed.

“Monsieur would not like to speak to the poor woman?” she asked, hesitatingly.

“No, no,” said Sabretasche, hastily, with that flush of pain which every thought of his wife brought with it.

“But, monsieur,” went on Madame Riollette, submissively, with her little head, with its white cap and its ponderous earrings, hung bashfully down, afraid of seeming rude to this English milord, in whom she, with French intuition, discerned that ring of “aristocrat,” which she, true in heart to the white lilies, revered and adored—“if monsieur could speak Italian it would be such a kindness to the poor woman. No one in the house could, and since she had become conscious, she kept murmuring Italian words, and seemed so wretched no one could understand them. As monsieur had been already so nobly benevolent to her, if monsieur would not mind adding so greatly to his goodness——”

And Madame Riollette paused, awed to silence by the pallor and the set sternness in Sabretasche’s face. She thought he was angry with her for her audacity, and began a trembling apology. Poor woman! his thoughts were far enough away from her. A struggle rose within him; he had an unconquerable loathing and shrinking from ever looking again upon the face of the woman who had wronged him; yet—a strange mournful sort of pity awoke in him as he heard of her muttering words in their mutual language in foreign ears upon her death-bed, and he thought of her young, lovely, as he had first seen her among the pale-green olives of Montepulciano, almost as young, almost as lovely as Violet Molyneux.

He stood still some moments, his face turned from the inquisitorial light of Madame Riollette’s hand-lamp; then he lifted his head:

“Lead the way.”

She led the way up a narrow staircase and along a little corridor, and opened for him a door through which Sabretasche had to bend his head

to pass, and ushered him into a chamber; small, it is true, but with all the prettinesses and comforts Madame Riollette had been able to gather into it, and neither close nor hot, but full of the sweet evening air that had come in blowing far from the olive-groves of the sufferer's native Tuscany, across the purple Alps and the blue mountains of Auvergne, over the deep woods, and stretching meadows, and rushing rivers of the interior, till it came fresh and fragrant, laden with life and perfume, bearing healing on its wings to the heated, feverish, crowded streets of Paris.

Sabretasche took the lamp from the woman's hand, and signed her to retire, a hint which Madame Riollette interpreted by seating herself by the little table in the window and taking out her knitting, pondering, acute Parisienne that she was, on what possible connexion there could be between the poor, haggard, wretched-looking woman on her bed, and the graceful, aristocratic milord Anglais.

By the light of the lamp in his hand, Sabretasche stood and gazed upon his wife, as she lay unconscious of his gaze, with her eyes closed, and scarcely a pulsation to be seen that could mark life from death. He looked upon her face, with the stamp of vicious and virago passion marked on every line, on the bony, nervous hand that had been raised, in their last parting, against his life; the hand which bore on its finger the key that had locked the fetters of marriage round and about him with such pitiless force, the badge of a life-long bondage, the seal that stamped the death-warrant of his liberty and peace, the wedding-ring that in the joyous glow and blind fond trust of youth he had placed there, with his heart beating high, with all a lover's tenderest thoughts, the sign as he then believed of life-long joy and union with a woman who loved him as well and as truly as he loved her. He thought of his bride as she had looked to him on his marriage morning in Tuscany, fair as woman could ever need to be, with the orange-flowers and myrtles gathered with the dews of dawn glittering upon them, wreathed among her rich and golden hair; he looked upon her now, with the work of twenty years stamped upon her face, twenty years of wrong, of evil, of debasing thought, of avaricious passions, who had lived on the money of the husband she had wronged, to spend it in the lowest of all vices, the love of drink. He knew nothing of how those twenty years had been passed, but he could divine nearly enough, seeing the wreck and ruin they had wrought. And he was tied to this woman!—if she rose from that bed of sickness, he was bound to her by law! His heart recoiled with horror and sickened at the thought; reason, and sense, and nature revolted, outraged and indignant at the hideous truth. He longed to call the world that condemned him to such bondage around him where he stood, and ask them how they dared to fetter him to such a wife, to such a tie; chaining him to more horrible companionship than those inflicted who chained the living body to the festering corpse, never to be unloosed till welcome death released the prisoner consigned to such horror unspeakable by his own kind, by his own fellow-men.

As he gazed upon her, the light of the lamp falling on her eyes, aroused her from the semi-conscious trance into which she had fallen, weakened by the loss of blood, which, though not great, had taken away the little strength and power which she had, all vitality and health having been eaten gradually up by the poison she had loved and courted—poison slow, but ever sure.

Her eyes unclosed and fastened on him with a wild, vacant stare; then

she covered her face with her hands, and cowered down among the bed-clothes in mortal terror, muttering trembling and disjointed words :

"Oh, Santa Maria! have mercy, have mercy! I have erred, I have sinned, I confess it! Send him away, send him away; he will kill me with his calm sad-eyes, they pierce into my soul. I was mad—I hated him—I knew not what I did. Oh, Mother of God, call him away! I am ready, I will come to the lowest hell if you will, so that I may not see him. His eyes, his eyes.—Holy Jesus, call him away!"

Her voice rose in a faint, shrill shriek, the phantasma of her brain was torture to her, and in its unconsciousness the superstitious terrors of her childhood's faith rose clear and strong as when long years ago she had trembled, little more than an infant, to see the (to her) mysterious Host lifted above the crowd. She cowered down among the clothes, trembling and terror-stricken, before the gaze of the man she had betrayed, who, to her wandering brain, seemed like an avenging angel to carry her to an eternal abode among the damned.

"Poor soul, poor soul!" murmured Madame Riollette to her knitting-needles, "that's how she's been going on for the last hour. I wish the milord Anglais would let me send for the Père Lavoisier. If anybody can give rest to a weary sinner it is he."

Sick at heart with the scene, and filled with a mournful pity for the wreck he saw before him, Sabretasche tried to calm her with some Italian words of reassurance and compassion; but the sound of her native language seemed only to excite her more wildly still. She glared at him; her dark eyes, bloodshot and opened wide, recalling to him their last parting, when they had glittered upon him as now, but then with the fire of a tigress and the hatred of a murderess. She sprang up with a convulsive movement and signed him frantically from her.

"Go away, go away! I know you; you are Vivian, my husband; you are come from hell to fetch me. I have sinned against you, and I would sin again. I hate you—I hate you! Go to your English love! but you can never marry her—you can never marry her. I am your wife. All the world will tell you so, and I will not let you kill me. I will live—I will live, to curse you as I have——"

She sank back on her pillows, her little strength exhausted with the violence of her passions; her eyes still glaring, but half consciously, on him—quivering, panting, foaming at the mouth like a wild animal after a combat; there was little of humanity, nothing of womanhood, left in her—and—this woman was his wife!

She lay on the bed, her wild eyes fixed on him, breathing loud and quickly, defiant, though powerless, like a wounded tigress, stricken down in her strength, but with the fell ferocious instinct still alive within her. Then she began again to shrink, and tremble, and cower before her own thoughts; and hiding her face in her hands, began to weep, murmuring some Latin words of the Church prayers, and calling on the Virgin's aid.

"I have sinned—I have sinned; oh, Madre di Dio, save me! Fili Redemptor mundi Deus, misere nobis. What are the words—what are the words; will no one say them? I used to know them so well. I can remember nothing; perhaps I am dying—dying, unconfessed and unabsolved. Where is Padre Cyrillo, he would give me absolution. Let me confess, let me confess, O Santa Maria, before I die!"

Now that the one thought of confession and absolution had come into her mind, she never let it go ; moaning that one prayer to the Virgin, she lay less violent and less excited, but weeping piteously, and begging for a priest ; a priest, poor soul ! with that strange belief which Catholics and Protestants alike share, if not in the ability of another mortal to shrive their sins, in his power to help them rub out the dark scores of a long life at the last minute, when frightened by the death that is drawing near, they exaggerate their sins, and yet catch at the feeblest straw to save them from them. Weary of the scene whose horrors he had no power to soften, heart-sick of the human degradation before him, Sabretasche turned to Madame Riollette :

"Is there no priest you could summon?"

"Oh, yes, monsieur," answered that good little Catholic, warmly. "There is the Père Lavoisier, the curé of Sainte Cécile, and so good a man ! He will rise any hour, and go through any weather, to bring a ray of comfort to any soul ; and he can speak her language, too, for he is half Italian."

"Send for him," said Sabretasche, briefly, "and show me to another room. You shall be well paid for all your trouble. I knew your patient in other days ; I intend to remain here till the surgeon's next visit."

He spoke more briefly and hurriedly than was his wont ; but Madame Riollette did not heed it. She would have been only too glad to have him always there, provided he paid as he had done that night, and uahered him with many apologies into the room which had lately witnessed Rose Dodu's fête des fiançailles. The scent of the air, reeking with stale wine and the odours of the late supper, struck on Sabretasche's delicate senses, so used to refinement and luxury that no campaigning could dull or blunt them ; and throwing open one of the small casements, he sat down by the open window, leaning out into the cool, silent street, over whose high pointed roofs the grey dawn was growing lighter, and the morning stars larger. He felt a strange, irresistible fascination to stay there till he knew whether this life would revive to be again a curse to his ; or whether the icy hand of death would unloose the fetters man refused to sever. Yet they were horrible hours—hours of fear and longing, of dread which seemed so hideously near akin to murder ; of wild, delirious hope, which for his life he could not have chilled ; horrible hours to him in which he waited to know whether with another's death existence would bloom anew for him, and from another's grave the flowers of hope spring up in all their glories.

He had bade Madame Riollette, when she had brought him some café au lait and brandy—for he had taken nothing for many hours—to let him know when the surgeon had paid his next visit, and awaiting the medical man's opinion, he sat by the open window, while the soft April dawn grew clearer and brighter, and the sparrows began to twitter on the house-tops, and the hum of human life to awake in Paris. He sat there, for what seemed to him an eternity, his nerves strung to tension, till every slight sound in the street below him, the taking down of the shop shutters, the cry of the water-carriers, the bark of the dogs, jarred upon his brain, and every minute passed heavily away as though it were a cycle of time. His heart beat fast and thick as a knock came on the panels of the door, and it was with difficulty he could steady his voice to give the permission to enter. He expected to see the surgeon ; instead, he saw the curé of

Sainte Cécile, a mild, silver-haired, gentle-voiced old man, of whom all Madame Riollette's praise was true.

"May I speak to monsieur?"

"Certainly, mon père," answered Sabretasche, to whom, from his long years' residence in Italy, the title came naturally.

"You know the sufferer to whom I was called?"

Sabretasche bent his head; evasion of the truth never at any moment occurred to him.

"You are her husband?"

The blood rushed over his face; he, the haughty gentleman, the refined patrician, shrank as from the insult of a blow from the abrupt question that told him that his connexion with the woman who dishonoured his name, who cursed his career, who blotted his escutcheon, and had now sunk so low that an honest day-labourer might have shrunk from acknowledging her as his wife, was no longer a secret, but known so widely that a stranger might unhesitatingly tax him with it.

"By whose authority do you put these questions to me?" he asked, with that careless hauteur which had made the boldest man among his acquaintance pause before he provoked Vivian Sabretasche.

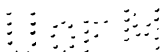
"By no authority, monsieur," replied the priest, mildly, "except that which commands me to do what I think right without regard to its consequences to me. Under the seal of confession I have heard the sufferer's story; the one her life has sinned against is her husband; him she saw this night standing by her bedside; him she will never now rest without seeing, to ask his pardon. When Madame Riollette told me of your benevolence to the poor woman who had been found dying in the street, I thought you must be he whom she implores Heaven to bring to her that she may sue for his forgiveness before the grave closes over her——"

"Is she dying?" His voice was hoarse and inarticulate as he asked the brief question.

"Fast; when another night closes in—nay, most likely when noon is here, she will have ceased to live."

Sabretasche turned to the window, and leaned his forehead on his arm, the blood rushed like lightning through his veins, his breathing was quick and loud, like a man who, having borne a weary burden through a long day of heat and toil, flings it suddenly aside, and his lips moved with a single word, too low to stir the air, but full of inexpressible tenderness and thanksgiving—the one word, "*Violet!*" Alone he would have bowed his face upon his hands and wept like a woman, but in the presence of another he turned with that calm and equable gravity which until he had last loved, nothing had had power to disturb. The traces of deep and strong emotions were on his face, but he spoke as tranquilly as of old.

"You have guessed rightly; I am her husband by law, though I myself for twenty years have never held, nor would ever hold, myself as bound in any way by moral right to her. She has forfeited all claim or title to call me by such a name. Since you have heard her story—if she have told it you as truthfully as those of your creed profess to tell everything in their confession—you can judge that an interview between one who has caused, and another who has suffered from, twenty years of wrong, could be productive of peace to neither. I have cared for her,





finding her suddenly ill in these streets; I have sent for medical aid; I have given Madame Riollette, I now give you, full power to do everything that wealth can do to soothe and soften her last moments; beyond that, I do not recognise her as my wife, and I refuse to see again a woman who, when I left her, would have sought my life, and who, even now, drove me away from her with curses."

He spoke calmly, in his low, sweet voice, but there was a set sternness on his face; compassion had made him act gently to his wife, but it had not banished the haughty and bitter wrath which wronged pride and outraged trust had ever awakened at her memory or her name.

"But, monsieur," interrupted the old curé, gently, "if your wrongs are great, death will soon expiate them; if her errors to you are many, she will be soon judged by a God more merciful, we must all for our own sakes hope, than Man is ever to his fellows. I have just administered the last offices to her. I should scarcely have done that had she been still hardened and impenitent. She repents; can any of us do more than that, monsieur? And have not all, even the very best, much of which we must repent if we have any conscience left? It is hardly fitting for us to sit in judgment on any other, when in ourselves we have much evil unexamined and unannealed, and if there were no outer checks, but constant opportunity and temptation, crime enough in the purest of us to make earth a hell. Your wife repents, monsieur. She has something to confess to you, without which she cannot die in peace, not even in such peace as she may yet win, poor soul! A word from you will calm her, will give her the only comfort she can ever have this side the grave. You have very much to pardon; but oh, monsieur, when you lie on your own death-bed you will thank God if you have conquered yourself and not been harsh to her on hers."

They were simple words. The curé of Sainte Cécile had never had much eloquence, and had been chosen for a crowded parish where kind words and good deeds were more wanted and better understood than rounded periods and glowing tropes. They were simple words, but they touched the heart of his auditor, awaking all that was gentle, noble, and tolerant in his nature. It was true. What was he, that he should judge?—what his life, that he had title to condemn another? It was the creed he had ever held in that fashionable world, where men and women sin themselves, and redeem their errors by raking up scandal and preaching moral sermons upon others, and seek to hide the holes in their own garments by hooting after another's rags; it had ever been his creed that toleration and not severity was the duty of humanity, and he had sneered with his most subtle wit at those who from the pulpit or the forum rebuked the sins they in themselves covered with their surplices or their robes. Should he turn apostate from his creed now, when it called him to act up to it? Should he dare to be harsh to this woman, simply because it happened to be against himself that her errors had been committed? He wavered a moment, then—his sense of clemency and justice conquered.

"You are right. I have no title to judge her. I will see her, if you think it best."

And the priest, as he looked up into his face, with its pale and delicate beauty, and its earnest and melancholy eyes, thought "what a noble heart this woman has wronged and thrown away."



## UMBRIA AND THE MARCHES.\*

MR. THOMAS ADOLPHUS TROLLOPE exhausts sundry pages in demonstrating that no stream of foreign travel ever flowed in so undeviating a channel as that of the visitors from the northern side of the Alps to Rome and Naples, unless, perhaps, that of the caravan of the faithful to Mekka. Generation after generation the thousands come every year, and all tread with the utmost exactitude in the footsteps of their predecessors. Yet, after warring against the well-worn ruts left by these very predecessors, it is not a little amusing to find Mr. Trollope and his friend starting from Florence, nose to tail, along the gap made by those who have gone before him. But even the beaten route from Florence to Arezzo had something new for practised observers and competent travellers. At Figline were inscriptions in colossal letters on every available inch of wall of "Abasse il Papa Re!" The Catholics of Tuscany were found, indeed, to be more advanced than their co-religionists in Ireland. Mr. Trollope also thinks that some documents might be found throwing light on the question as to how the wonderful mummied figure got built up in the wall of the church at St. Giovanni. This is exciting our curiosity without gratifying it.

The railroad to Siena has for the time being obliterated Arezzo; its great inn, once one of the best in Italy, is no more. Here our travellers left the high road (only to join it again at Perugia), by admirably engineered zig-zags up the mountains to Citta di Castello. A young priest, almost in rags, with a lean, hungry look, but brandishing a stout cudgel, and a charcoal-burner, with the picturesqueness of a brigand (and probably much more than the picturesqueness), diversified the route, which was pleasant enough in itself. Passing Monterchi (Mons Herculis) and descending to the yellow Tiber, they reached the "miserable squalid mass of dilapidated, rotten-looking buildings," once the home of art and wealth and splendour, ye old Citta di Castello. From out of these old ruins our experienced travellers disinterred many pleasant reminiscences. There was the inn, the Canoniera—one of the earliest cannon foundries in Italy—with frescoes by Cristoforo Gherardi. There were the five palaces of the Vitelli, with pictures and gardens, and, within a few miles, Pliny's villa, now an isolated farm called Passeriao. The local historians and chroniclers of Italian municipalities, a branch of literature of exceeding richness, and yet hitherto almost utterly neglected, stand our author in good stead at Castello, and still more so as he proceeds on his journey.

At this place, however, began, at the same time, those difficulties of transport which, superadded to the indifferent accommodations of the inns, deter most travellers from quitting the high roads in Italy. Our travellers wished to proceed to Gubbio, only some eighteen miles distant. There was no road. So they had perforce to wend their way by the highway to Perugia, till they came to Fratta. And even then it was not at all certain that they could get thence direct to Gubbio. There was the

\* A Lenten Journey in Umbria and the Marches. By Thomas Adolphus Trollope. Chapman and Hall.

Tiber to ferry a few miles from Fratta, and the waters being swollen, the diligence would not attempt it. There is, however, a bridge now building on the spot. At Fratta, as at Castello, everybody then and there present in the café—the only place of public entertainment in the town—took part in the discussion as to whether the road to Gubbio was feasible, which, luckily for our travellers, was decided in the affirmative. The reader will admit that this was not a very encouraging start. There was one picture at Fratta, and the inhabitants valued it exceedingly, as the only thing they had to attract gold-dispensing strangers to the place! Close by was also the Camaldolese monastery of Monte Cerona, nestled among rich oak woods, but the provisional governor of Umbria—Pepoli—had turned the monks out of their old fastnesses. Italian politics are not always simple of comprehension. Pepoli is said to have done this with a view to disgust the people with their new governors, and indispose them towards union with Piedmont. The monastic orders, it is to be observed, had also property to be confiscated, and were hence expropriated, while the begging friars were left alone. No matter, a good clearance was effected.

Arrived at length at Gubbio, it had only one inn, a palazzo, of course, but without a name. The reception at this inn is more like a page from the *Mysteries of Udolpho* than of modern travel. There was the huge old knocker, and no one to answer its echoes as they died away in the tenantless halls. There was a grand old marble staircase to ascend, when entrance was at last obtained; there were innumerable large empty rooms to pass through; nay, there was actually a long bridge of planks, with huge naked rafters above, and a dark and bottomless abyss below, to pass over, before a bedroom could be reached. And then, but for the united exercise of much good humour and perseverance, our travellers would have been left to go supperless to bed! The hostess declared that there was nothing, but, by dint of eloquence, prompted by hunger, she was brought to avow:

“A minéstra di riso (rice soup) you can have, to be sure; and a lessò (a bit of boiled beef). Then for the fritto, one can find a few artichokes, perhaps. Do you prefer a pigeon or uccellini (small birds) for the arrosto?”

A magnificent supper, but not so to Anglo-Saxon tourists, who were never yet satisfied. They insisted upon the addition of potatoes, for which the kind hostess had to scour the city, whether in vain or not we are not told. Gubbio has a palazzo publico, an interesting and important monument; a palace of the Dukes of Urbino, a palace of the municipality, the remains of a Roman theatre, and many pictures and frescoes. Our travellers also paid a visit here to an old antiquity dealer—Momo Nicchi by name—who had only a curiously-shaped and daintily ornamented vase, badly cracked, for sale; yet the greater part of the Soulage collection, which formed so prominent a feature of the great Exhibition at Manchester, passed through his hands. Gubbio was one of the principal seats of the manufacture of majolica, and the native country of the most celebrated master of the art, “Maestro Georgio.”

Our travellers purported proceeding from Gubbio to Camerino; but it was the old story—no roads for wheeled conveyances, nay, not even on foot, with a horse, mule, or ass, to carry their baggage! Had they been

with Captains Speke and Grant they could not have been worse off. So they had to fall into the old ruts again, and journey on to Perugia, passing on their way Fratticiola, all the inhabitants of which place are said to be robbers, but now well watched by the carabinieri. The old Etruscan city of Perugia has got a bad name ever since an inoffensive family of American travellers narrowly escaped being murdered by the Pope's troops in the principal hotel of the city, while they witnessed the murder of the landlord at his own door; and few now go to it. One of the two great hotels is, in consequence, shut up, and the other is very different to what it used to be. It was with great difficulty that our travellers obtained beds; and in answer to inquiries for food, they were told that there was absolutely nothing in the house. There are signs of improvement, however, even here. The horrible Bastille no longer exists, people can talk and read the newspapers, and all are agreed that the day which saw the change from priestly misrule to a system of constitutional government was the birthday of a new era of prosperity and happiness for Italy. Our travellers also conversed here with an aged Carbonaro chieftain, who said that the Carbonaro Association still existed, spread over every country of continental Europe; that the discipline and means of co-operation were kept up in undiminished efficiency, all the signs and watchwords of the Order having been changed subsequently to the Orsini attempt.

A pleasant morning drive took our travellers from Perugia by the well-known and well-beaten Roman road to Assisi—one vast monument to the memory of St. Francis, and whose extraordinary wealth of thirteenth-century art, still extant on its walls, is eagerly sought for by all those “who, in obedience to ‘la mode,’ have substituted for raptures on ‘the Corregiosity of Corregio’ an intense gusto for the Giottesqueness of Giotto!” But the sights of Assisi are all duly registered in the guide-books, and we hasten gladly away to less hackneyed spots. Passing Foligno, which is in the same category, a long and tedious ascent leads to Camerino, the city of beautiful women, and of no end of exciting traditions of the Varini family, pleasantly abbreviated by Mr. Trollope from the pages of Camillo Lilli, the historian of the city, and a search for a copy of whose work in the city itself constitutes a characteristic and interesting episode of Umbrian travel. Pictures every one would sell, but not one a volume of “*Pátria Stória*,” so eventually our traveller had to leave Camarino without it; but he was subsequently more fortunate in another neighbouring city.

The Castle of Varano stands on a singularly commanding hill-top, which is isolated from the hills behind it, at the mouth of a narrow and beautiful defile. The “stumpy little quarto” of Lilli—all the copies of which want certain condemned sheets and illustrations—says that Varano received its name from the Varani, who were of Norman origin, and relations of our Earls of Surrey. As the family of the Varani are now merely an object of curiosity to the historical student, so their old feudal castle, with its great keep, its enormous hall, its dungeons, and lady's bower, has no longer any purpose to serve in the world save that of an interesting and beautiful object in the landscape.

Beyond is Tolentino, entered by a picturesque old Gothic gateway, with something of Italian mediæval character about the group of public buildings in the Piazza, and with reminiscences of the Accoramboni

family. "That wretched, poverty-stricken, snuff-begrimed, little old marchese, whom I meet," says Mr. Trollope, "at our evening gossip in the apothecary's shop, is as proud as Lucifer, because his maternal grandfather's grandmother was an Accoramboni!" But Tolentino has a reputation that does not date from mediæval times, as the scene of the treaty by which the Papal government ceded to a lay conqueror a part of its dominions, and thus established a precedent fatal to the "*non possumus*," by which the still harder-pressed successors of that unfortunate sixth Pius would vainly seek to protect the last shreds of their temporal power.

Feudal towns on isolated mountains, and mediæval castles on rocky summits, are as plentiful as blackberries in Umbria and the Marches. To Tolentino succeeds Macerata, occupying, like Camerino, the summit of an isolated hill, which itself rises up in the midst of a district of lower hills, intersected by large water-courses. It was not enough that internecine wars were carried on in olden times between each of these hill and castellated towns, but, in the absence of these, they used to get up literary quarrels, and Macerata and Camerino are celebrated for a contest of this kind, which arose in 1777, and raged for many years. So true it is that hitherto no nation on the face of the earth has been so divided against itself as Italy. A long experience of the suffering entailed by division would seem at length to have inspired the Italians with an all-absorbing passion for unity; but it is almost hoping against all the lessons and examples of the past; and in the face of all the known instincts—hatred, envy, and ambition—that have ever filled Italian hearts from Lombardy to the farther Calabria, to believe in the permanence of the existing impulse. The tendency in the modern local nobility to exchange their old castellated towns for the society of the large cities, may, however, by weakening the importance of small localities, tend to cement a desirable union—supposing the dictates of prudence and patriotism were not sufficient to hold together states so often inflicted by that inordinate vanity which leads them to overrate their own particular power and importance. In the present day the Maceratese are happily almost solely engaged in playing at pallone or ball, and to do this effectively they have erected an enormous building, capable of holding twice the population of the place, estimated at some eleven thousand; and so luxuriously is this circus got up, that every box in the huge circle has its own withdrawing-room behind it!

The number of these rock-perched and castellated towns, in some cases, as on leaving Macerata for the archiepiscopal city of Fermo (still, albeit close to the Adriatic, on the top of a hill), leads to the strangest confusion. Passing Montolmo, on the crest of a lofty hill; St. Giusto, a little walled town perched on another naked hill-top; and Monte Granaro, a still smaller and more inaccessible rock-perched town, our travellers became fairly nonplused before reaching the end of their journey.

"There is Fermo!" observed one.

"No! that is only a different view of St. Elpidio!" retorted another.

"Not a bit of it! St. Elpidio must be more behind us. There it is!"

"No! no! that is St. Giusto! You may know it by that long bit of unbroken grey wall which the sun is now shining full on; and by the neighbourhood of Monte Granaro close to it."

"Where is St. Elpidio, then?"

"Hidden behind that hill close on the left, with Monturano on the top of it."

"That must be Fermo, then, in front. Besides, we have not seen all day any town with so remarkably shaped and angular a mass, rising sharp and well defined over all the rest of the buildings. That topmost, square-looking mass of building must be a fort, and an extraordinary fine position for one too!"

"I suppose that it must be Fermo! But we have been dodging about so all the morning among a morris-dance of towns, all situated much alike, and all changing their aspects so entirely as you see them from one side or another, that there is no remembering their relative positions, or feeling sure which is which."

It was Fermo, and the square-looking rocky lump which formed the apex of the hill was not a castle, but the cathedral, which looks over an immense sweep of the Adriatic, and serves as a landmark far away out towards the coast of Dalmatia. Fermo is the richest piece of preferment which the Holy Father has to bestow on the best deserving of his episcopal sons; but the town itself, as is usual with church preferments, is poverty-stricken and dirt-stricken, and the streets are narrow, tortuous, and shabby. "A traveller," says Mr. Trollope, "with the least tinge of romantic imagination about him, and duly up in the well-known scenic properties of Apennine adventure—who knows at a glance the genuine slouched sugar-loaf brigand hat, and the true significance of velvetreen breeches unbuttoned at the knee, would give himself up for lost in finding himself inside the low-browed, cavernous arched doorway of the Fermo house of accommodation."

"And then," he adds afterwards, "the appearance of the people who receive you in the gloomy cavern-kitchen of that grim hostelry! Shade of Mrs. Radcliffe! If that landlord be not the captain of a band of brigands, and that hostess be not the brigand's lady-love, there is no faith to be put in cross-gartering, or in dishevelled black locks, piercing black eyes, and gay-coloured head-kerchiefs."

Matters did not, however, turn out so bad. In the passage, which was wide enough for the purpose, was a sleek priest sitting at table at dinner, who bowed smilingly to the new comers as they passed to their rooms. "And if only that brigand host," they mentally exclaim, "can be induced to stay his hand when adding the garlic to the lamb's-fry (*frittata*), and the brigand's wife be coaxed into putting clean sheets on the beds, we shall do well enough!"

Part of this prayer was heard; the other part the gods dispersed in air, according to classical precedent. The clean sheets were at once accorded, but Jove himself had not the power to wipe from the mind of that brigand cook the lessons learned from infancy upwards, that meat ungarlicked is not fit food for man.

Fermo has, like all these other strangely-picturesque mediæval towns of mediæval Italy, a history as well as a cathedral. The tyrants of Fermo of old—yept the *Ezzeducci*—were more than usually cruel and tyrannical where all were so. Oliverotto, one of these precious feudal lords, was so cruel as to have earned the distinction of being moralised upon by Machiavelli, who, in reference to him, makes the nice distinction of "cruelties judiciously or injudiciously employed." There is also

connected with this city on the Adriatic a story of three martyrs, illustrative of Papal misrule and Papal injustice, told by Mr. Trollope from Cavour Achille Gennarelli's work, "*Il Governo Pontificio, e Lo Stato Romano*," which is enough to make one's blood run cold. Well may Mr. Trollope ask, on concluding this well-authenticated history of judicial murders, "What does the reader think of the progress of civilisation and social morality achieved during three hundred years of government by Heaven's Vicar on earth? and especially, what does he think of the heart and conscience that lies under the purple of his Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop de Angelis? whom I have seen recently named as the probable successor of the present Pontiff in the chair of St. Peter."

"For my own part, I would rather live under the rule of our friend Oliverotto ten times over!"

Fermo has a port, which, Mr. Trollope says, "is no port at all," there being only one or two wretched fishing-boats on the beach, and these are not used, for the people say that the fish, finding that they were caught if they came to the Porto di Fermo, had grown wiser by experience, and did not come to the shore any more. Hence our travellers proceeded by way of Porto di Recanati to visit the world-celebrated shrine of Loreto. A railway is in the course of construction along this line of country—the shore of the ancient Picenum Suburbicarium (for the antiquities of which Mr. Trollope is mostly indebted to Brandimarte's "*Plinio Seniore illustrato nella Descrizione del Piceno*")—which is to proceed from Ancona, already connected by rail with Turin, to the Tronto, which formed the frontier of the old Neapolitan kingdom.

"Neither ancient Rome, nor ancient Etruria, nor ancient Umbria," our traveller remarks, "knew anything of Loreto. The place is wholly and solely the creation of Mariolatry; lives, is rich, and has its being, uniquely by and for that alone, and embodies probably on the whole the most impudent and most monstrous of all the impudent and monstrous impostures of the Marian religion."

"The town—I beg its pardon, the city, for it is such by special Papal grace—the city of Loreto is a neat little town, tacked on to an enormous church and proportionate subsidiary ecclesiastical establishment, on a pleasant hill, not above five or six hundred feet above the level of the sea, nor above three miles or so distant from it, and approached by an admirably wide, well-made, and handsome road, which seems to warn the traveller to put his mind into an attitude of respect, and to remind him that he is fast approaching a place worthy of far other regards and administrative care than may suffice for the centres of mere worldly commerce and industry."

We shall not stay here to detail the history of this monstrous imposture, as propounded by the Church for the edification of the faithful. How the venerable dwelling in which the Virgin was born and lived was transported, in the fear of destruction by Sultan Khalib, through vast tracks of air and sea to the coast of Dalmatia, where it arrived on the 10th of May, 1291; how, without the slightest warning, it was lifted again by angels in the air, disappeared thence, and having passed the Adriatic, appeared on the shore, and advancing a small space inland, stopped in the thick recesses of an ancient grove, the owner of which was a rich and pious lady of Recanati, named Laureta; how, eight months after its

arrival, it took another flight from the wood of Laureta to a pleasant hill not far from Recanati; and how, its possession being disputed by two brothers, it once again changed its quarters, and took up its position in the middle of the high road, in the spot which it has from that day forward occupied. Mr. Trollope points out a curious inconsistency in this authorised "*Historical Relation of the Prodigious Translation of the Holy House of Nazareth*, 22nd Edition, Loreto, 1858," inasmuch as the said history states the house to have arrived in Dalmatia in May, 1291, remained there three years and seven months, and yet have arrived in Italy in December, 1291! But, as he justly adds, in the atmosphere of transcendental miracle in which we are moving, a little matter of this sort, more or less, is of small importance.

Of course a church was forthwith raised over the Casa Santa, and accommodations for the concourse of pilgrims were added. This was succeeded by a larger and handsomer one in the fourteenth century, and this again by the present structure in the fifteenth, built under the pontificate of Paul II. The present edifice makes an imposing appearance, from its size and fine position on the brow of the hill, overlooking the Adriatic. The Holy House is situated in the middle of the church, under the dome. Before the west front, which is ornamented in correct Palladian guise, with a fine portico and enormous columns, there is a very large square, surrounded on two sides by colonnaded ranges of buildings, containing the dwellings of the numerous clergy belonging to the church, and the lately apostolic, now royal residence, for the reception of the sovereign, when he comes to visit the Holy House. It may, however, be anticipated that the concourse of pilgrims will gradually lessen under a constitutional sovereignty, from what it was under an infallible papacy. The two things do not agree.

The curiosities at the Casa Santa are numerous. They consist, however, mainly of prints, rosaries, and crucifixes, impregnated with supernatural virtues by being placed in the Santa scodella—the holy porringer or soup-dish. These, and stamped representations of the same, may be bought for a few halfpence in the town, or even at the hotel; but the pretty maid at the latter, when questioned as to her belief in the same, replied that "Confectioners do not eat much pastry, they prefer bread." And when further questioned as to why she did not believe, she naïvely added, "Ne no visto troppe." The "eldest sons" of the Church—the gallant French—did not seem to have been troubled with obnoxious faith when they made a clear sweep of all the gatherings amassed from the conscience-money of princes and peasants in five hundred years.

Mr. Trollope had an amusing search after one treasure which he knew to be still at Loreto; this was the celebrated set of pharmacy vases of choice majolica, and which are described in the latest edition of Murray's Guide-book as being in "two rooms." At length, after much coaxing of the Padre Guardiano, the choice vases were found in a cupboard, not ranged on shelves, but literally stacked one on another, higgledy-piggledy, top upwards, bottom upwards, side upwards, as it might chance! Most of them were broken; and out of the three hundred pieces of which the set is said to have been composed—the work of Fontana and Franco, after designs by Raphael, Giulio Romano, and others—the Padre Guardiano, who wished they were all at Jericho, declared that there were only eighteen pieces completely whole!



Close by Loreto is the town of Castel Fidardo, and the plain, now celebrated for the defeat of Lamericière. The canons of Casa Santa must have seen the fight, like a spectacle got up for their amusement. They had no misgivings as to the success of the cause of the Pope; but it is passing strange, and against all antecedents, that when they witnessed the turn of the tide they did not bring out their Madonna to have helped them and her own cause. Possibly, that like the pretty girl at the hotel, and the Padre Guardiano, they had misgivings on the efficacy of the proceeding, and they placed no faith in their own "confectionary."

"The value of the advowson," Mr. Trollope remarks, "of a canonry in that richly-endowed church, I think, must have fallen considerably during these fateful hours. And I fear that the wail, which is raised by Catholic Europe, over the waning temporal power of the papacy, is both more sincere and more correct in its anticipations than the assurances of the liberals of Europe, that the destruction of it will in no degree endanger the existing ecclesiastical establishment. For my own part, I entirely sympathise with those cardinals, bishops, and canons, who invincibly object to the dependence of ecclesiastical revenues on the will of a lay House of Commons."

The city of Recanati, five miles from Loreto, stands on the top of a much higher hill than the latter town; and it makes a very striking object in the landscape for many miles around. Its form is also different from all the many others of these hill cities. Instead of being clustered, clump-like, round the top of a round or conical hill, as most of them are, it stretches in a long crescent-shaped line along the crest of a sharp mountain ridge, and thus makes a greater show than it would otherwise do. This hill town, and its neighbours Osimo and Montefano, have a history, and not an uninteresting one either. They rebelled against the Popes in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, and suffered accordingly at the hands of the "Marchio," or Lord of the Marches, who fired Recanati, the conflagration of the city being visible from the opposite coast of Dalmatia.

As to Osimo, it fared much better. Its plucky little community destroyed the papal fortress, and even reformed its nunneries, obtaining in the year 1500 what Perugia only achieved six years ago, and effecting those reforms of scandals which, at a later day, baffled all the power of the celebrated Ricci, the reforming Bishop of Pistoia, and of his patron, Peter Leopold, the reforming Grand-Duke of Tuscany.

From Osimo, a drive of twelve miles took our travellers to Ancona—the isolated Monte Conero lying between them and the sea. Hence it is that, coming in this direction, nothing is seen of the town till the traveller is close upon it, the first sign of its vicinity being the huge fortress which crowns the peak on which Monte Conero ends, and round the base of which the road winds. The same mountain forms on the sea-side the headland which the Greeks called Ancona, but which is in reality two headlands, now known as Monte Guaseo and Monte Astagno, or Capodimonte.

Entering Ancona from the Marches is like coming out of a past century into the present. Behind him, Mr. Trollope pleasantly remarks, the traveller has left the quiet little old world cities, "each remote on its lofty hill, though in sight of each other, with their great uninhabited or half-

inhabited palaces; their dreamy streets and breezy crumbling battlements; their ever-open and long disused city gates; their lazy, easy-going inns, with abundant space, if sometimes somewhat restricted larders; their leisurely, strongly localised inhabitants, always with plenty of time on their hands, and plenty of inclination for a chat anent their glories and the histories and particularities of their respective towns, their storied cathedrals, and their picturesque town-halls.

"He turns the shoulder of Monte Conero, struggles through the gateway of Ancona, and suddenly finds himself amid a jabbering population of jostling brokers, polyglot commissioners, money-dealing Jews, and cosmopolitan bagmen. He has to go up no end of stairs to find a little closet of a bedroom, and be thankful to get it; he dines at a table d'hôte by the side of a ringed and curled individual with very dirty hands and a magnificent diamond pin in his smart shirt-front, who talks fluently in rather queer English, and who turns out to be a Wallachian diamond merchant; instead of having a pretty girl to wait on him, anxious to do the utmost to please him which the limited resources of the house will permit, and very willing to chatter for half an hour together, while the dawdling meal is in progress, he is served by a perspiring waiter with a greasy cloth under his arm, who in his hot haste dashes a plateful of food before him, and is gone before he can decline it; he is nearly run over in narrow streets by carts, barrows, trucks, waggons laden with barrels, sacks, cases, and drawn some by horses, some by men nearly as naked as their quadruped fellow-labourers; he is challenged by sentries for walking through some gateway, or approaching some fortification, or setting foot on some glacis, in contravention of the rules; he is considered by everybody who sees him to be anxious to go on board some steam-boat, or to catch some railway train; and before long he discovers, that not being so anxious, and not having any bills to discount, no samples of goods to offer for sale, nor any intention of purchasing such, nor baggage to "clear" in or out, he has plainly no business at Ancona, and that there is no room for him there."

Ancona is not, indeed, a pleasant city in its outward physiognomy, or one pleasant to dwell in, even for a brief space of time. It has all the annoyances and disagreeables of a seaport, without any of the agreeables that should belong to the coast. There is no possibility of pleasant rambles along the shore; all exit to the southward being absolutely forbidden, not only by the cliff itself, but by fortresses and walls, and sentries, *ad infinitum*; and exit to the north leads only to the crowded mile or so of causeway between the city and the railway station, and beyond that to a flat and very ugly shore, cut up by little creeks, and hedged in by the railway. There is no shipping of any interest in the offing. There is not even any fish to eat—or none that is worth eating. And add to all this the inconveniences and botherations of that stupidest and most illusory of all institutions, a so-called "free-port"—the whole advantage and scope of which might be attained without any of the infinite trouble which arises from the present arrangement, by a system of bonded warehouses.

The country north of Ancona traversed by the railway is aboundingly rich and fertile, and is dotted with populous towns—as Sinigaglia, Fano, Pesaro, La Cattolica, and Rimini; but of most interest is San Marino—

a republic of eight hundred years' duration, and which has only recently been induced to sign a treaty regularising the relations between itself and the kingdom of Italy. San Marino appears to have been mainly indebted for its long-continued independence to its situation, which, on the summit of an almost inaccessible rock, two thousand three hundred and sixty-six Parisian feet above the sea, is one of the most remarkable and extraordinary in Europe. The delivery of the post is so uncertain at this stern and storm-swept eyrie, that the arrival of the man, boy, and donkey who convey it is announced by the great town-bell. The ascent of the hill is effected as far as the Borgo, a suburb which lies at the foot of the last precipitous cliffs, by means of oxen; beyond that the traveller must use the saddle or his legs. The only inn was in the Borgo. There was a house where a bed might be had up in the city, but a "forestiere" had already engaged it. The inhabitants of this strange place, which is exempted from the fiscal laws of the world around them, are in consequence engaged in all kinds of curious industries, amongst which the manufacture of gunpowder and of playing-cards constitute a no small item. There is a fortress or castle, a principal church, and a piazza, the whole of which latter forms the roof of a vast cistern for the preservation of rain-water. The world of hills below, as viewed from the castle heights, looks like the battle-field of a discomfited army of Titans, strewn with the wreck of their fight against Heaven, and hence the old name of the mountain—Monte Titano. In front is the coast of Picenum, with its legion of storied cities and castle-crowned hills. At sunrise, the opposite coast of Dalmatia is also plainly visible. There were some state prisoners of the republic of San Marino in this castle, one of whom was a priest, incarcerated for forgery. There was also a prisoner who had been confined six months on a charge of homicide, without having been brought to trial. It struck our traveller that if similar facts were of frequent occurrence at San Marino, it might occur in these our days that the republic itself, despite its eight hundred years of existence, might find itself put on its trial. The existence of such a state within another is an anachronism only tolerated on account of the exceeding youth of the kingdom of Italy. Already San Marino has no printing-press in its dominions, so as not to give umbrage to the governments around it by matter that might be printed there. Doubtless the probability is, that had the little free state not stooped to such concessions it would not have been permitted to exist. This—with the exception, perhaps, of the valley of Andorra—the smallest and oldest of the social bodies politic in Europe, has not only its mountain-town and suburb, but also a certain portion of the surrounding valleys, to the extent of a circuit about eight miles in the longest and five in the shortest diameter. The inhabitants of this lowland district are about eight thousand in number.

Our travellers' instructive and interesting little tour was virtually brought to a close in the republic of San Marino; for, returning thence to Rimini, they ran down in time to catch a train which took them to Bologna the same evening, and found there a courier's carriage, which conveyed them to Florence within twenty-four hours from the time they had been standing to see the sun rise on the top of the peak of San Marino!

## ABOUT A FEW BOOKS.

THE elegantly-bound and accurately-illustrated guide to such portions of the South Kensington Museum as refer to "Italian Sculpture of the Middle Ages and Period of the Revival of Art," must take precedence for its general merits. The Gherardini collection, purchased in 1854, of original models by great Italian artists, may be considered as the foundation of the sculpture series, and the purchase of the Gigli-Campana collection brought the whole to that state of which we have here a descriptive and illustrated catalogue by J. C. Robinson, F.S.A., published by Chapman and Hall, for the Science and Art Department of the Committee of Council on Education. The work will be of infinite help to the art-student, at the same time that it makes the riches of the Kensington Museum better known, and more fully understood and appreciated.

"Francatelli's Royal English and Foreign Confectioner," being a practical treatise on the Art of Confectionary in all its branches, comprising ornamental confectionary artistically developed, published by Messrs. Chapman and Hall, supplies a long existing want in the literature of the cuisine.

The perusal of Sidney Laman Blanchard's "Ganges and the Seine; Scenes on the Banks of Both" (2 vols., Chapman and Hall), has afforded us two or three hours unalloyed pleasure.

Dr. Shapter's little work on the Climate of the South of Devon (John Churchill) has, by dint of additions, grown into a large and compendious volume. Besides being an indispensable guide for the invalid to our great national sanatorium, it has become quite as indispensable to the tourist, from the amount of various information, geological, meteorological, topographical, natural, historical, civil, and economical, which it contains.

Mr. Thomas Carlyle's "History of Friedrich II. of Prussia, called Frederick the Great" (Chapman and Hall), and Mr. Charles Merivale's "History of the Romans under the Empire" (vol. ii., Longman and Co.), have reached, the first, the third volume, and the second, the seventh, but after a very different fashion. The first is written in, as most people know, a quaint, sparkling, and original style, with as much eccentricity as force, and with a wonderful talent for analysis marred by the most exquisite bad taste in propounding facts. The second is the serious, tasteful, elaborate, and deeply philosophical work of a gentleman and a scholar, who portrays one of the greatest epochs in the world's history in the language of his country, which is most eloquent and stately when least deified. Mr. Carlyle's History is a book to amuse and entertain the reader; Mr. Merivale's to instruct and to delight him.

We have, finally, much pleasure in directing the attention of our readers to a Christmas book—"The Foggy Night at Offord"—by the—despite what some carping critics may say—most popular lady-author of the day, the author of "The Shadow of Ashlydyat." The work is issued in aid of the Lancashire Fund, and we heartily wish it that abundant success to which its merits entitle it in every way.

## THE PRUSSIAN OPPOSITION.

ENGLISHMEN, as a rule, do not pay much attention to foreign politics; and although our own correspondents of the *Times* keep us well posted up as to the doings of the various Continental Chambers, there are but few among us, we fancy, who form a very settled opinion as to the progress of affairs. And yet matters are taking place in Prussia worthy of the very gravest attention, if only as a proof of the fondness which history displays for repeating itself. The Prussian king and Prussian Chambers are disputing upon a matter of money, much like Charles I. and Hampden, and it is quite certain that we have as yet only seen the beginning of the struggle. Time after time the king has dissolved his disobedient Chamber, but the only result has been that still more decided Liberals have been elected, and now matters are at a complete dead lock.

The history of constitutionalism in Prussia is not very long, but full of serious events: the king conceded a constitution in 1846, but rendered it almost unavailing by the restrictions which he placed on it; 1848 swept away the landmarks; in 1849 the reaction was once more triumphant, and remained in power until the appointment of a regent, who, being in opposition, as is always the rule with crown princes, selected a thoroughly Liberal ministry, to the mighty rejoicing of the people. When the regent occupied the throne as king, however, his liberalism began to wear off; the remarkable *Dei gratia* and right divine speech which he made at his coronation set people thinking, and his conduct since has only confirmed the general uneasiness. That William I. is an honest man is indubitable, but he has his own notions of kingcraft. At the best he is only a somewhat *dorné* soldier, and his predilections are entirely with the army. The events of 1848 taught him that the Landwehr system was not at all adapted to support regal authority against the demands of the people, and all his efforts have tended to increase the standing army at the expense of the militia. Apart from the natural jealousy which a constitutional nation feels of a large permanent force, which it regards as more or less the instrument of the government, Prussia is really not in a position to support the heavy taxation which such a fundamental change would entail, and hence the members of the Second Chamber thought it their duty to protest against the alteration. There were also minor causes of collision, on which it is unnecessary to dwell, but which have also heightened the unpleasant feeling between king and parliament, and a struggle for mastery between absolutism and constitutionalism is silently preparing. Under these circumstances we have thought that a few personal sketches of the leading members of the Prussian Opposition may prove interesting, and we are enabled to offer them through the opportune publication of a carefully compiled work on the subject.\*

Benedict Waldeck, the leader of the democratic party, or rather of

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\* Preussische Landtagmänner. Von Schmidt Weissenfels. Breslau: Trewendt.

those who desire the entire liberty of the subject in all classes of society, was born at Münster in 1802. As a boy, the French revolutionary ideas had a decided influence upon him, but, at the same time, he retained all the thoroughness and firmness of the Westphalian character. Educated at Göttingen, he went out in law, and gradually advanced, until, in 1844, he was attached to the supreme privy tribunal at Berlin. Through his constant devotion to the cause of the peasants and the communes, he became excessively popular in Westphalia, and was universally called "the king of the peasants." When the revolution of 1848 broke out, Waldeck was naturally elected to the Prussian National Assembly, and soon found himself head of a powerful party in the House, composed of peasants, small farmers, lawyers, and schoolmasters. Unfortunately for Waldeck, these men committed many acts of stupidity and ignorance, for which he was compelled to assume the responsibility, and hence he became most hateful to the reactionists. When the National Assembly was dissolved by force in 1848, Waldeck's power as leader of the democrats was enormously increased, but so was his responsibility. At that time he could have spread unutterable misery through the country, for at a word from him a civil war would have broken out, but he constantly urged the necessity of passive resistance. How great his popularity was is proved by the fact that six districts elected him simultaneously as their deputy to the parliament which met in February, 1849. This parliament was dissolved in April, and the reaction had time to persecute democracy. On May 16, 1849, the day after the king declared war against the revolution, and the Prussians marched to Saxony to storm the barricades, Waldeck was arrested upon false charges of high treason brought against him by Herr von Hinckeldey, the police president of Berlin. This step created a tremendous excitement, but the judges did their duty, traced the intrigue to its source, and so injured the reactionists that the public prosecutor himself was compelled to ask for Waldeck's acquittal. Another attempt, however, was made to humiliate Waldeck: a request was sent him by several members of the supreme tribunal that he should voluntarily resign, because they did not consider him a judge worthy of confidence. This Waldeck declined to do; and now that passions have cooled down, there is not one of his colleagues who does not recognise in him an ornament of the Prussian judicial bench.

It was not till February, 1861, that Waldeck again returned to the Chambers and assumed the head of the Democratic party. But the latter had also learned a lesson through the events of the last twelve years, and Count Schwerin, the minister of the home department, was able to congratulate them on having given up their protesting position, and making every effort to secure a constitutional commonwealth.

Waldeck's lieutenant and right-hand man is Schulze-Delitzsch, probably the most popular representative in Prussia. He has devoted his life to the formation of co-operative societies among artisans, and has already effected wonders. After studying the vexed question of the rights of capital and labour, Schulze made his first attempt in his native town of Delitzsch in 1860, by establishing a guild of shoemakers, whose object was to provide the members with provisions and

raw material at cost price. To this was speedily added "a credit and advance" bank, which assisted small tradesmen and handicraftsmen. This society worked so well that, within ten years, two hundred were formed, all working on the system founded by Schulze. In 1859, eighty credit banks made a net profit of 22,000 thalers, while the entire loss on advances only amounted to 470 thalers. According to the report laid before a meeting of the members at Potsdam in 1862, it was shown that 184 societies had made advances up to that time to the amount of 17,000,000 thalers, while the number of members exceeded 50,000.

In 1848, Schulze was elected to the Prussian National Assembly, in which he showed himself to be a decided Liberal. He held on to the last, and was one of the 138 deputies who, in November, 1848, voted the refusal of supplies. For this he was eventually tried, but acquitted. Grand banquets were given him at Berlin and Potsdam, and his electors greeted him on his return with a mounted torchlight procession. Such demonstrations against the ministry naturally rendered him much disliked by the government, and every effort was made to force him to resign his situation. He was sent to a remote part of Polish Russia, and when he asked for a month's furlough it was refused him. Resolved to discover whether he was treated as an *interné*, Schulze took leave, and went to Berlin to justify his conduct. Simons, the minister of justice, punished his insubordination by stopping him a month's salary, and Schulze at once sent in his resignation. As he had no private fortune, he turned his attention to literature, but did not, on that account, neglect the trade associations he had created: he constantly went about lecturing, and his authority became so great that, in 1860, the united credit societies chose him their standing solicitor. In 1861 he was elected one of the deputies for Berlin, and has been returned twice since by the same constituency. In the House he exerts a very marked influence, for he is a magnificent speaker, and is generally respected, even by his opponents.

The younger Democrats in the Prussian parliament stand under the guidance of Rudolph Virchow, who was born in 1821, and educated at the university of Berlin, where he went out in medicine. In his twenty-second year he was appointed assistant-surgeon to the Charité in Berlin, and three years after was promoted to the chief surgeonsip. In 1846 he began a course of lectures on pathological anatomy, which soon attracted extraordinary attention, through the boldness of the views which he brought forward. In February, 1848, Virchow was sent by the government to study the typhus epidemic, which had broken out in Upper Silesia. Virchow published the result of his observations, and did not spare the government, which allowed its subjects to die of starvation. While engaged on this tour, the revolution of March broke out, and Virchow at once assumed a front place in politics. The passionate teacher of reform in medicine was the more affected by the tremendous movement, because he possessed a very susceptible nature for it. When 1849 came, Virchow was, of course, punished for his Liberal tendencies: a medical paper he had established was suppressed, and he was removed from his professorship at the Charité. All the medical societies of Berlin protested against this, and

the ministry were disposed to give way, but attached conditions, which Virchow declined. He therefore accepted a professorship offered him at Würzburg. Through his reputation this old university received a marked impulse, and students flocked in to attend the lectures of the physical reformer from all parts of Europe. Here Virchow laboured diligently, constantly adding fresh contributions to his medical treatises up to the year 1856, when he had the satisfaction of being recalled to Berlin by the university authorities. Shortly after his removal, Virchow published his great work on "Cellular Pathology," which has been translated into almost every language of the civilised world, and created notable controversies. Honours poured on him for this discovery: he was elected an honorary member of the London College of Physicians, their number being confined to twenty, and the Paris Academy of Sciences elected him a corresponding member. In the autumn of 1859, Virchow was invited by the Swedish government to travel through Norway, and study the leprosy, which was extending its ravages there. In 1861, Virchow was returned to parliament by two districts of Berlin and by Saarbrücken. In the first short session of 1862 he distinguished himself greatly, and became one of the most prominent members of the Liberal party.

Among the more recent members of the Prussian House of Commons, Carl Twesten is one of the best known and most popular. He is about forty years of age, and belongs to the legal profession, in which he holds a high position. He was, however, but little known to the public until he published, in the spring of 1861, his pamphlet called "What can still save us." In this remarkable brochure he very sharply criticised the military cabinet, and its head, Lieutenant-General von Manteuffel. The most stinging passage was one in which he said, "Herr von Manteuffel is but little liked by a large portion of the army, and is frequently looked upon as Count Gruffe in Vienna, who entrusted the command in Italy to Count Giulay. Must we have a battle of Solferino in order to remove a dangerous man from a dangerous position?" General von Manteuffel challenged Twesten for this, and put a bullet through his arm. Owing to this event, Twesten's pamphlet had an extraordinary circulation, and the author at once attained the highest popularity. It is true that he was sentenced to six months' imprisonment, but he was let off through the coronation amnesty. In December, 1861, Berlin chose him as one of its deputies, and he was re-elected in May last. In the reply to the address from the throne, which he drew up, he tried to offer the king a reconciliation in the name of the country, but William I. received the deputation very angrily, and the attempt proved a failure.

In a parliamentary government the control of the finances is the most important consideration. In Prussia, however, the ministry fell into a habit of making a general statement of income and expenditure, in which lump-sums were inserted, and no explanation was given of the way in which the money was spent. Under these circumstances, it is not surprising that deputy Hagen demanded a statement of the expenditure, and though a constitutional minister had no excuse for refusing this, it produced a struggle most striking in its result, with which the proposer of the amendment is identified. Adolph Hagen



was born in 1820, and educated for the state service. In 1854, Von Patow, the finance minister, called him in to restore some degree of order in the public accounts, and he performed this difficult task with great energy. It was not till 1862 that he was elected deputy, and his first motion in the House was, as we have stated, to specialise the various items which constituted the budget. At first Von Patow tried to evade the demand, but being forced by Virchow and others in his last entrenchments, he said that, if the motion were carried, it might lead to his resignation. Through this threat the affair suddenly became a personal one between the ministry and the deputies; but the latter held their ground. In vain did Von Patow hint at a resignation of the ministry or a dissolution of parliament: Hagen's motion was put to the vote, and carried by a majority of twenty-eight. The ministers sent in their resignation, which was not accepted, and then dissolved the parliament. The Liberal ministry placed themselves in a thoroughly false position, as they saw soon after, when their resignation was accepted and the Conservatives came in: for while Herr von Patow had regarded Hagen's motion as an attack on the executive, and tried to act unconstitutionally, his colleague, Von der Heydt, who succeeded him, most readily allowed that Hagen's motion was perfectly justifiable on constitutional grounds.

Such are the more important members of the party of progress, or, as we should say, Radicals. Among the Liberals, Grabow undubitably occupies the first place. Born in 1802, he entered the service of the state in his nineteenth year, and distinguished himself greatly as a magistrate. In 1838, his native town of Prenzlau elected him chief burgomaster, and in that capacity he was present at the coronation in 1840, and made his first acquaintance with the king, whose speeches and character justly filled the Liberals with hope. It was not till 1847, however, when the king made the country a present of the united Landtag, that Grabow became a public character. He was at the head of the one hundred and thirty-eight members who protested against the king's breach of faith, and, moreover, was an active member of the committee appointed to regulate the criminal code. Grabow was returned to the Prussian National Assembly in 1848, and was soon after elected president, which post he occupied up to October, when he resigned. The truth was, that the old Liberals were alarmed at the impulse which democracy had attained, and secretly desired its overthrow. When the Assembly commenced its conflict with the Crown, in November, 1848, Grabow urged the members to lay down their mandates sooner than let the Assembly be dissolved by force; and when his advice was not followed, he left a parliament which displayed such evident signs of approaching dissolution.

When the Assembly was disposed of, and the Manteuffel constitution was granted, which restored two Chambers, Grabow was chosen as president. There is no doubt that the reactionists at that time deceived the Liberals, and obtained their aid in crushing the democrats, on the principle of *divide et impera*. This was plainly seen in 1850, when Grabow was elected chief burgomaster of Magdeburg, and the government refused its assent. When the regency was established, the Liberals again returned to power, and Grabow was elected first

vice-president. At first he joined the party at the head of which Von Vincke stood, but he gradually worked his way to the leadership, and his election to the presidency of the Chamber rendered his position remarkably strong. But his power was destined to be but transitory; with the dissolution of the Chamber and the dismissal of the Liberal ministers, matters took such a turn that it was no longer possible for a party to remain neutral, as had been Grabow's ambition from the first. His partisans gradually fell away: some to join the extreme Liberals, others to form the fraction known as the Bockum Dolf, and Grabow was left alone. In the parliament of March, 1862, he was again unanimously elected president, and no better choice could probably be made, for the selection of Grabow was a protest of the country as represented by the deputies against the Von der Heydt ministry.

Baron von Vincke's name is probably better known in England than that of any other Liberal member of the Prussian Chamber of Deputies. Descended from a very old Westphalian family, he has been ever one of the truest types of the Prussian nobility; he was truly attached to his king, though he never condescended to be a courtier, and he ever had the consciousness that he too belonged to the people. Still, at the same time, he has the great fault of being merely a guerilla chief of debate; he has attacked every party in turn, but has not fought a pitched battle with any one of them. He detests the Junker, and honestly tries to emancipate himself from all claims to the special privileges of nobility; he wishes to govern the Liberals, and form them into English Whigs, and if he does not at once succeed, he turns his back on them; and he is the sworn foe of the Democratic party, because they always strive to go beyond the mark which he has set up as the frontier post of opposition.

George von Vincke was born on May 15, 1811. He received a very strict education at home, and was then sent to Göttingen, where he studied law. For a time it seemed as if he intended to devote himself to the service of the state; but the death of his father, in 1844, rendered him independent, and the consciousness of being a real feudal baron destroyed all ambition for office in Vincke's breast, if he had ever entertained it. In the parliament of 1847 he placed himself decidedly at the head of the Opposition. His speeches were something extraordinary in a police-ridden country like Prussia; and his remark that, in England, ministers answered with their heads, caused the Prussian ministry to shudder. At the same time Vincke made every possible assault on the government and the existing system; he demanded a constitution, and an extension of the privileges of the House; he defended the claims of the Poles, who had just been put down in a new revolution; he stood up for the political rights of the Dissenters, and even of the Jews, with some reservations; he claimed freedom of the press; in short, everything required to convert Prussia into a constitutional monarchy. No wonder that he was at that time the most popular man in the country; his name was in every mouth, and the speeches which he held in the White Hall were devoured by the crowd which was greedy for liberty. This, however, was not so agreeable to Baron von Vincke as might be supposed: in his great honesty he was afraid that persons might have misunderstood him, and he was

anxious lest his independence might be injured by popularity. The revolution of March quite upset Vincke, though he may have anticipated it. He saw everything brought about for which he had striven; but this only annoyed him the more. At the same time he was a thorough royalist, and the humiliation of the king hurt him. Urged by zeal to serve his king, but not after the fashion of courtiers and against the rights of the people, he hastened to Berlin, and arrived just at the time when the street fighting was going on. It was an incomparable suffering to Vincke to see his king meeting his people with cannon-balls, for, whatever the result might be, he could see no advantage for his prince. He hurried, in great excitement, to the palace, and entered the royal apartments in his dusty clothes. With his upright nature, he did not affect to conceal his grief at being welcomed to Berlin by artillery. At this, so Varnhagen tells us, some general officers laughed, who were standing near the king. Vincke turned to them, and said aloud, almost menacingly: "Any man who can laugh at this firing is a bad Prussian." The king answered: "No one did laugh." "Yes, these two gentlemen laughed, and it is improper and wrong that such a thing can happen." The king tried to appease the Westphalian baron, and invited him to supper. "No, your majesty," Vincke answered, "I do not sup." And with these words he left the king's apartments.

These remarks characterise Vincke thoroughly: they show him to us as the independent, free nobleman, who does not lay aside his frankness even in the king's presence; they prove him a despiser of courtiers, and a warm-hearted patriot, who regards a supper with his prince as frivolous when a struggle for a mighty object is going on at the palace-gates. The baron was elected as deputy to the Frankfort parliament, where he soon rendered himself extremely conspicuous through his clever speeches. He formed a compact party, known as the Milani club, which he disciplined so well that it was called the forty-voiced Vincke. About this time he became Conservative through his hatred of the Democracy, and warmly defended Manteuffel and the reaction. So soon, however, as the minister became firmly established, he swore undying hostility to him. This weathercock conduct broke up the rather powerful party which Von Vincke had gathered round him in the Chamber of 1849.

When the Democrats and Liberals went into voluntary banishment, while waiting for better times, Vincke constituted himself the opposition. He could not exist without fighting; and just as old Cato finished all his speeches with "*Delenda est Carthage*," Von Vincke incessantly harped on the string, "*Down with this Ministry!*" But the ministry remained in power, and Vincke continued to oppose it. Very characteristic was his conduct during the debates over the loan of thirty millions of thalers which the government proposed, in order to be able to carry out its great vacillating policy during the Crimean war. The nobility of the "*Kreuz zeitung*" saw in the Emperor of Russia the father of the Fatherland, and the Czar was more their master than King Frederick William. Vincke was not of this opinion, and refused to grant the credit, because he was afraid of the government leaning towards Russia. He attacked the ministers on this

occasion with the most cutting expressions, and when the credit was at length granted, he, and one-and-twenty other deputies, protested against it in the most energetic manner. After this campaign Vincke rested on his laurels; he had said enough for the present to Man-teuffel, and he was growing popular again, which annoyed him. When his electors proposed to return him again in 1855, he declined, and busied himself with family affairs.

The regency overthrew the dictatorship of the *Kreuz zeitung*, and the constitutional party again came into power, for the elections of 1858 gave them a working majority. Of course Vincke rushed into the fight at once, and by the end of 1860 he was the king of the Chamber: one hundred and fifty men followed him blindly, and as, in important matters, he could command at least thirty more votes, he had the majority in his own hands. Unfortunately, Vincke was not suited to be a general: first-rate as a skirmisher, he ever retired when the real fighting moment arrived, and was satisfied with having shown his enemy his teeth. At the same time, he is by nature extremely tyrannical, and governed his party with a rod of iron, which soon led to murmuring, and then to desertion. His most manly action was his motion about Italy, in the address of 1861, to the effect that "it was neither to the interest of Prussia nor Germany to oppose the progressive unification of Italy." This motion was carried by a majority of fourteen, after a terrible debate, in which Vincke displayed his brilliant powers, although he contradicted himself by running down Austria, whose warmest defender he had previously been. The result of this victory was extraordinary—more extraordinary, assuredly, than Vincke had anticipated. While people in Austria could scarce contain themselves for fury, and heaped every possible insult upon Vincke, England and Italy warmly thanked him, and brilliant demonstrations in favour of Prussia and the *Cavaliere* Vincke took place in the latter country. Addresses and the honorary citizenship of Italy were sent him—in short, Vincke stood at the dizzy height of honour and power, and was the most popular man in Germany. One deed had procured him this elevation, and it was certainly against his will. He became frightened, and came down again. He was most annoyed at having become popular in Italy, and his thanks for the citizenship almost sounded as an insult to those who procured him the honour. This was the first blow which Vincke dealt himself, as usual, through want of reflection: his popularity began to fade, and people shook their heads in amazement that a man should feel a species of moral indignation at the grand effect of his noble deed.

Added to all this, the fall of Vincke's dictatorship now took place in accordance with natural laws, and the party which had been humiliated to become the toy of his imperious fancies began to break up. Almost at the same moment, when Vincke's power displayed its greatest splendour, a small fraction quitted him, which was destined soon to become a great party. Vincke had no foreboding of this: he ignored the desertion, and did not see that his party was undergoing a change, which would leave him almost isolated. His furious attack on Waldeck and the Democrats robbed him of the rest of his prestige, and the result was that the king of the Chamber resigned his seat at

the close of the session of 1861. During the short session of March, 1862, he occupied himself by a fierce paper war on Hagen's motion; and hence, when he resolved at the elections of May to return to parliamentary duties, he had the greatest difficulty in securing his election, for his own faithful district threw him completely over. At the present moment Von Vincke does not possess the slightest influence in Prussia.

Literature is prominently represented in the Prussian House of Deputies by Henry von Sybel, the distinguished historian. He was born at Düsseldorf, in 1817, and studied at Berlin, where Ranke was beginning to found a new school by his diplomatic and elegant handling of history. This school Sybel joined, and devoted himself exclusively to the study of history. He turned his attention, by his master's advice, to the chivalrous epoch of the Crusades, and in 1841 produced his story of the first crusade, which he completed by further contributions during the next few years. The research he displayed, and the powerful recommendation of the clique to which he belonged, obtained him the appointment of Historical Professor Extraordinary at the University of Bonn. In 1844 he published, with Professor Gildemeister, a pamphlet on the "Holy Coat at Trèves," in which he employed all his powers of historic criticism to explode the miracle. This pamphlet was more effective than his history of the Crusades in making Von Sybel known to the outer world. The result of this attack on Ultramontanism was, that the Elector of Hesse-Cassel invited the Bonn professor to his small university of Marburg. As true despots, who knew what they are about, the Hessian Electors have never been able to endure a rival power; and hence Von Sybel's criticisms on the Holy Coats produced an extraordinary sensation at Cassel. It is true that it was afterwards discovered that a considerable amount of liberalism lurked in the attack, but the discovery was not made until Von Sybel was settled at Marburg. The polemic nature of the politician became developed with him in the professor, and he resolved, during a visit he paid to Paris, to write a history of the French revolution from the philosophic stand-point. Two works, "Burke and the French Revolution," and "Burke and Ireland," which assailed the deadly foe of the revolution, may be regarded as the first results of these studies; but he did not produce his great work on the eventful period from 1789 to 1795, until after the stormy epoch of the German revolution.

In 1848, Von Sybel was returned to the Hessian Chamber of Deputies, and distinguished himself as a zealous and useful speaker on the constitutional side. When the national apathy set in, Von Sybel devoted himself exclusively to historical pursuits, and his history of the French revolution was brought out in separate volumes up to 1853. This work is in many respects valuable, and it had the result of procuring the author a professorship at Munich. Here he was treated with great distinction, until King Maximilian, fancying that he had brought the professor over from his ideas of the Prussian hegemony, requested him to write a history of Bavaria. Sybel, however, was too conscientious to undertake this, and the interest felt in him in Munich gradually cooled. Finally, when, in 1859, he delivered some lectures

in which he displayed some very liberal tendencies as regarded Italy, the Ultramontanists had no difficulty in destroying his prestige. Prussia, however, was grateful enough to grant him his old professorship at Bonn, and he was soon after returned as deputy to the Prussian Chamber, where he joined the left centre, or Bockum Dolf's fraction. During the debate on the military question he voted with Vincke, who approved of the reorganisation on principle, and merely proposed to reduce the expenses by the introduction of two years' service.

Count Schwerin is one of the few representatives of the original Prussian Liberal party. The ideal which the count holds up is a Prussian king in the splendour of his power, governing his country by wise laws, in the passing of which the people takes its share. Count Schwerin Putzar is a descendant of the most illustrious Prussian families. The Schwerins, however, never rivalled the Crown, as many of the nobility have done, and wished to be absolute lords in their castles; they felt themselves the born defenders of their prince, and found their glory in faithful service. Under Frederick the Great the Schwerins attained the acme of their lustre: when Field-Marshal Schwerin, at Prague, dyed with his heart's blood the banner of the monarch for whom he secured the victory. The present Count Maximilian was born in 1804, and during his university years at Berlin lived on terms of intimacy with Schleiermacher, who had a marked influence in the formation of his character. The result of this intimacy was, that the young count eventually married his friend's daughter, Hildegard. Count Schwerin was brought up to the law, which, with the army, is the special field of the Prussian nobility; but he had no ambition to obtain rank and dignity, and after a short turn in the civil service, he retired to manage the paternal estates, and did not appear in public again until 1846, when the king summoned him as a member of the General Synod. In the following year he was returned to the House of Deputies, and became one of the leaders of the constitutional party. A word of explanation may be here necessary: when the King of Prussia, after the Russian campaign, called on his people to rise as one man against the French tyranny, he promised them a constitution, and several other agreeable things. The Holy Alliance frustrated the performance of his promises, and various disturbances which took place in Germany led to the interference of the troops, and the people were more down-trodden than before. When Frederick William IV. came to the throne, he was a very liberal prince for the time, and was resolved to carry out reforms in the system of government, but he had not been long on the throne ere he began to vacillate. Hence it was not till 1847 that he granted a modified constitution, which suited nobody. The moderate Liberals were disappointed, and expressed their disappointment to the king, and an antagonism at once sprang up between them and what is called the Junker party, or the adherents of the right divine.

When the events of March, 1848, arrived, these moderate constitutionalists were frightened at the progress of events, as we have already seen, and Schwerin, who was called on to join the Arnim ministry, retired on June 17, 1848. Returned to the Frankfort parliament, he

joined the extreme right, and was a zealous defender of the interests of Prussia, against Germany. It is probable that he was not grieved by the failure of the German movement, because it was thoroughly democratic. Schwerin was a friend of the people, and an honest defender of its privileges, but it was repugnant to his feelings that the democrats strove to strip majesty of its romantic nimbus and render it a prosaic state institution. When the reaction set in in Prussia, Schwerin was returned as deputy, and was president of the Chamber up to the year 1856, when the Junker party was most furious in its attack on the Liberals. Schwerin was regarded as the head of the Opposition, and at this dark epoch of Prussian history attained great popularity with the nation, owing to his openly-expressed constitutional opinions. When the "new era" began for Prussia with the regency in 1858, Schwerin was called on to join the government as minister of the home department. Unfortunately, he did not respond to the expectations of the nation, for in his aristocratic pride he considered that the ministry ought to be left to take the initiative, and that the nation had no right to ask more than they were inclined to give. In every demand for further concessions he saw ingratitude and a criminal attempt to force the government into extremes. Hence he soon came into collision with the party of progress, and by a strange perversion of ideas allowed himself to be converted into an instrument of the reactionary party. He committed the mistake, in his desperation, of dissolving the House of Deputies in March, 1862, and was thrown away himself, like a squeezed-out lemon, a week after.

A name which will be tolerably familiar to the readers of the Prussian correspondence of the *Times* is that of Bockum Dolffs. He belongs to a noble Westphalian family attached to the evangelical faith, and was born in 1802. After being educated at the universities of Heidelberg and Berlin, he entered the civil service in 1826, and was returned as member to the first united House of Deputies of 1847. Here he showed himself a decided Liberal, and was one of the one hundred and thirty-eight protesters. During the year of revolution he resided on his estate, and laboured most energetically to repress excesses of every nature, but took no part in the political movements until 1849, when the Prussian parliamentary system seemed to be restored on a legal basis. As he still displayed Liberal tendencies, the party in power punished him by placing him on the retired list. He still remained a member of the House, however, and was a prominent leader of the Opposition against Manteuffel. When the Liberal government came in, Count Schwerin placed him on the active list again, as chief councillor of government for Coblenz; but this did not at all interfere with his political independence. On the contrary, he became the head of the Liberal party, and was the first to arouse it from its lethargy. Though disposed to support the government as a rule, he considered it his duty to urge it on, and thus he fatally paved the way for the overthrow of the constitutional party. In the first session of 1862, Bockum Dolffs made his appearance as leader of a formidable fraction, generally known in the official language as the "left centre." Bockum Dolffs received a proof of his power in his election as vice-president of the Chamber, and in the military debate he went over

with his adherents decidedly to the party of progress. This serious question had been dragging on through two years, and must come to a definitive settlement in 1862. While the democrats absolutely refused the credit of nine million thalers asked for by government for the reorganisation of the army, because they saw in it the development of an exclusively military state in opposition to the constitutional state, on the other hand, Bockum Dolffs, and a portion of the party of progress, while agreeing in principle with the Radicals, were disinclined to go so far as to imperil the whole question of military reorganisation. They proposed a compromise, that, in order to reduce the expenses, two years' service should be established, and the Landwehr kept up on the old footing. In the course of the debate, however, the Bockum party entirely agreed with the Progressistas, and refused the expenses of the reorganisation for 1862, in order to force the government into bringing in a bill on the subject first.

The House of Deputies, which assembled in March, 1862, only sat for seven weeks, and, with the exception of the eventful discussion of Hagen's motion, there was but one important debate. This related to the Hessian question, and should have served as a warning to the government to restore the constitution energetically in Hessen. Apart from the importance of the matter, the debates furnished an accurate idea of the character and strength of the various parties in the House, and showed how far the two great Liberal parties, the Progressistas and Grabows, were disposed to harmonise. The public, hence, took a deep interest in the debate, and the galleries were thronged with spectators.

Herr von Carlowitz opened the debate: he was an ex-Saxon minister, and, for the last ten years, had been an authority in the Prussian Chamber in all questions of foreign policy. He defended the intervention in Hessen with much wit and satirical humour, and closed his speech with the following words: "After making ten futile efforts to settle this matter, I think it high time for the minister of foreign affairs to hand over his portfolio to the minister of war, with the words, 'I have done my duty, now do yours.'" This energetic appeal, as well as his avowed sympathy for Italy, suddenly rendered Von Carlowitz extremely popular: the National Verein, the citizens of Leipzig, and the Italian patriots, sent him congratulatory addresses, and his constituents at Görlitz gave him a splendid banquet.

Albert von Carlowitz, who belongs to one of the oldest families of Germany, descending in a right line from Charles of Anjou, King of Naples, who executed the last of the Hohenstaufen, was born in 1802. After his education was completed, he entered the civil service of Saxony. Owing to his wealth and influence he became a prominent member of the estates, and was chosen as minister by the grand-duke. He, like Von Vincke, was a thorough-bred aristocrat, but had the advantage of being more thoughtful in his conduct. In 1848, feeling that a united Germany could only be produced through the influence of Prussia, he sought the means to work unimpeded for this great object. He bought several estates in Silesia, and thus obtained the right of citizenship. When returned to the Prussian House of Deputies, he allowed no opportunity to pass for energetically defending the cause



of Germany. Whenever the debate turned upon Hesse-Cassel or Schleswig-Holstein, his voice was certain to be heard defending their cause. Hence, it is not surprising that he should have always been in opposition to government, which never did sufficient for him as regards the unification of Germany. In January, 1862, he joined the Bockum Dolf fraction, and greatly heightened its influence.

During the last three years, General Stavenhagen has held a prominent position among the members of the Liberal party, both through his adherence to the German question, and his behaviour in the matter of military reform. Stavenhagen was born in Pomerania in 1796, and in 1818 joined the Volunteer Chasseurs, with whom he served through all their campaigns. When the war was ended, he entered the regular army, and retired on the half-pay of a lieutenant-general in 1849. He was returned as member of the imperial parliament at Frankfort, and belonged to that party which considered that the best solution was the exclusion of Austria, and the formation of a Germany with Prussia at its head. After the dissolution of the Frankfort parliament, Stavenhagen went to reside at Gotha, where he remained for ten years, carefully watching the development of the German question, and the political events in his own country, Prussia. He was an honest, upright soldier; but while he had fought bravely for his country, he never once forgot his rights as a citizen. He still remembered how, in 1818, Frederick William III. promised to his own and to the German nation, in the Kalisch appeal, a representative constitution, and a free, united German fatherland, as a reward for the sacrifices the people were called on to make in driving back the foreign conqueror. This promise, voluntarily made by the king, assuredly effected much in producing the enthusiasm of those days, and rendered the combatants against Napoleon conscious fighters also for liberty and a new Germany. Hence Stavenhagen greeted with joy the Prussian constitution of 1847, which, at any rate, seemed a beginning; but he was soon undeceived. It was a cruel blow to him when Prussia, instead of placing herself at the head of Germany, became once again the vassal of Austria, at Olmütz; but for all that, the old soldier did not despair of seeing happier days in store for his country.

Stavenhagen was summoned from his Gotha retreat in 1859 by being returned as member for Brandenburg. As a soldier, he was of very great use to the Liberal party in the question of the reorganisation of the army. He tried to act as mediator between the new Conservative government and the advanced Liberals, and proposed an amendment, in which, while recognising the right of the executive to make any regulations for the army which it thought proper, he suggested reductions by which the increased expenditure could be covered. Stavenhagen naturally fell between the two stools: the Opposition would not listen to his proposition, and though Herr von Boon offered to accept this compromise at the last moment, Stavenhagen's amendment was rejected by a majority of sixty-eight. The truth was, that the Opposition felt itself strong enough to meet the new unpopular ministry on its own ground; and fight it upon a point in which it was sure that the entire sympathy of the nation would go with it.

Since the beginning of parliamentary government in Prussia, a party has occupied the central seats of the House which is the most united of all. It is composed of thirty to forty members, who are all Catholics; and several of them belong to the Church. This fraction, generally known as the *Reichensperger*, from the name of its two leaders, has always been an important factor of the parliament, and has carried many an important question by its vote. This party, which bears a considerable resemblance with our Irish brigade, purposely selected the centre of the House, so as to vote, according to circumstances, either with the right or left. This group is always inclined to join the Liberal Opposition, so long as this serves its egotistic interests. The welfare and power of the Catholic Church in Prussia and of Ultramontane tendencies is the highest object of this fraction. Whatever opposes this object—for instance, a Protestant German emperor, or a union of the principal Protestant German states, or a policy aimed against Austria, like the French treaty of commerce, or the recognition of the kingdom of Italy—all this is opposed with indefatigable energy. In home politics the same principles naturally decide the conduct of these men, and it is not at all surprising to see them working hand in hand with the reaction, and employing the most odious sophistry to undermine the Liberal progress of the nation.

We must allow that such a party behaves with extreme cleverness to retain its influence in a thoroughly Protestant country like Prussia. It is drilled admirably to gain unexpected victories, and if it were allowable to compare the leader of a fraction with a commander-in-chief of an army, the brothers *Reichensperger*, the chiefs of the Catholic party in the Prussian House of Deputies, have gained such a character. *Augustus* and *Peter* are one heart and one soul, and while the former possesses the greater talent for organisation, the latter has a wondrous command of oratory, and is indefatigable in his guerilla attacks.

*Augustus Reichensperger* was born in 1808, at Coblenz, where his father was general secretary of the, at that time, French department of the Rhine and Moselle. When his education was completed, he entered the state service, but his Ultramontane tendencies, which he did not hesitate to express, rendered him disagreeable to *Frederick William III.*, as was seen in his extremely slow promotion. At that time the Rhenish provinces were suspected of being very Gallican in their views, and a work published by *Augustus Reichensperger*, in which he defended the legal institutions of the Rhenish provinces with very Catholic and Gallican zeal, only appeared to confirm the suspicion. *Frederick William IV.* was in religious matters of a very different calibre from his father. He had a certain inclination for Catholicism as an inexhaustible source of romance. Hence, when he ascended the throne, he granted it concessions such as purely Catholic states scarce enjoyed. By this he cleverly tried to remove the antipathy existing in the Rhenish provinces against Prussia, and his first step was to promote all the influential persons belonging to that country. Hence *Augustus Reichensperger* was appointed a judge of the Court of Appeal.

*Augustus Reichensperger* founded the political Ultramontane party at a time when the revolution was defeated and the reaction was

attempting to make a national history without the people. The two Reichenspergers had played a passive part in the Prussian National Assembly, for it contained no elements for the formation of a purely Catholic party; tendencies of that nature were buried beneath the passions of 1848. In 1850, however, things were different: passion had cooled down, and speculation and cold calculation taken its place. Probably the opposition offered by the Catholics in the parliament of Erfurt to the establishment of a Protestant union under Prussia, and their sympathy for Austria, led to the formation of the party, and the two Reichenspergers cleverly employed the basis offered them. Augustus has been engaged during the last twenty years in writing books and pamphlets in defence of his cause, and they certainly display very marked ability.

Peter Reichensperger is the true representative of the political condottiere: he possesses pre-eminent qualities as an orator; he has something of the demoniac fury of a French Jacobin in him, and when this temper is excited, words pour from him like a torrent, and he can produce a tremendous, although momentary, effect. He is the real leader of the Catholic party; all about him is certain, and marked by a parliamentary smoothness; a shrug of the shoulders, a shake of the head, or a lively expression of his features, is sufficient to make his party change their course of action. Peter Reichensperger's amendment of July 19, 1862, with reference to the recognition of Italy by the Prussian government, will furnish a thorough idea of the policy of this fraction. The arguments the brothers employed have, we fancy, been also heard in our Commons; they defended the Neapolitan Bourbons vigorously, and Augustus went so far as to declare that the Italian government had during one week assassinated more persons in Naples than had fallen during the whole period of the Bourbon rule. Not one deputy, however, shared their opinions; and they were crushed by the weight of the defenders of new Italy, and the charges brought against the old state of things in Naples. No one attacked them more zealously than Waldeck, himself an earnest Catholic: he declared in a magnificent speech that the Catholic religion must not take any interest in the old despotism of Italy, and that a true Catholic conscience could not be painfully affected if a nation possessing so brilliant a past as the Italian gained a new future, or if the temporal power of the Pope were torn from him, because he had rendered himself odious to his own subjects.

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# NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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## THE HIMADU, OR SNOWY MOUNTAINS.

### THE WATERSHED BETWEEN THE NILE AND THE INDIAN OCEAN.

THERE is no geographical speculation of modern times that has tended so much to retard our knowledge with regard to the watershed between the Nile and the Indian Ocean, as the theory which makes the river Gojub or Jub a tributary to the former river. This theory suppresses the long ridge of elevated country which courses through Inarya and Kaffa, to culminate on the heights of the Himadu, or Snowy Mountains, and which is prolonged by the more detached mountain masses of the Obal and Kenia to Kilimandjaro—the African Olympus—and carries the whole system of the East African mountains from the last-mentioned groups to the north-eastwards, or to the littoral of Africa.

Dr. Charles T. Beke and Mr. Kloden have been the chief advocates, the one in England and the other in Germany, of hypotheses which make the tributaries of the Jub flow into the Sobat and White Nile; thus suppressing a large and important portion of the anti-clinal axis of the East African chain, and of the watershed between the Nile and the Indian Ocean, and carrying it to the east of the tributaries to the Jub, instead of, as it really exists, to the westward of them.

Dr. Beke, in one of his recently published works, "The Sources of the Nile," p. 126, says, "As early as the beginning of the year 1841, I sent home from Shoa certain information, collected there by Dr. Krapf and myself, respecting the river Godjeb (as he writes it), which we both believed to flow southward, and to discharge its waters into the Indian Ocean. Several months later, Major Harris arrived in Shoa, where he at once adopted our views respecting the Godjeb; and though, in the course of the following year, on my further journey alone into Godjam, I obtained other and fuller information, which satisfied me that my former opinion was erroneous, and though I sent this amended information to England through Major Harris himself before his departure from Shoa, he, in conjunction with Mr. James Macqueen, continued to advocate the identity of the Godjeb—or Goschop, or Gochob, as they called it after Dr. Krapf's defective pronunciation—with the Juba river of the coast. And this they did so positively and so unqualifiedly, as to induce Humboldt, Ritter, Zimmermann, Keith Johnstone, and other geographers, to adopt their opinion.

"Though it was no easy task to contend almost single-handedly with such a host of 'authorities,' still I did so, and this so successfully, that,

*Feb.*—VOL. CXXVII. NO. DVI.

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after the publication in 1847 of my paper 'On the Nile and its Tributaries,' in which it is demonstrated that the 'Godjeb' can only be one of the head-streams of the 'Sobat,' there are few persons competent to form a judgment on the subject who did not concur in that opinion."

M. Antoine d'Abbadie, like Dr. Beke, also first adopted the opinion of Father Léon des Avanchers, resident missionary in Inarya, that the "Gojub," as he writes it, was the upper course of the Jub, and that it emptied itself into the Indian Ocean, but he relinquished it, he says, because all testimonies were opposed to it. (Bull. de la Soc. de Geog., tom. ii. v<sup>ème</sup> série, p. 53.)

It would result, however, from information obtained more recently from the missionaries resident in the country, more especially Bishop Fr. G. Massaja and the Rev. Father Léon des Avanchers, that there exist no grounds whatsoever for this extraordinary system of a second great hydrographical spiral superimposed upon that of the Abai, and superseding the old and simple data obtained by Fernandez and Bruce.

The Catholic missionaries residing in Kaffa and Inarya have had their attention called to the flow of the waters from those countries, not so much in the interests of geography as in the still more important interests of commerce and civilisation. For if the hypothesis held good that they flowed into the Nile, a possibility presented itself of opening relations with Egypt by their means, whereas all such possibilities were excluded if they flowed into the Indian Ocean.

Hence Bishop G. Massaja, in a communication from Kaffa, published in the Bulletin of the French Geographical Society (tom. ii. v<sup>ème</sup> série, pp. 55 *et seq.*), tells us that the south tributary or arm of the Sobat is the Baro of the Gallas, having its sources in a lake situate three or four days' journey south of Kaffa, and that it was navigable up to the junction of the Berber, or north tributary, where was an island inhabited by the Gallas. The mountains to the east were the Filawi, inhabited by the Sidama, a Christian Ethiopic race; those to the south were called the Musha, inhabited by the same people; while below the junction of the two rivers were the Suwro and the Shan-Gallas, the Alga-Gallas being above. The mountains of Gobo were to the west.

The Rev. Father Léon des Avanchers has also addressed communications to the French Geographical Society in the same sense of opening the Sobat, which he considers to be the true White Nile, and to have its sources in the Baro, the discovery of the lake at the head of which is also claimed by the said Father Léon des Avanchers.

A recent traveller upon the Blue Nile, M. Trémaux, who has published an account of his explorations in the third volume of the fifth series of the Bulletin of the Geographical Society, accompanied by a map of the regions in question, has embraced a new view of the subject.

Standing, he says, on the mountains of Bertha or Barta (a region which with those of Dinka and Fungi, or Sennâr, comprise the whole space between the White and Blue Niles, immediately south of Khartum, commonly known as Al Jezireh, or the Nilotic Mesopotamia, and which Mr. Kloden erroneously identifies with the island of Meroe), he had before his eyes, in the ninth parallel, and about 32 deg. 30 min. east of Paris, a great valley, coming from the south, and which is hemmed in to the east by the heights of Wallaga, and to the west by the chain of the

Hamatsha, and this valley contained an important river, which is called the Yabūs, Dabūs, Baro, Bako, and Pako.

Dr. Beke has the Yabūs, which he also appears to consider as the Blue Nile, marked on his map, and he makes its easterly tributary to be the Dedhessa, whereas we have the united testimonies of Bishop Massaja and Father Léon des Avanchers to the effect that the river that flows in front of Bonjah, the capital of Kaffa, and the residence of the missionaries, is the Baro of the Gallas. M. Trémaux makes the Dedhessa a tributary to the Abai, coming from Saka, the capital of Inarya.

The chain of the Hamatsha, here first noticed by M. Trémaux, and the existence of which as separating the basin of the White Nile from that of the Blue Nile has been hitherto ignored, is of high geographical interest, as marking out the line of prolongation of the anti-clinal axis of the East African Alps, and with the elevated regions of Inarya and Kaffa and the Himadu, separating the waters of both Niles from those flowing into the Indian Ocean.

In the system of Dr. Beke, the Gaba (or Djibba?), the Baro, the Godjeb or Gojub or Uma, and the Bako, all unite to flow into the Sobat, and by it into the White Nile, by means of a vast spiral, which embraces Inarya and Kaffa from east by south to west.

In the system of the German geographer Kloden, the Gibe or Jub, the Gojab or Gojub, the Omo or Uma, the Bago or Bako, and the Baro, all unite in one bed, which, after flowing on to the plain of the White Nile, divides into two channels, one of which constitutes the Sobat, and the other the Yabūs. But apart from the barrier opposed to such a system by the chain of mountains which divides the basin of the Blue from that of the White Nile, it has been justly remarked that it is inconsistent with the comparative elevations of the regions in question, the plain of the White Nile being at the point of junction of the Sobat only six hundred yards above the level of the sea, while the Yabūs, above the cataracts of Fah-Zoglo, is upwards of eight hundred and fifty yards above the same level. Hence, according to this system, the united rivers of Kaffa and Inarya would have, after flowing into the plain of the White Nile, to attain a higher level to flow into the channel of the Yabūs.

That admirable geographer, Professor Ritter, correctly described the Abyssinian plateau as consisting of a succession of terraces rising one above the other, the lowest being towards the Red Sea, and the highest in Inarya, where he justly placed the line of separation between the waters flowing to the Nile and those of the rivers having their course to the Indian Ocean; but Dr. Beke, carried away by his system of a grand spiral which conveyed all the tributaries of the Jub and the rivers of Inarya and Kaffa to the White Nile, condemned Ritter's system as fallacious, and declared that, so far from the high country rising in terraces as it recedes from the coast, its summit line is towards the coast itself, and from thence the land falls gradually towards the interior. There is no doubt that we have in Shoa or Shwa mountains to the north as well as to the south of the Hawash itself, at an elevation of 2200 feet above the level of the sea between the two, but these are eastern offsets of the central chain, and which, stretching from Godjam, Inarya, and Kaffa, determine the line of watershed to the Indian Ocean, the Nile, and the Hawash.

There can, indeed, be no longer any doubt entertained as to the rivers from the eastern flanks of the heights of Inarya and Kaffa, and from the Himadu or southerly prolongation of the east African watershed, flowing (with the exception of the Hawash) to the Indian Ocean.

According to the most recent notices received from Bishop Massaja and Father Léon des Avanchers, and published in the third volume of the fifth series of the Bulletin of the French Geographical Society, the former describes the river Gojub as surrounding Kaffa and Kullo, and then turning round to the south after attaining Gobo, and flowing, into the Indian Ocean. This peculiarity of curving round towards Gobo, and which is not noticed in M. Trémaux's map, to a certain extent explains how Dr. Beke and others have been led to suppose that the Gojub was a tributary of the Baro or the Sobat, an error to which the occurrence of a Djibba, Jibba, or Jubbah branch of the Sobat lent further support; just as the existence of a Bonjak branch may lead us astray in supposing it to be the same as the Baro or the river of Bonjah, whilst that river may be another tributary to the Sobat. The rivers of "Djibba" and "Bondjak," as described and written by Debono, the explorer of the Sobat, appear to derive their names from the negro tribes dwelling on their banks. The heights of Kullo, the reverend missionary goes on to say, are prolonged to the south, having on the west the sources of the White Nile, which arise from a lake like the Tsana, and on the east the course of the Gojub, up which the boats of the Arabs ascend to within a short distance.

The Rev. Father Léon des Avanchers, writing to M. d'Abbadie, says, "You think that the Gojub is identical with the White River or Sobat. You have obtained this information in Limmu Inarya, where I have heard the same thing. The Gojub is identical with the river Jub, which empties itself into the Indian Ocean below the equator, and receives below Kambat or Kambata, the Gib (or Jub) of Lag'amara. The bed of the White River is separated from that of the Gojub by a *chain of mountains a degree in width*. All the waters from Kaffa south of Bonjah flow into the Baro or Sobat; the waters north of Bonjah flow into the Gojub. The Baro has its source in a lake four days' journey south of Bonjah. This lake is visible from the tops of the mountains to the south, inhabited by the Suwro negroes. This lake must be the Lake el Bôô, that I heard spoken of at Zanzibar. It is called here Bario, and must be the Nili Palus Orientalis of Ptolemy."

The difficulty that remains to be got over concerns the course of the Baro and the Bako, which the missionaries appear to be unanimous in declaring (no doubt from hearsay) to flow into the Sobat, and we feel every reason for placing confidence in the information thus obtained on the spot.

The evidence accumulated in favour of that other view of the case, which makes the Baro and Bako tributaries to the Yabûs and the Blue Nile, is, however, by no means trifling. Thus Sheikh Arbab, a prince of Sennâr, described the Blue Nile as having its sources amidst rocks in a deep ravine of the chain of the Hamatsha, and which at that point was known to the Arabs by the not uncommon name of Jebel el Nur, or "mountain of light."

The Blue Nile here alluded to M. Trémaux considers to be not the

Abai, with its well-known spiral course from Lake Tsana, but the Yabū, the great tributary to the Blue Nile, which flows into that river above Fah-Zoglo, and receives, according to the same authority, the Baro in its upper course, and which is hence considered by many as the true Blue Nile.

M. d'Abbadie, while he admits the obstacle which the Hamatscha chain must present to the Baro flowing into the Sobat, only throws that river farther to the southward, so as to still keep it within the basin of the White Nile. Yet the same traveller quotes the authority of one Dibar, whom he designates as the wise man of Gudru, for the fact that the Baro joins the Bako before flowing into the Abai or Blue Nile; and hence it is, he says, that the Yabū or Dabū of the Gallas is distinct from the Baro. (Bulletin of 1850, tom. xiii. p. 299.) M. d'Abbadie also says elsewhere (Bulletin of 1845, t. iii. p. 61) that the Baro receives the Bako, the Berber, the Bor, and other rivers, and flows to the north.

Bishop Massaja also describes the left arm, or tributary of the same river, as different from the Baro of Kaffa, which has a slow current, and as flowing from the equator, and as being known as the Baro of the Gallas. This Baro of the Gallas would appear to correspond to the Bako of others, the island at the junction of the Baro and the Bako being inhabited by Gallas, whereas on the Sobat we have nothing but negro races.

MM. d'Abbadie and Trémaux are not the only travellers who have identified the Yabū with the Bako and the Baro.

M. Vaudey (in the Bulletin of 1852, tom. ix. p. 530) describes the Bako as flowing into the Blue River between Fah-Dassi and Fah-Zoglo, which is precisely the point of confluence of the Yabū below the supposed confluence of the Baro and Bako.

M. d'Abbadie also describes the Baro as having its origin in Mount Wallaga, and as having a considerable mass of water, which flows west of Wallaga. Now Mount Wallaga, or Wallegga, as Dr. Beke has it, is correctly depicted in the latter traveller's map which accompanies his work on "The Sources of the Nile" as a mountain group which divides the valley of the Dedhesa from that of the Yabū, only, having confounded the Dedhesa with the Baro of Kaffa, Wallaga falls in the same map to the south-west of Limmu Inarya instead of to the north.

A powerful argument is further derived by M. Trémaux for the identity of the Yabū and the Baro and Bako, from the mass of water poured into the Blue River, and which, he says, almost equals that of the Abai (indeed, we have seen that it is by many considered to be the true Blue River); whilst it would appear, from M. Debono's experiences, that some of the tributaries to the Sobat are almost dried up at certain seasons. Father Angelo is also said to have forded the Sobat at a certain season of the year, two days and a half from Beleniya. A further argument is derived from the circumstance that the united Baro and Bako, or the Baro of the Gallas and the Baro of Kaffa, must, to flow into the Sobat, pass through the anti-clinal axis of the East African Alps; but this is no more than is done by the Black Nile and the Blue Nile.

A remarkable corroboration of the statements of the missionaries residing at Bonjah is also obtained from an examination of the valuable



and detailed map of the Upper Nile, published by Messrs. Ambroise and Jules Poncet, in the Bulletin of the Geographical Society of Paris for 1860. In this map we have a tributary to the Sobat, flowing to it north of Mount Kuma, actually designated as the river of Bonjak or Bonjah, with a site called Ghilo upon it.

This corroborative testimony is all the more valuable as it is totally independent of the statements transmitted to us by Bishop Massaja and Father Léon des Avanchers.

M. Lejean, another well-known traveller on the Nile, has also communicated a brief account of a journey made up the Sobat in the winter of 1864 by M. Andrea Debono, a Maltese merchant established at Khartum, to the "*Tour du Monde*," liv. xlviii., and in which that explorer describes the first tributary to the Sobat as coming from the left, and as being called the Nuol Dei; the next branch, also coming from the north-west, was the Djibba or Gaba; the third, the Nikana. And beyond this were two considerable tributaries flowing: the one from the country of the "Djibbas," the other from that of the "Bondjaks." M. Debono selected the Bondjak for his ascent, although the navigation was impeded by fishing-dams; and he reached, he says, the last villages of the Bondjaks, beyond which the low water at that season of the year prevented farther progress, and beyond which, indeed, according to the natives, there were no further villages (of negroes, probably, understood). Mr. Petherick ("*Egypt*," &c., p. 359) describes the Sobat as dividing into three branches: the principal one, still navigable, coming from the north-east, being supposed to have its source in the country of the Gallas; the other two branches, the one flowing from the east and the other from the south-east, are only navigable during the inundations, and supposed to have their origin amongst the Berry.

As M. Debono says that at the point where he left the Sobat to ascend the Bondjak the river divided into two branches, we must suppose that the two tributaries were of nearly equal size. He makes no mention of the other branch being called Shol-Berry. M. d'Arnaud first described this latter river as flowing from the Berry country into the White Nile thirty leagues beyond the farthest point reached by the second Nile expedition, and he called it Choa-Berry. M. Brun-Rollet is subsequently said to have ascertained that the upper course of the Sobat, coming from the country of the negro tribes of Berry, is called Shol or Schol of Berry. The Gojub was supposed to be a tributary to this river—the Djibba or Jibba being probably meant; but it still appears uncertain, from the data procured by M. Debono as compared with the information obtained by M. d'Arnaud, if the Shol of Berry is not a separate tributary to the White Nile; possibly the river from Krapf's Bahr Inju. The Tubiri or Tu Berry, or Upper White Nile, is sometimes designated (as in Beke's map) Churifiry, which seems to be another orthography for Choa-Berry or Shol-Berry.

This combined testimony as to the supposed most remote source of the Nile coming from the land of the Berry, as evidenced in the name of Tubiri or Tu Berry of Werne, Churifiry of others, Choa-Berry of D'Arnaud, Schol or Shol-Berry of Brun-Rollet, and Shol of Berry of Beke, would seem to throw considerable doubts as to this tributary of the

Upper White Nile being derived from Lake Victoria Nyanza, if any connexion between the two exists at all—a point which Captains Speke and Grant's expedition is in progress, it is to be hoped, of determining. The statement made by Fernandez de Enciso, in the sixteenth century, that the Nile has its sources not in Mount Olympus of Ethiopia (Kilimandjaro) but in the "Mountains of the Moon" or Himadu, and in the Barinju or country of the Berry, may then yet prove to be correct. We say nothing here of the more westerly sources of the Nile, as they would require a distinct and lengthened discussion.

Bruce, writing by mistake of the mountain chain of Dihre and Tagale, which are in Kurdufan, as the same as the East African Alps, describes that chain as terminating on the Nile, near to the mountain Fah-Zoglu, but as extending in the opposite direction far away into the continent of Africa.

The fact is, however, that the chain in question does not, strictly speaking, terminate at the Blue Nile, which forces its way through it, but is continued by the mountain of Fah-Zoglu on one side, and by the Kuwara on the other, to the central Abyssinian groups of Godjam, Amhara, and Tigray. Nor, on the other hand, does it terminate, as M. Trémaux describes it, upon the White Nile, but it is prolonged by the Himadu to the snow-clad and volcanic peaks of mountains Obala and Kenia, and thence to Kilimandjaro. It constitutes, indeed, the spine of the Eastern African chain, known in the time of the Alexandrian geographer, Ptolemy, as the Mountains of the Moon, and in modern times as the East African Ghauts, East African Alps, and by other names.

Dr. Beke has already advocated, in various communications made to the British Association, &c., the prolongation of the Abyssinian mountains to the East African chain, which, he argues, was called Mountains of the Moon, from *moesi*, the moon, not precisely as a continuous range, but as a succession of groups that are more or less so; but his system appears to err, inasmuch as by his making the Juba, which flow into the Indian Ocean, tributaries to the White Nile, he obliterates the chain of the Himadu and Hamatsha, and makes the anti-clinal axis between the ocean and the basin of the Nile extend from N.N.E. to S.S.W., between the 40th and 35th meridians, while the mountain chain of Hamatsha is west of the 35th parallel. And we have seen that the missionaries residing in Inarya describe a mountain chain of one degree of longitude in width as stretching between the tributaries of the Jub or Juba and of those of the Sobat.

The Himadu or Imadou, as the French write it, appear to have been first noticed by M. Brun-Rollet. That traveller says, "To the east of the Berry are the mountains of the country of Imadou. These mountains are very lofty, and constitute part of the chain which separates the Gallas from the negro races." (Bulletin, tom. ix. p. 410.) The same traveller adds, that these mountains give birth to the principal sources of the Sobat. M. Trémaux also remarks (Bulletin, tom. iii. p. 85) that the point at which the Hamatsha chain attaches itself to that of Inarya and of Kaffa must be close to the Gobo or mounts "Imadou," which must give origin to the Sobat, or, at all events, to some of its tributaries upon their western slopes. The same traveller further remarks, at p. 149 of the

same volume of the Bulletin, that, "in speaking of the junction of the different chains of mountains of Hamatscha and Inarya, and which appears to take place not far from the Gobo or Imadou mountains, we are led to prolong this chain to the south."

Sulaiman-Abu-Sayyid, who acted as pilot to Father Knobloch in his ascent of the White Nile, also mentioned to that traveller that to the east of the Berry the land was occupied by mountains, which were prolonged to High Ethiopia. Mountains clad with snow were actually seen from the south-east in the same direction by Captain Short in 1849, and the point is remotely indicated in the map attached to Krapf's "Travels and Missionary Labours in East Africa."

These indications, confirmed by others, fully attest the prolongation of the mountain groups of the Inarya and Kaffa by the Kullo and Gobo (the latter term being used rather generally than specifically, in the same sense as the Gobi of Asia, as a rocky, desolate wilderness) to the Himadu, and by the Himadu to the more southerly groups of Matiru, Obal, and Kenia. Yet, as M. Trémaux remarks, although M. Brun-Rollet obtained his data, as consigned in the Bulletin (t. iv. p. 410), with Don Angelo, at Gondokoro, he, on his return, carried away by the prevailing theories of the day (which suppressed all central chains, and placed the valley of the Gojub or Uma in their place), removed the mountains of Himadu on his map far away to the north-west of the place he had indicated for them. Dr. Beke has placed the same mountains between the Gojub and the upper source of the Sobat, but still to the westward of his "Mountains of the Moon," which he prolongs from Mount Kenia to the Hawash, east of Lake Tsana. Had the meaning of the word Hima-du come across the learned geographer's mind, it would probably have struck him at once that this must be the long-sought-for "snowy range" of Eastern Africa, and the one which connects the mountains of Abyssinia with those of U-Nyamusi, or of "the moon."

The name, in fact, of the most central, continuous, and probably loftiest portion of the East African Alps—Himadu—corresponds in its first two syllables with that of another great Oriental chain—the Himalah, or Himalaya. The latter name is said by Wilson, in his Sanscrit Dictionary, to be compounded of Hima, "snow," and alaya, "abode." The resemblance of the first part of the compound to the name of the Hæmus (Balkan), to the Greek *χιμα*, and the Latin *hiema*, has been admitted. Hence the Greek and Roman geographers were acquainted with the Hima-laya under the general name of Imaus, or Emodus. It was known to Pliny that the word "Imaus" signified in the language of the natives "snow" (vi. c. 17). We have then here an interesting repetition of the same expression, and which may either have an Oriental origin or be a corruption of a later name, Emodus. In either case it would be expressive of the same thing—a place of snow, or "a snowy range," as Claudius Ptolemy told us was the case with his "Mountains of the Moon." The Alexandrian geographer wrote, it is well known, in the first century concerning the *τῆς Σελήνης ὄρος*. A Portuguese geographer, Fernandez de Enciso, placed these mountains correctly in the sixteenth century. In his "Suma de Geographia" (1530), fol. 54, as quoted by Mr. Cooley in his "Inner Africa Laid Open," p. 127, and by Dr. Beke

in his tractate "On the Mountains Forming the Eastern Side of the Basin of the Nile," p. 7, is the following remarkable passage: "West of this port (Mombas) stands the Mount Olympus of Ethiopia (Kilimandjaro), which is exceedingly high, and beyond it are the Mountains of the Moon, in which are the sources of the Nile." A prolonged discussion has been sustained in modern times between Dr. Beke and Mr. Cooley as to whether or not the term Mountains of the Moon was derived from the territory of U-Nyamuezi or Monomoesi, or not. Dr. Beke argues that muezi means "moon," and he is supported in this view of the subject by the recent travellers, Captains Burton and Speke, while Mr. Cooley persists in reading Monomoesi as "Town Land Lords."

However, then, it may turn out with respect to M. Trémaux's theory that the Baro and the Bako are tributaries to the Yabūs and the Blue Nile, or with regard to the statements obtained by the missionaries that they are tributaries to the Sobat or White Nile, it remains now not the less certain, as a fact established by a mass of concurrent testimonies, that the Gojub and Gib (or Jub) of Lag'amara, flow into the Jub or Juba of the coast, which river is navigated by Arab boats to within a short distance of Kaffa, and that Kaffa is embraced to the north by tributaries to the Gojub flowing to the Indian Ocean, and again to the south as far as Gobo in the west, whence the said river takes a southerly course to the Indian Ocean. Further, that the heights of Kullo being prolonged to the south, give birth, at a distance of four days' journey, or some forty miles in a mountainous country, to the river Baro, from a lake, and which, according to the missionaries, is a tributary to the Sobat, and, according to M. Trémaux, of the Yabūs or Blue Nile.

Whichever may then, we say, turn out to be correct, the line of the watershed and the anti-clinal axis of the East African range of table-lands, hills, and mountains, remains not the less distinctly marked out.

We have first the elevated regions of Abyssinia between the Black and the Blue Niles. We have the hilly district of Damot, round which the Abai flows, through the range, and between the elevated country of the Damot and that of the Wallaga or Limmu Inarya, and separated by the offset of the Shoa mountains from the hollow of the Hawash.

The same elevated region is prolonged by the Kuwara to the Hamatsha, between which the Blue Nile has its course, being joined by the Yabūs, as it had its course before between the Damot hills and those of Limmu Inarya, where it was joined by the Dedhesa.

The Hamatsha hills are prolonged by the Kuma to the Himadu; and the Kullo heights of Kaffa and the so-called Gobo are likewise prolonged by the heights above Lake Baro to the same central range or group—the Himadu.

The Gojub is thus determined to flow from the north to the south of Kaffa, and thence to the Indian Ocean, while the Baro has its sources on a lake of the Himadu; and it only remains to determine positively if the said Baro is a tributary to the Sobat to the west, and that it thus traverses the Hamatsha chain, or whether it is a tributary to the Yabūs, and keeps to the east of the same range.

The probabilities seem to be in favour of the Yabūs being an isolated hydrographical basin between the Hamatsha and Inarya, while the Baro

and Bako, having their sources in the Himadu mountains south of Gobo and Kullo, flow, as the missionaries determine, into the Sobat.

It is not a little curious in connexion with the continuity thus established of the Eastern African heights from Abyssinia southwards, that the word Fah, which signifies "mountain" in the language of the negroes of Hamatsha, is met with nearly all along its prolongation. Thus we have Fah-Zoglo (the great Egyptian emporium on the Blue Nile), Fah-Dongo, and Fah-Ronia, in the Hamatsha; Fah-Bagu, in Damot; Fah-Dassi, in Limmu Inarya; Fah-Rishu, in Himadu; and Fah-Dklu and Fah-Dongo, between the Himadu and Kenia. The Berry and Bari Highlanders are also said to have many analogies of language and dress with the negroes of Hamatsha.

This central chain, which thus divides the tributaries to the White Nile from those of the Blue Nile, and, in its eastern prolongation, those of the Nile and Hawash from the rivers flowing into the Indian Ocean, appears further, from all reports, to be well peopled throughout the greater part of its extent. Several nations hold its northern fastnesses sufficiently powerful to have effectually resisted the encroachments of the Turco-Egyptians. A great deal of gold and many slaves are also said to be obtained from the same regions. The gold is brought down by the torrents during the rainy season, and is picked up afterwards. As the direction of the anti-clinal axis of the East African mountains is more or less parallel to that of the East Australian, Californian, and Uralian chains, it has been already suggested that it may be auriferous throughout the whole length of its course from the Mediterranean to the Cape of Good Hope, even when interrupted in its sierra-like continuity by extensive and lofty uplands or table-lands. Bruce considered in his time the mountains of Damot and Kuwara as the prolongation of the same chain; and he placed on each side of it, near Fah-Zoglo, the Nuba to the north-west, and the Gallas to the south-east. Strange it is how widely geographers have been led astray from this simple and original description of the true state of things by the extraordinary theory of a second great spiral tacked on to that of the Abai, and which was in the most extravagant spirit of hypothesis made to include rivers flowing into the Indian Ocean as tributaries to the White Nile!

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## THE SHADOW OF ASHLYDYAT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "EAST LYNNE."

## PART THE SEVENTEENTH.

## I.

## A FINERY TRIAL.

MARIA GODOLPHIN, her face buried on the sofa cushions, where she had sunk on the departure of the Reverend Mr. Hastings, was giving way to the full tide of unhappy thought induced by that gentleman's words, when she became aware that she was not alone. A sound, half a grunt, half a sob, coming from near the door, aroused her. There stood a lady, in a crushed bonnet and unwholesome stuff gown that had once been black, with a red face, and a perfume of strong waters around her.

Maria rose from the sofa, her heart sinking. How should she meet this woman? how find an excuse for the money which she had not to give? "Good morning, Mrs. Bond."

Mrs. Bond took a few steps forward, and held on by the table. Not that she was past the power of holding herself; her face must be redder than it was, by some degrees, ere she lost that; but she had a knack of holding on to things.

"I have come for my ten-pound note, if you please, ma'am."

Few can imagine what this moment was to Maria Godolphin; for few are endowed with the sensitiveness of temperament, the refined consideration for the feelings of others, the acute sense of justice, which characterised her. Maria would willingly have given a hundred pounds to have had ten then. How she made the revelation, she scarcely knew—that she had not the money that morning to give.

Mrs. Bond's face turned rather defiant. "You told me to come down for it, ma'am."

"I thought I could have given it to you. I am very sorry. I must trouble you to come when Mr. George Godolphin shall have returned home."

"Is he going to return?" asked Mrs. Bond, in a quick, hard tone. "Folks is saying that he isn't."

Maria's heart beat painfully at the words. *Was* he going to return? She could only say aloud that she hoped he would very soon be home.

"But I want my money," resumed Mrs. Bond, standing her ground. "I must have it, ma'am, if you please."

"I have not got it," said Maria. "The very instant I have it it shall be returned to you."

"I'd make bold to ask, ma'am, what right you had to spend it. Warn't there enough money in the bank of other folks's as you might have took, without taking mine—which you had promised to keep faithful for me?" reiterated Mrs. Bond, warming with her subject.

"I warn't a deposit in the bank, as them folks was, and I'd no right to have my money took. I want to pay my rent to-day, and to get in a bit o' food. The house is bare of everything. There's the parrot a screeching out for seed."

It is of no use to pursue the interview. Mrs. Bond grew bolder and more abusive. But for having partaken rather largely of that cordial which was giving out its scent upon the atmosphere, she had never so spoken to her clergyman's daughter. Maria received it meekly, her heart aching: she felt very much as did Thomas Godolphin—that she had *earned* the reproaches. But endurance has its limits: she began to feel really ill; and she saw, besides, that Mrs. Bond appeared to have no intention of departing. Escaping out of the room in the midst of a fierce speech, she encountered Pierce, who was crossing the hall.

"Go into the dining-room, Pierce," she whispered, "and try and get rid of Mrs. Bond. She is not quite herself this morning, and—and—she talks too much. But be kind and civil to her, Pierce: let there be no disturbance."

Her pale face, as she spoke, was lifted to the butler almost pleadingly. He thought how wan and ill his mistress looked. "I'll manage it, ma'am," he said, turning to the dining-room.

By what process Pierce did manage it, was best known to himself. There was certainly no disturbance. A little talking, and Maria thought she heard the sound of something liquid being poured into a glass, as she stood out of view behind the turning at the back of the hall. Then Pierce and Mrs. Bond issued forth, the best friends imaginable, the latter smacking her lips and talking amiably.

Maria came out from her hiding-place, but only to encounter some one who had pushed in at the hall door as Mrs. Bond left it. A little man in a white neckcloth. He advanced straight to Mrs. George Godolphin.

"Can I speak a word to you, ma'am, if you please?" he asked, taking off his hat.

She could only answer in the affirmative, and she led the way to the dining-room. She wondered who he was: his face seemed familiar to her. The first words he spoke told her, and she remembered him as the head assistant at the linendraper's where she chiefly dealt. He had been sent to press for the payment of the account. She could only tell him as she had told Mrs. Bond—that she was unable to pay it.

"Mr. Jones would be so very much obliged to you, ma'am," he civilly urged. "It has been standing now some little time, and he hopes you will stretch a point to pay him. If you could only give me part of it, he would be glad."

"I have not got it to give," said Maria, telling the truth in her unhappiness. She could but be candid: she was unable to fence with them, to use subterfuge, as others might have done. She spoke the truth, and she spoke it meekly. When Mr. George Godolphin came home, she hoped she should pay them, she said. The messenger took the answer, losing none of his respectful manner, and departed.

But all were not so civil; and many found their way to her that

day. Once a thought came across her to send them into the bank; but she remembered Thomas Godolphin's failing health, and the battle he had to fight on his own account. Besides, these claims were for personalities—debts owing by herself and George. In the afternoon, Pierce came in and said a lady wished to see her.

"Who is it?" asked Maria.

Pierce did not know. She was not a visitor of the house. She gave in her name as Mrs. Harding.

The applicant came in. Maria recognised her, when she threw back her veil, as the wife of Harding the undertaker. Pierce closed the door, and they were left together.

"I have taken the liberty of calling, Mrs. George Godolphin, to ask if you will not pay our account," began the applicant, in a low, confidential tone. "Do pray let us have it if you can, ma'am!"

Maria was surprised. There was nothing owing that she was aware of. There could be nothing. "What account are you speaking of?" she asked.

"The account for the interment of the child. Your little one who died last, ma'am."

"But surely that is paid!"

"No it is not," replied Mrs. Harding. "The other accounts were paid, but that never has been. Mr. George Godolphin has promised it times and again: but he never paid it."

Not paid! The burial of their child! Maria felt her face flush. Was it carelessness on George's part, or had he been so long embarrassed for money that to part with it was a trouble to him. Maria could not help thinking that he might have spared some little remnant for just debts, while lavishing so much upon the bill-discounters. She could not help feeling another thing—that it was George's place to be meeting and battling with these unhappy claims, rather than hers.

"This must be paid, of course, Mrs. Harding," she said. "I had no idea but that it was paid. When Mr. George Godolphin comes home, I will ask him to see about it instantly."

"Ma'am, can't you pay me *now*," urged Mrs. Harding. "If it waits till the bankruptcy's declared, it will have to go into it; and they say—they do say that there'll be nothing for anybody. We can't afford to lose it," she added, speaking confidentially. "What with bad debts and long standing out accounts, we are on the eve of a crisis ourselves; though I should not like it to be known. This will help to stave it off, if you will let us have it."

"I wish I could," returned Maria. "I wish I had it to give you. It ought to have been paid long ago."

"A part of it was money paid out of our pocket," said Mrs. Harding, in a reproachful tone. "Mrs. George Godolphin, you don't know the boon it would be to us!"

"I would give it you, indeed I would, if I had it," was all Maria could answer.

She could not say more if Mrs. Harding stopped until night. Mrs. Harding became at last convinced of that truth, and took her departure. Maria sat down with burning eyes; eyes into which the tears would not come.



What with one dropped hint and another, she had grown tolerably conversant with the facts patent to the world. One whisper startled her more than any other. It concerned the bonds of Lord Averil. What was it that was amiss with them? That there was something, and something bad, appeared only too evident. In her terrible state of suspense, of uncertainty, she determined to inquire of Thomas Godolphin.

Writing a few words on a slip of paper, she sent it into the bank parlour. It was a request that he would see her before he left. Thomas sent back a verbal message, "Very well."

It was growing late in the evening before he came to her. What a day he had had! And he had taken no nourishment, nothing to sustain him. Maria thought of that, and spoke.

"Let me get you something," she said. "Will you take a bit of dinner here, instead of waiting to get to Ashlydyat?"

He shook his head in token of refusal. "It is not much dinner that I shall eat anywhere to-day, Maria. Did you wish to speak to me?"

"I want—to—ask——" she seemed to gasp for breath, and waited a moment for greater calmness. "Thomas," she began again, going close to him, and speaking almost in a whisper, "what is it that is being said about the bonds of Lord Averil?"

Thomas Godolphin did not immediately reply. He may have been deliberating whether it would be well to tell her; perhaps whether it *could* be kept from her. Maria seemed to answer the thought.

"I must inevitably know it," she said, striving not to tremble outwardly as well as inwardly. "Better that I hear it from you than from others."

He thought she was right—that the knowledge must inevitably come to her. "It may be better to tell you, Maria," he said. "George used the bonds for his own purposes."

A dread pause. Maria's throat was working. "Then—it must have been he who took them from the strong-room!"

"It was."

The shivering came on palpably now. "What will be the consequences?" she breathed.

"I do not know. I dread to think. Lord Averil may institute a prosecution."

Their eyes met. Maria controlled her emotion with the desperate energy of despair. "A—criminal—prosecution?"

"It is in his power to do it. He has not been near me to-day, and that looks unfavourable."

"Does he know it yet—that it was George?"

"He must know it. In fact, I think it likely he may have received official notice of it from town. The report has got spread from thence—and that is how it has become known at Prior's Ash."

Maria moistened her dry lips, and swallowed down the lump in her throat ere she could speak. "Would it be safe for him to return here?"

"If he does return, it must be at the risk of consequences."

"Thomas!—Thomas!" she gasped, the thought occurring to her with a sort of shock, "is he in hiding, do you think?"

"I think it likely that he is. He gave you no address, it seems; neither has he sent one to me."

She drew back to the wall by the mantelpiece, and leaned against it. Every hour seemed to bring forth worse and worse. Thomas gazed with compassion on the haggardness that was seating itself on her sweet face. She was less able to cope with this misery than he. He laid his hand upon her shoulder, speaking in a low tone:

"It is a fiery trial for both of us, Maria: one hard to encounter. God alone can help us to bear it. Be very sure that He will help!"

He went out, taking his way on foot to Ashlydyat. There was greater grief there, if possible, than at the bank. The news, touching the bonds, unhappily afloat at Prior's Ash, had penetrated an hour ago to Ashlydyat. Janet and Bessy were in the room when he entered. Janet lifted her severe face.

"Was George mad?" she asked, scarcely above a whisper. "It were better that he had been."

Thomas sat down wearily. He had heard so much of the troubles all day that a little respite from having to speak of them would have been a merciful relief.

"Is it true that George has gone away?" Bessy asked.

"He left for London on Saturday, Maria says," was the reply of Thomas.

"Has Maria been an accomplice in his frauds?" severely resumed Janet.

Thomas turned his eyes gravely upon her. Their expression was sufficient answer. "Can you ask it, Janet? She is more to be pitied than any. It would be kind if one of you would go down to see her; she seems very lonely."

"I cannot," said Janet. "I should be ashamed for people to see my face abroad in Prior's Ash."

"I will go to-morrow," interposed Bessy. "If Prior's Ash looks askance at me, it must. What has happened is no fault of mine," she added, in her customary matter-of-fact manner.

"Will the firm be declared bankrupt?" resumed Janet, after a pause.

"I have been expecting news of it all day," was Thomas Godolphin's answer. "Nothing can avert it."

"Will they bring you in as a participator in George's crime?" she asked, her voice sounding shrill in her great sorrow. "Will the firm be gone against generally?—or only he?"

"I know nothing," answered Thomas, his hand shading his eyes as he spoke. "I have not seen Lord Averil. It rests with him. One thing I have felt thankful for all day," he added, in a quicker tone. "That Crosse's name was legally withdrawn: otherwise he would have been in the ruin."

Yes, Mr. Crosse was safe. Safe from consequences; and at the present time safe from hearing of the calamity. Though the firm was still familiarly called Godolphin, Crosse, and Godolphin, there was no warranty for it. Mr. Crosse's money and name had been alike withdrawn. He had invested his money in the funds. The small balance lodged in the bank, was a mere nothing, though he did lose

it, like the rest of the depositors. He was staying for his health in the south of France.

"I am thankful for one thing—that my father did not live to see it," returned Janet. "The shock would have killed him."

"Had he lived, it might never have happened," said Thomas. "George would probably have been more cautious in all ways, with him to be responsible to. And my father might have looked more keenly into things, than I have done, and so not have afforded the opportunity for affairs to turn out ill."

Bessy turned to him. "Surely, Thomas, you are not going to blame yourself!"

"No—only at moments. Justly speaking, blame cannot be charged upon me."

*Justly!* No, justly it could not. He was feeling it to his heart's core as he recalled the reminiscences of the day, the reproaches lavished on him. He leaned his brow upon his hand, like one who feels a pain there.

"Oh," wailed Janet, breaking the silence, "could George not have been contented with ruining us all, without adding to it *this* disgrace? We could have borne poverty; we must bear the wresting from us of Ashlydyat; but how shall we support the stain on the name of Godolphin? I knew that ruin, and terrible ruin, could not be far off; I knew it by the warnings that I believe came in mercy to prepare us for it; but I did not cast a thought to crime."

"What has Meta been doing at Lady Godolphin's Folly all day?" asked Bessy, breaking another silence.

Thomas did not answer. He knew nothing of it; was not aware she had been there. Bessy happened to cast her eyes to the window.

"Why! here is Lady Sarah Grame!" she exclaimed. "What an hour for her to be paying visits!"

"I cannot see her," said Janet. "I wonder she should intrude here to-day!"

Lady Sarah Grame, as it appeared, had not come with the intention of intruding on Janet. She asked for Mr. Godolphin. Thomas proceeded to the room where she had been shown. She was not sitting, but pacing to and fro in it; and she turned sharply round and met him as he entered, her face flushed with excitement.

"You were once to have been my son-in-law," she said, abruptly.

Thomas, astonished at the address, invited her to a seat, but made no immediate reply. She would not take the chair.

"I cannot sit," she said. "Mr. Godolphin, you were to have been my son-in-law: you would have been so now had Ethel lived. Do you consider Ethel to be any link between us still?"

He was quite at a loss what to answer. He did not understand what she meant. Lady Sarah continued:

"If you do; if you retain any fond remembrance of Ethel, you will prove it now. I had seven hundred pounds in your bank. I have been scraping and saving out of my poor yearly income nearly ever since Ethel went; and I had placed it there. Can you deny it?"

"Dear Lady Sarah, what is the matter?" he asked; for her excitement was something frightful. "I know you had it there. Why should I deny it?"

"Oh, that's right. People have been saying the bank was going to repudiate all claims. I want you to give it me. Now: privately."

"It is impossible for me to do so, Lady Sarah——"

"I cannot lose it; I have been saving it up for my poor child," she interrupted, in a most excited tone. "She will not have much when I am dead. Would you be so cruel as to rob the widow and the orphan?"

"Not willingly. Never willingly," he answered, in his pain. "I had thought, Lady Sarah, that though all the world misjudged me, you would not."

"Could you not, you who were to have married Ethel, have given me a private hint of it when you found the bank was going wrong? Others may afford to lose their money, but I cannot."

"I did not know it was going wrong," he said. "The blow has fallen upon me as unexpectedly as it has upon others."

Lady Sarah Grame, giving vent to one of the fits of passionate excitement to which she had all her life been subject, suddenly flung herself upon her knees before Thomas Godolphin. She implored him to return the money, to avert "ruin" from Sarah Anne; she reproached him with selfishness, with dishonesty, all in a breath. Can you imagine what it was for Thomas Godolphin to meet this? Upright, gifted with lively conscientiousness, tenderly considerate in rendering strict justice to others, as he had been all his life, these unmerited reproaches were as the iron entering into his soul.

Which was the most to be pitied, himself or Maria? Thomas had called the calamity by its right name—a fiery trial. It was indeed such: to him and to her. You, who read, cannot picture it. How he got rid of Lady Sarah, he could scarcely tell: he believed it was by her passion spending itself out. She was completely beside herself that night, almost as one who verges on insanity, and Thomas found a moment to ask himself whether that ill-controlled woman could be the mother of gentle Ethel. Her loud voice and its reproaches penetrated to the household—an additional drop of bitterness in the cup of the master of Ashlydyat.

But we must go back to Maria, for it is with her this evening that we have most to do. Between seven and eight o'clock Miss Meta arrived, attended by Charlotte Pain. Meta was in the highest of glee. She was laden with toys and sweetmeats; she carried a doll as big as herself, she had been out in the carriage, she had had a ride on Mrs. Pain's brown horse, held on by that lady, she had swung "above the tops of the trees," and, more than all, a message had come from the keeper of the dogs in the pit-hole, to say that they were never, never coming out again.

Charlotte had been generously kind to the child; that was evident: and Maria thanked her with her eyes and heart. As to paying much of thanks in words, that was nearly beyond Maria to-night.

"Where's Margery?" asked Meta, in a hurry to show off her treasures.

Margery had not returned. And there was no other train now from the direction she had gone. It was supposed that she had missed it, and would be home in the morning. Meta drew a long face: she wanted Margery to admire the doll.

"You can go and show it to Harriet, dear," said Maria. "She is in the nursery." And Meta flew away, dragging the doll and as many other encumbrances as she could carry.

"Have you heard from George?" asked Charlotte.

"It is Monday," replied Maria, in answer.

"You might have heard by the day mail. You will be sure to hear soon. Don't fret yourself into fiddlestrings. You are beginning to look downright ill."

Maria made no reply. She would have to look worse yet, for this was only the shadow of the beginning. Charlotte turned and glanced round the room.

"Have those bankruptcy men been here?"

"No. I have seen nothing of them."

"Well now, there's time yet, and do for goodness' sake let me save some few trifles for you," heartily returned Charlotte. "I am quite sure you must have some treasures that it would be grief to part with. I have been thinking all day long how foolishly scrupulous you are."

Maria was silent for a minute. "They look into everything, you say?" she asked.

"Look into everything!" echoed Charlotte. "I should think they do! That would be little. They take everything."

Maria left the room and came back with a parcel in her hand. It was a very small trunk—doll's trunks they are sometimes called—covered with red morocco leather, with a miniature lock and key.

"I would save this," she said, in a whisper, "if you would be so kind as to take care of it for me. I should not like them to look into it. It cannot be any fraud," she added, in a sort of apology for what she was doing. "The things inside would not sell for sixpence, so I do not think even Mr. Godolphin would be angry with me."

Charlotte nodded, took up her dress, and contrived to thrust the trunk into a huge pocket underneath her crinoline. "I put it on on purpose," she said, alluding to the pocket. "I thought you might think better of it by this evening. But this is nothing, Mrs. George Godolphin. You had better give me something else. They'll be in to-morrow morning for certain."

Maria replied that she had nothing else to give, and Charlotte rose, saying she should come or send for Meta again on the morrow. As she went out, and proceeded up Crosse-street on her way home, she tossed her head with a laugh.

"I thought she'd come to! As if she'd not like to save her jewels as other people do! She's only rather more sly over it—saying what she has given me would not fetch sixpence! You may tell that to the geese, Mrs. George Godolphin! I should like to see what's inside. I think I will."

And Charlotte put her wish into action. Upon reaching Lady Godolphin's Folly, she flung off her bonnet and mantle, gathered together all the small keys in the house, and had little difficulty in opening the simple lock. The contents were exposed to view. A lock of hair of each of her children who had died, wrapped in separate pieces of paper, with the age of the child and the date of its death written respectively outside. A golden lock of Meta's; a fair curl of George's; half a dozen of his letters to her, written in the short space

of time that intervened between their engagement and their marriage, and a sort of memorandum of their engagement. "I was this day engaged to George Godolphin. I pray God to render me worthy of him! to be to him a loving and dutiful wife."

Charlotte's eyes opened to their utmost width, but there was nothing else to see; nothing save the printed paper with which the trunk was lined. "*Is she a fool, that Maria Godolphin!*" ejaculated Charlotte. Certainly that were not the class of things that Mrs. Pain would have saved from a bankruptcy. And she solaced her feelings by reading Mr. George's letters.

No, Maria was not a fool. Better that she had come under that denomination just now, for she would have felt her position less keenly. Charlotte, perhaps, might have found it difficult to believe, had she been told, that Maria Godolphin was one of those who are sensitively intellectual, to a degree that Mistress Charlotte herself could form little notion of.

It is upon these highly-endowed natures that sorrow tells. And the sorrow must be borne in silence. In the midst of her great misery, so great as to be almost irrepressible, Maria contrived to maintain a calm exterior to the world, even to Charlotte and her outspoken sympathy. The first tears that had been wrung from her she shed that night over Meta. When the child came to her for her good-night kiss, and to say her prayers, Maria was utterly unbinged. She clasped the little thing to her heart and burst into a storm of sobs. Meta was frightened.

Mamma! mamma! What was the matter with mamma?

Maria was unable to answer. The sobs were choking her. Was the child's inheritance going to be that of shame? Maria had grieved bitterly when her other children died: she was almost feeling that it might have been a mercy had this dear one also been taken. She covered the little face with kisses as she held it against her beating heart. Presently she grew calm enough to speak.

"Mamma's not well this evening, darling."

Once more, as on the previous nights, Maria had to drag herself up to her weary bed. As she fell upon her knees by the bedside, she seemed to pray almost against faith and hope. "Father! all things are possible to Thee. Be with me in Thy mercy this night, and help me to pass through it!"

She saw not how she should pass through it. Oh! when will the night be gone! broke incessantly from her bruised heart. Bitterly cold, as before, was she; a sensation of chilly trembling was in every limb; but her head and brain seemed burning, her lips were dry, and that painful nervous affection, the result of excessive anguish, was attacking her throat. Maria had never yet experienced that, and thought she was about to be visited by some strange malady. It was a dreadful night of pain, of apprehension, of cold; inwardly and outwardly she trembled as she lay through it. One terrible word kept beating its sound on the room's air—*transportation*. Was her husband in danger of it? Just before daylight she dropped asleep, and for half an hour slept heavily; but with the full dawn of day she was awake again. Not for the first minute was she conscious of reality; but, the next, the full tide of recollection had burst upon her. With a low cry

of despair, she leaped from her bed, and began pacing the carpet, all but unable to support the surging waves of mental anguish which rose up one by one and threatened to overmaster her reason. Insanity, had it come on, might have been then more of a relief than a calamity to Maria Godolphin.

"How shall I live through the day? how shall I live through the day?" were the words that broke from her lips. And she fell down by the bedside, and lifted her hands and her heart on high, and wailed out a cry to God to help her to get through it. Of her own strength, she truly believed that she could not.

She would certainly have need of some help, if she were to bear it patiently. At seven o'clock a peal of muffled bells burst over the town, deafening her ears. Some mauvais sujets, discontented sufferers, had gone to the belfry of St. Mark's Church, and set them ringing for the calamity which had overtaken Prior's Ash, in the stoppage of the house of Godolphin.

## II.

"SHE'S AS FINE AS A QUEEN!"

"Is Mrs. George Godolphin within?"

The inquiry came from Grace Akeman. She put it in a sharp, angry tone, something like the sharp and angry peal she had just rung on the hall bell. Pierce answered in the affirmative, and showed her in.

The house seemed gloomy and still, as one in a state of bankruptcy does seem. Mrs. Akeman thought so as she crossed the hall. The days had gone on to the Thursday, the bankruptcy had been declared, and those pleasant visitors, foretold by Charlotte Pain, had entered on their duties at the bank and at Ashlydyat. Fearfully ill looked Maria: dark circles had formed under her eyes, her face had lost its bloom, and an expression as of some ever-present dread had seated itself upon her features. When Pierce opened the door to usher in her sister, she started palpably.

Things, with regard to George Godolphin, remained as they were. He had not made his appearance at Prior's Ash, and Thomas did not know where to write to him. *Maria did.* She had heard from him on the Tuesday morning. His letter was written apparently in the gayest of spirits. The contrast that was presented between his state of mind (if the tone of the letter might be trusted) and Maria's, was something marvellous. A curiosity in metaphysics, as pertaining to the spiritual organisation of humanity. He sent gay messages to Meta, he sent teasing ones to Margery, he never so much as hinted to Maria that he had a knowledge of anything being wrong. He should soon be home, he said; but meanwhile Maria was to write him word all news, and address the letter under cover to Mr. Verrall. But she was not to give that address to any one. George Godolphin knew he could rely upon the good faith of his wife. He wrote also to his brother: a letter which Thomas burnt as soon as read. Probably it was intended for his eye alone. But he expressed no wish to hear from Thomas; neither did he say how a letter might reach him. He may have felt himself in the light of a guilty schoolboy, who knows he merits a lec-

ture, and would escape from it as long as may be. Maria's suspense was nearly unbearable—and Lord Averil had given no sign of what his intentions might be.

Seeing it was her sister who entered, she turned to her with a sort of relief. "Oh, Grace!" she said, "I thought I was never going to see any of you again."

Grace would not meet the offered hand. Never much given to ceremony, she often came in and went out without giving hers. But this time Grace had come in anger. She blamed Maria for what had occurred, almost as much as she blamed George. Not of the highly refined order of intellect which characterised Maria, Grace possessed far keener penetration. Had her husband been going wrong, Grace would inevitably have discovered it; and she could not believe but that Maria must have suspected George Godolphin. In her angry feeling against George, whom she had never liked, Grace would have deemed it right that Maria should denounce him. Whether she had been wilfully blind, or really blind, Grace alike despised her for it. "I shall not spare her when I see her," Grace had said to her husband: and she did not mean to spare her, now she had come.

"I have intruded here to ask if you will go to the rectory and see mamma," Grace began. "She is not well, and cannot come to you."

Grace's manner was strangely cold and stern. And Maria did not like the word "intruded." "I am glad to see you," she replied, in a gentle voice. "It is very dull here now. Nobody has been near me, except Bessy Godolphin."

"You cannot expect many visitors," said Grace, in her hard manner; very hard to-day.

"I do not think I could see them if they came," was Maria's answer. "I was not speaking of visitors. Is mamma ill?"

"Yes she is; and little wonder," replied Grace. "I almost wish I was not married, now this misfortune has fallen upon us: it would at any rate be another pair of hands in the rectory, and I am more capable of work than is mamma or Rose. But I am married; and of course my place must be my husband's home."

"What do you mean by another pair of hands, Grace?"

"There are going to be changes at the rectory," returned Grace, staring at the wall behind Maria, apparently to avoid looking at her. "One servant only is to be retained, and the two little Chisholm girls are coming there to be kept and educated. Mamma will have all the care upon her; she and Rose must both work and teach. Papa will keep the little boy at school, and have him home in the holidays, to make more trouble at the rectory. They, papa and mamma, will have to pinch and screw; they must deprive themselves of every comfort; bare necessities alone must be theirs; and, all that can be saved from their income will be put by towards repaying the trust-money."

"Is this decided?" asked Maria, in a low tone.

"It is decided so far as papa can decide anything," sharply rejoined Grace. "If the law is put in force against him, by his co-trustee, for the recovery of the money, he does not know what he would do. Possibly the living would have to be sequestered."

Maria did not speak. What Grace was saying was all too true and terrible. Grace flung up her hand with a passionate movement.



"Had I been the one to bring this upon my father and mother, Maria, I should wish I had been out of the world before it had been done."

"I did not bring it upon them, Grace," was Maria's scarcely-breathed answer.

"Yes, you did. Maria, I have come here to speak my mind, and I must speak it. How could you, for shame, let papa pay in that money, the nine thousand pounds? If you and George Godolphin must have flaunted your state and your expense in the eyes of the world, and ruined people to do it, you might have spared your father and mother."

"Grace! why do you blame *me*?"

Mrs. Akeman rose from her chair and began pacing the room. She did not speak in a loud tone, not so much in an angry one, as in a clear, sharp, decisive one. Very much like the tone used by the rector of All Souls' when in his cynical moods.

"He has been a respected man all his life; he has kept up his position——"

"Of whom do you speak?" interrupted Maria, really not sure whether she was applying the words satirically to George Godolphin.

"Of whom do I speak!" retorted Grace. "Of your father and mine. I say he has been a respected man all his life; has maintained his position as a clergyman and a gentleman, has reared his children suitably, has exercised moderate hospitality at the rectory, and yet was putting something by that we might have a few pounds, each, at his death, to help us on in the world. Not one of his children but wants helping on: save the grand wife of Mr. George Godolphin."

"Grace! Grace!"

"And what have you brought him to?" continued Grace, lifting her hand in token that she would have out her say. "To poverty in his old age—he is getting old, Maria—to trouble, to care, to privation; perhaps to disgrace as a false trustee. I would have sacrificed my husband, rather than my father."

Maria lifted her aching head. The reproaches were cruel; and yet they told home. It *was* her husband who had ruined her father: and, it may be said, ruined him deliberately. Grace resumed, answering the last thought almost as if she had divined it.

"If ever a shameless fraud was committed upon another, George Godolphin wilfully committed it when he took that nine thousand pounds. Prior's Ash may well be calling him a swindler!"

"Oh, Grace, don't!" she said, imploringly. "He could not have known that it was unsafe to take it."

Whatever his faults, it was Maria's duty to defend him against the world.

"Could not have known!" indignantly returned Grace. "You are either a fool, Maria, or you are deliberately saying what you know to be untrue. You must be aware that he never entered it in the books—that he appropriated it to his own use. He is a heartless, bad man! He might have chosen somebody else to play upon, rather than his wife's father. Were I papa, I should prosecute him."

"Grace, you are killing me," wailed Maria. "Don't you think I have enough to bear?"

"I make no doubt you have. I should be sorry to have to bear the half. But you have brought it upon yourself, Maria. What though George Godolphin was your husband, you need not have upheld him in his course. Look at the ruin that has fallen upon Prior's Ash! I can tell you that your name and George Godolphin's will be remembered for many a long day. But it won't be with a blessing!"

"Grace," she said, lifting her streaming eyes, for tears had at length come to her relief, "have you no pity for me?"

"What pity have you had for others?" was Grace Akeman's retort. "How many must go down to their graves steeped in poverty, who, but for George Godolphin's treachery, would have passed the rest of their lives in comfort! You have been a blind simpleton, and nothing else. George Godolphin has lavished his money and his attentions broadcast elsewhere, and you have looked complacently on. Do you think Prior's Ash has had its eyes closed, as you have? But it ought to have told what was gathering."

"What do you mean, Grace?"

"Never mind what I mean," was Grace's answer. "I am not going to tell you what you might have seen for yourself. It is all of a piece. If people will marry gay and attractive men, they must pay for it."

Maria remained silent. Grace also for a time. Then she ceased her walking, and sat down opposite her sister.

"I came to ask you whether it is not your intention to go down and see mamma. She is in bed. Suffering from a violent cold, she says. I know; suffering from anguish of mind. If you would not add ingratitude to what has passed, you will pay her a visit to-day. She wishes to see you."

"I will go," said Maria. But as she spoke the words the knowledge that it would be a fearful trial—the showing herself in the streets of the town—was very present to her. "I will go to-day, Grace."

"Very well," said Grace, rising; "that's all I came for."

"Not quite all, Grace. You came, I think, to make me more unhappy than I was."

"I cannot gloss over facts; it is not in my nature," was the reply of Grace. "If black is black, I must call it black; and white, white. I have not said all I could say, Maria. I have not spoken of our loss; a very paltry one, but a good deal to us. I have not alluded to other and worse rumours, touching your husband. I have spoken of the ruin brought on our father and mother, and I hold you nearly as responsible for it as George Godolphin. Where's Meta?" she added, after a short pause.

"At Lady Godolphin's Folly. Mrs. Pain has been very kind——"

Grace turned sharply round. "And you can let her go *there*!"

"Mrs. Pain has been kind, I say, in coming for her. This is but a dull house now for Meta. Margery went out on Monday, and has been detained by her sister's illness."

"Let Meta come to me if you want to get her out," returned Grace, in a tone more stern than any that had gone before it. "If you knew the free comments indulged in by the public, you would not let a child of yours be at Lady Godolphin's Folly, while Charlotte Pain inhabits it."

Somehow, Maria had not the courage to inquire more particularly

as to the "comments:" it was a subject that she shrank from, though vague and uncertain at the best. Mrs. Akeman went out, and Maria the strings of her grief loosened, sat down and cried as if her heart would break.

With quite a sick feeling of dread she dressed herself to go to the rectory. But not until later in the day. She put it off, and put it off, with some faint wish, foolish and vain, that dusk would forestall its usual hour of approach. The western sun, drawing towards its setting, streamed full on the street of Prior's Ash as she walked down it. Walked down it, almost like a criminal, her black veil over her face, flushed with its sensitive dread. Nobody but herself knew how she shrank from the eyes of her fellow-creatures.

She might have ordered the close carriage and gone down in it—for the carriages and horses were yet at her disposal for use. But that, to Maria, would have been worse. To go out in state in her carriage, attended by her men-servants, would have seemed more brazenly defiant of public feelings than to appear on foot. Were these feelings ultra-sensitive? absurd? Not altogether.

"Look at her, walking there! She's as fine as a queen!" The words, in an insolent, sneering tone, caught her ear as she passed a group, a low group gathered at the corner of a street. They would not be likely to come from any other. That they were directed to her there was no doubt; and Maria's ears tingled as she hastened on.

Was she so fine? she could not help asking herself. She had put on the plainest things she had. A black silk dress and a black mantle, a white silk bonnet and the black veil. All good things, certainly, but plain, and not new. She began to feel that reproaches were cast to her which she did *not* deserve: but they were not the less telling upon her heart.

Did she dread going into the rectory? Did she dread the reproaches she might be met with there?—the coldness? the slights? If so, she did not find them. She was met by the most considerate kindness, and perhaps it wrung her heart all the more.

They had seen her coming, and Rose ran forward to meet her in the hall, and kissed her; Reginald came boisterously out with a welcome, a chart in one hand, parallel-rulers and a pair of compasses in the other: he was making a pretence of pricking off a ship's place in the chart. The rector and Isaac were not at home.

"Is mamma in bed?" she asked of Rose.

"Yes. But her cold is better this evening. She will be so glad to see you."

Maria went up the stairs and entered the room alone. The anxious look of care, of trouble on Mrs. Hastings's face, its feverish hue, struck her forcibly, as she advanced timidly, uncertain of her reception. Uncertain of the reception of a mother? With an eagerly fond look, a rapid gesture of love, Mrs. Hastings drew Maria's face down to her for an embrace.

It unhinged Maria. She fell on her knees at the side of the bed, and gave vent to a passionate flood of tears. "Oh mother, mother, I could not help it!" she wailed. "It has been no fault of mine."

Mrs. Hastings did not speak. She laid her arm round Maria's neck, and let it rest there. But the sobs redoubled.

"Don't, child!" she said, then. "You will make yourself ill. My poor child!"

"I am ill, mamma; I think I shall never be well again," sobbed Maria, forgetting some of her reticence. "I feel sometimes that it would be a relief to die."

"Hush, my love. Keep despair from you, whatever you do."

"I could bear it better but for the thought of you and papa. That is killing me. Indeed, indeed I have not deserved the blame thrown upon me. I knew nothing of what was happening."

"My dear, we have not blamed you."

"Oh yes, everybody blames me!" wailed Maria. "And I know how sad it is for you all—to suffer by us. It breaks my heart to think of it. Mamma, do you know I dreamt last night that a great shower of gold was falling down to me, faster than I could catch it in my two hands. Such heaps of sovereigns! I thought I was going to pay everybody, and I ran away laughing, oh so glad! and held out some to papa. 'Take them,' I said to him, 'they are slipping through my fingers.' I fell down when I was close to him, and awoke. I awoke—and—then"—she could scarcely speak for sobs—"I remembered. Mamma, but for Meta, I *should* have been glad in that moment to die."

The emotion of both was very great, nearly overpowering Maria. Mrs. Hastings could not say much of comfort, she was too prostrated herself. Anxious as she had been to see Maria—for she could not bear the thought of her being left alone and unnoticed in her distress—she almost repented having sent for her. Neither was strong enough to bear this excess of agitation.

Not a word was spoken of George Godolphin. Mrs. Hastings did not mention him; Maria could not. The rest of the interview was mostly spent in silence, Maria holding her mother's hand and giving way to a rising sob now and then. Into the affairs of the bank Mrs. Hastings felt that she could not enter. There must be a wall of silence between them on that point, as on the subject of George.

At the foot of the stairs, as she went down, she met her father. "Oh, is it you, Maria!" he said. "How are you?"

His tone was a kind one. But Maria's heart was full, and she could not answer. He turned into the room by which they were standing, and she went in after him.

"When is your husband coming back? I suppose you don't know?"

"No," she answered, obliged to confess to it.

"My opinion is, it would be better for him to face it, than to remain away," said the rector. "A more honourable course, at any rate."

Still there was no reply. And Mr. Hastings, looking at his daughter's face in the twilight of the evening, saw that it was working with emotion; that she was striving, almost in vain, to repress her feelings.

"It must be very dull for you at the bank now, Maria," he resumed, in a more gentle tone than he was in the habit of using to anybody: "dull and unpleasant. Will you come to the rectory for a week or two, and bring Meta?"

The tears streamed from her eyes then, unrepressed. "Thank you, papa! thank you for all your kindness," she answered, striving not to choke. "But I must stay at home as long as I may."

She turned again to the hall, murmuring something to the effect that it was late, and she must be departing. "Who is going to walk with you?" asked the rector.

"I will," cried out Reginald, who heard the question, and came forth from another room.

They departed together. Reginald talking gaily, as if there were not such a thing as care in the world; Maria unable to answer him. The pain in her throat was worse than usual then. In turning out at the rectory gate, whom should they come upon but old Jekyl, walking slowly along, nearly bent double with rheumatism. Reginald accosted him.

"Why, old Jekyl! it's never you! Are you in the land of the living, yet?"

"Ay, it's me, sir. Old bones don't get laid so easy; in spite, maybe, of their wishing it. Ma'am," added the old man, turning to Maria, "I'd like to make bold to say a word to you. That sixty pound of mine, what was put in the bank—you mind it?"

"Yes," said Maria, faintly.

"The losing of it 'll be just dead ruin to me, ma'am. I lost my bees last summer, as you heard on, and that bit o' money was all, like, I had to look to. One must have a crust o' bread and a sup o' tea, as long as it pleases the Almighty to keep one above ground. One can't lie down and clam. Would you be pleased just to say a word to the gentlemen, that that trifle o' money mayn't be lost to me? Mr. Godolphin will listen to you."

Maria scarcely knew what to answer. She had not the courage to tell him the money was lost; she did not like to raise unjustifiable hopes by saying it might be saved.

Old Jekyl interpreted the hesitation wrongly. "It was you yourself, ma'am, as advised my putting it there; for myself I shouldn't have had a thought on't: surely you won't object to say a word for me, that I mayn't lose it now. My two sons, David and Jonathan come home one day when they had been a working at your house, and telled me, both of 'em, that you recommended me to take my money to the bank; that it would be safe and sure. I *can't* afford to lose it," he added, in a pitiful tone; "it's all my subsistence on this side o' the grave."

"Of course she'll speak to them, Jekyl," interposed Reginald, answering for Maria just as freely and lightly as he would have answered for himself. "I'll speak to Mr. George Godolphin myself when he comes home; I don't mind; I can say anything to him. It would be too bad for you to lose it. Good evening. Don't go pitch-falling over! you have not got your sea-legs on to-night."

The feeble old man continued his way, a profusion of hearty thanks breaking from him. They fell on Maria's heart like a knell. Old Jekyl's money had as surely gone as had the rest! And but for her, it might never have been placed in the bank of the Godolphins.

She turned to drag herself home again, there to pass her usual night of pain. To wail out, on retiring to her chamber, "Oh! when will the night be gone?" To rise up in the morning to the anguished cry, "How shall I live through the day?"

## HYPATIA.

BY SIR NATHANIEL.

HYPATIA'S was a name more commonly known, perhaps—in England at least—during the last half of the eighteenth, than the first half of the nineteenth century; that is to say, until Mr. Charles Kingsley said to himself, we will suppose, as Nature of Wordsworth's Lucy,

This child I to myself will take,  
She shall be mine, and I will make  
A lady of my own

of her. Gibbon, probably, on the strength of his *Decline and Fall*, and Goldsmith, certainly, on the score of poems, novel, essays, and plays, may be accounted among our "popular" writers; and by both Gibbon and Goldsmith was the reading world of our grandfathers and grandmothers instructed in the history and cruel fate of Theon's daughter. True, that Gibbon and Goldsmith are still what are called classics and standard authors, and as such, are presumed to be read by all qualified readers. But, all question of the presumptuousness of that presumption apart, it is unquestionable that the gloss of novelty ensured for these two authors, from their own age, a degree of attention that is not to be expected from the reading world of to-day. Both Sweet Auburn's Oliver and the squat little philosophe of Lausanne wrote *Histories of Rome*, with a difference. Goldy's biographical sketch of Hypatia is indited in the same popular style which made his *Roman History* a good investment for the trade. It professes to point the moral, that not even man, when secluded from society, is a more solitary being than the woman who "leaves the duties of her own sex to invade the privileges of ours." She is said, in such circumstances, to seem like one in banishment—like a neutral being between the sexes—possibly eliciting the admiration of both, but finding true happiness from neither. Now, of all the ladies of antiquity Goldsmith has ever read of, none, he says, was more celebrated than (as he, or at least the copy we have of him, mis-spells the two names) "the beautiful Hypasia, the daughter of Leon the philosopher." This most accomplished of women, he goes on to say, was born at Alexandria, in the reign of Theodosius the younger. "Nature was never more lavish of its gifts than it had been to her, endued as she was with the most exalted understanding, and the happiest turn to science. Education completed what nature had begun, and made her the prodigy not only of her age, but the glory of her sex. From her father she learned geometry and astronomy; she collected from the conversation and schools of the other philosophers, for which Alexandria was at that time famous, the principles of the rest of the sciences.

"What," the Doctor demands, as in learned-doctor-duty bound, by way of conventional comment, or didactic parenthesis, "What cannot be conquered by natural penetration and a passion of study? The boundless knowledge which at that period of time was required to form the character of a philosopher, no way discouraged her; she delivered herself

up to the study of Aristotle and Plato, and soon not one in all Alexandria understood so perfectly as she all the difficulties of these two philosophers.—But not their systems alone, but those of every other sect, were quite familiar to her; and, to this knowledge, she added that of polite learning, and the art of oratory. All the learning which it was possible for the human mind to contain, being joined to a most enchanting eloquence, rendered this lady the wonder not only of the populace, who easily admire, but of philosophers themselves, who are seldom fond of admiration.\* Unless directed to themselves, is a limitation we suppose the Doctor would allow.

He then shows us how the city of Alexandria was every day crowded with strangers, who came from all parts of Greece and Asia to see and hear her—but opines that the charms of her person might probably not have been mentioned, had she not joined to a beauty the most striking, a virtue that might repress the most assuming. “Hypatia was the most modest of her sex. Her reputation for virtue was not less than her virtues; and, though in a city divided between two factions, though visited by the wits and the philosophers of the age, calumny never dared to suspect her morals, or attempt her character.” Indeed, and in short, Providence had, according to Dr. Goldsmith, taken so much pains in forming Hypatia, that we are almost induced to complain (that is to say, *as is*) of its not having “endeavoured to make her a Christian.”\* What Providence might have done, with “much pains,” if it had, with strenuous “endeavour,” really tried, is, if a question at all, a delicate question, beyond our province, and above our reach.

Gibbon’s mention of Hypatia is connected with his record of the tyranny of Cyril, patriarch of Alexandria—and specially with that section of it which narrates the “martyrdom” of Ammonius, under the rod of the lictor. At the command of Cyril, this “martyr’s” body was transported in solemn procession to the cathedral; the name of Ammonius, we are told, was changed to that of Thaumastus, the Wonderful; his tomb was decorated with the trophies of martyrdom, and the patriarch ascended the pulpit, to celebrate what Gibbon calls the magnanimity of an assassin and rebel. “Such honours might incite the faithful to combat and die under the banners of the saint; and he soon prompted, or accepted, the sacrifice of a virgin, who professed the religion of the Greeks, and cultivated the friendship of Orestes [the Roman prefect]. Hypatia, the daughter of Theon the mathematician,† was initiated in her father’s studies: her learned comments have elucidated the geometry of Apollonius and Diophantus, and she publicly taught, both at Athens and Alexandria, the philosophy of Plato and Aristotle.

“In the bloom of beauty, and in the maturity of wisdom, the modest maid refused her lovers, and instructed her disciples; the persons most illustrious for their rank or merit were impatient to visit the female

\* Goldsmith’s Essays: The Bee, No. 8. (1759.)

† For Theon and his daughter Hypatia, see Fabricius, *Bibliothec.*, tom. viii. pp. 210, 211. Her article in the *Lexicon of Suidas* is curious and original. Hesychius observes, that she was persecuted *διὰ τὴν ὑπερβάλλουσαν σοφίαν*; and an epigram in the Greek Anthology celebrates her knowledge and eloquence. She is honourably mentioned (Epist. 10, 15, 16, 33-80, 124, 135, 153) by her friend and disciple, the philosophic Bishop Synesius. (Gibbon, ch. xlviii.)

philosopher; and Cyril beheld with a jealous eye the gorgeous trains of horses and slaves who crowded the door of her academy. A rumour was spread among the Christians that the daughter of Theon was the only obstacle to the reconciliation of the prefect and the archbishop; and that obstacle was speedily removed. On a fatal day, in the holy season of Lent, Hypatia was torn from her chariot, stripped naked, dragged to the church, and inhumanly butchered by the hands of Peter the Reader, and a troop of savages and merciless fanatics: her flesh was scraped from her bones with sharp oyster-shells,\* and her quivering limbs were delivered to the flames. The just progress of inquiry and punishment was stopped by seasonable gifts; but the murder of Hypatia has imprinted an indelible stain on the character and religion of Cyril of Alexandria."†

Such is Gibbon's version of the career and catastrophe of this virgin-martyr. To which composite designation, however, in each of its component parts, objectors are not wanting. Not a martyr, say they who stickle for the monopoly of that title by professors of the Christian faith. Not a virgin, say others, for Suidas expressly informs us that Hypatia was married to the philosopher Isidorus. We are not careful to answer either of them in this matter.

It was in A.D. 391 that an edict of Theodosius enjoined the closing of the Serapeum, in which, since the Claudium, the Sebasteum, and the Museum were in ruins, the literati of Alexandria had found an asylum. This immense building became the habitation of such doleful creatures as monks and monastics, and within its precincts a few schools continued to drag on a precarious existence. But philosophic teaching seemed to have disappeared for ever, when Hypatia arose—arose to be a mother in Neo-Platonism; or, as M. Nourisson‡ introduces her, "lorsqu' une femme vint lui rendre un éphémère éclat." Her birth occurred some twenty years before the imperial edict just cited. She commenced lecturer while the dews of her life's morning-tide glistened fresh upon her. And certes, it was something new, the historian of *La Pensée Humaine* remarks, to hear a young girl, of distinguished beauty, gifted with a persuasive eloquence, and draped in the philosopher's cloak, expounding the doctrines of Plato and the Stagyræ. No wonder that throngs were collected from all quarters, far and near, to listen to so silver-sweet a discourser, and have out their stare at the pretty Pagan going through her *poses plastiques*.

The celebrity attained by her, in the heyday of renown, is compared by Philareté Charles to that of Madame de Staël—with whom, by the way, male, female, or epicene, has Madame de Staël, first and last, *not*

\* Ὀστράκοις ἀνέilon, καὶ μελλόν διασπείσαντες, κ. τ. λ. "Oyster-shells were plentifully strewn on the sea-beach before the Casareum. I may, therefore, prefer the literal sense, without rejecting the metaphorical version of tegulae, tiles, which is used by M. de Valois. I am ignorant, and the assassins were probably regardless, whether their victim was yet alive."—(Gibbon, ch. xviii.)

† "These exploits of Cyril are recorded by Socrates (l. 7, c. 13-15), and the most reluctant bigotry is compelled to copy an historian who coolly styles the murderers of Hypatia ἄνδρες τὸ φρόνημα ἄνθερμους. At the mention of that injured name, I am pleased to observe a blush even on the cheek of Baronius (A.D. 415, No. 46)."—*Ibid.*

‡ Progrès de la Pensée Humaine, ch. xxi.



been compared ?)—“s’entoura d’une célébrité semblable à celle dont Madame de Staël a joui parmi nous.” He admits, however, that Hypatia inspires a more lively interest than *ces femmes savantes*—inasmuch as not only was the fair Alexandrienne an astronomer, a scholar, a poet, and a theologian, but further, she was young, handsome, *aimable*, and high spirited.

A grim fate, truly, for the mangled fragments of that beautiful corpse (even granting her to be, by this time, middle aged) to be tossed about the streets by *cette foule de bêtes féroces à figure humaine*. Of all mobs, M. Charles\* affirms, the most sanguinary are those of towns, which are destitute alike of freedom and of moral character—in which sophists are the ruling powers—in which the pursuit of pleasure is the pursuit most had in honour—and in which a refined and elegant civilisation, modelled on the precepts of rhetoricians, lends its sanction to every kind of vice and cruelty. A description evidently not meant for restriction to Alexandria, and the age of Peter the Reader.

At the same time, to Alexandria must be unanimously conceded a bad eminence in brawls. They were *facile principes*, messieurs the mobsmen of Alexandria, in the art of getting up and carrying on a good faction fight. Not Donnybrook Fair itself knows, or knew, better how to initiate a pretty quarrel, and exhaust its capabilities, and even from its ashes renew its wonted fire. Anything for a row, in Alexandria. People whose base motto was, Anything for a quiet life, must take care to live out of Alexandria. One is reminded of Butler’s Hudibrastics about those “ancient Stoics,” who, in their porch,

With fierce dispute maintained their church,  
Beat out their brains in fight and study,  
To prove that virtue is a body;  
That *bonum* is an animal,  
Made good with stout polemic brawl;  
In which some hundreds on the place  
Were slain outright, and many a face  
Retrenched of nose, and eyes, and beard,  
To maintain what their sect averred.†

Or rather, again, of what the same satirist elsewhere says, in other than octosyllabics—in longer metre, and yet smarter manner—

These follies had such influence on the rabble,  
As to engage them in perpetual squabble;  
Dividing *Alexandria*.

(sit venia verbo: we know it is Rome and Athens in the original: but ours is not, in one sense, “a needless Alexandrine,”)

Dividing *Alexandria* into clans  
Of ignorant mechanic partisans;  
That, to maintain their own hypotheses,  
Broke one another’s blockheads, and the peace;  
Were often set by officers i’ the stocks  
For quarrelling about a paradox:  
When pudding-wives were launched in cockquean stools,  
For falling foul on oyster-women’s schools.

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\* Des Femmes Grecques, § iv.

† Hudibras, part ii. c. ii.

No herb-women sold cabbages or onions,  
 But to their gossips of their own opinions.  
 A Peripatetic cobbler scorned to sole  
 A pair of shoes of any other school;  
 And porters of the judgment of the Stoics  
 To go an errand of the Cyrenaics;  
 That used t' encounter in athletic lists,  
 With beard to beard, and teeth and nails to fists,  
 Like modern kicks and cuffs among the youth  
 Of academies, to maintain the truth.  
 But in the boldest feats of arms the Stoic  
 And Epicurean were the most heroic,  
 That stoutly ventured breaking of their necks,  
 To vindicate the interests of their sects,  
 And still behaved themselves as resolute  
 In waging cuffs and bruises, as dispute;  
 Until with wounds and bruises, which th' had got,  
 Some hundreds were killed dead upon the spot.\*

Need we recal to the reader Moore's picture of the population of Alexandria, at a period not long before that of Hypatia—a picture of the most motley miscellany of nations, religions, and sects, that had ever been brought together in one city? There we see, for instance, the oratory of the cabalistic Jew beside the school of the Grecian Platonist; while the church of the Christian stands, undisturbed, over the crypts of the Egyptian Hierophant. Here, the adorer of Fire, from the East, laughs at the less elegant superstition of the worshipper of cats, from the West. Christianity, even, has learnt to emulate the pious vagaries of Paganism; and while, on one side, her Ophite professor is seen bending on his knee gravely before a serpent, on the other, a Nicosian Christian is heard contending, with no less gravity, that chance there can be none of salvation out of the pale of the Greek alphabet. "Still worse, the uncharitableness of Christian schism was already," writes Alciphron, "with equal vigour, distinguishing itself; and I heard everywhere, on my arrival, of the fierce rancour and hate with which the Greek and Latin churchmen were then persecuting each other, because, forsooth, the one fasted on the seventh day of the week, and the others fasted upon the fourth and sixth."† This century was not exactly the time, nor was Alexandria altogether the place, for a frequent and spontaneous utterance of the exclamation, once an almost adage, See how these Christians love one another!

The "religious dissensions" of St. George's in the East have been called a trifle to those of Alexandria—which, as headed by churchmen, and winked at by Patriarchs, were perhaps more akin to the "Church and King riots" of a past generation; though one may doubt whether, if the Birmingham mob had caught Dr. Priestley, he would have suffered quite so terrible a fate as that of Hypatia. Of the latter personage, as a recent critic has observed, "it is curious to read Mr. Sharpe's‡ bald statement of facts after the high-flown romance of Mr. Kingsley." Where, it is

\* Butler's Satires, Upon the Abuse of Human Learning.

† The Epicurean, ch. iii.

‡ The History of Egypt from the Earliest Times till the Conquest of the Arabs. By S. Sharpe. Fourth edition. 1859.

asked, are the deep-laid plots of Orestes? Where is the contemplated empire of Paganism? Where is Pelagia and her elephant? Where, too, are those Goths of the fifth century, so unaccountably forestalling the likeness of Scandinavians of the ninth and tenth? "Alas! Mr. Sharpe seems utterly unconscious of anything of the kind. To be sure, Orestes is mobbed, and Hypatia is murdered, and all due horror is expressed at the crime; but that Orestes and Hypatia had any thought of reigning together under the auspices of Pallas Athene is the special revelation of Mr. Kingsley, and has not come within the narrower range of vision allowed to Mr. Sharpe."\*

*Non nostrum tantas componere lites.* Whatever the degree of Mr. Kingsley's special second-sight, or of Mr. Sharpe's narrow or near-sightedness, suppose we take the succinct life-history of Hypatia from the narrative of Socrates—whose simple candid manner of relating a story it was his interest, as a churchman, to conceal, or explain away, has been lauded as a model for ecclesiastical historians. We quote from the translation by Wells, more than a century and a half old. "There was a woman at Alexandria by name Hypatia. She was daughter to Theon the philosopher. She had arrived to so eminent a degree of learning, that she excelled all the philosophers of her own times, and succeeded in that Platonic school derived from Plotinus, and expounded all the precepts of philosophy to those who would hear her. Wherefore, all persons who were studious of philosophy flocked to her from all parts. By reason of that eminent confidence and readiness of expression, wherewith she had accomplished herself by her learning, she addressed frequently even to the magistrates with a singular modesty. Nor was she ashamed of appearing in a public assembly of men, for all persons revered and admired her for her eximious† modesty. Envy armed itself against this woman at that time; for, because she had frequent conferences with Orestes, for this reason a calumny was framed against her among the Christian population, as if she hindered Orestes from coming to a reconciliation with the bishop [Cyril, her implacable foe]. Certain persons therefore, of fierce and over-hot minds, who were headed by one Peter, a reader, conspired against the woman, and observed her returning home from some place; and having pulled her out of her chariot, they dragged her to the church named Cæsareum, where they stripped her and murdered her. And when they had torn her piecemeal, they carried all her members to a place called Cinaron, and consumed them with fire. This fact brought no small disgrace upon Cyrillus and the Alexandrian Church."‡ And his artless mode of relating it, has brought no small credit to Socrates—considering his profession and circumstances, and especially comparing (or contrasting) him with other church-historians, his successors, in century after century, from his to our own.

Not in this respect can any invidious comparison, or contrast, be instituted between him and the present Cambridge Professor of Modern History—for, if the venerable Greek churchman has not been unjust to this

\* *Saturday Review*, No. 255.

† *Eximious*. Wells's speech bewrayeth him somewhat. His Socrates is Englished, not from the Greek original, but from the Latin of Valesius.

‡ Wells's *Socrates' Ecclesiastical History*, 1709.

heathen woman, our liberal modern has dealt out even more than justice to her. But in point of style, in respect of descriptive art, and portraiture, and narrative effect, the contrast is as clean a case as can well be imagined. We have purposely quoted the bald matter-of-fact record of the old chronicler, that it might, by way of background, give greater relief to such a picture as the following, one of many like it, from the story of *New Foes with an Old Face*.

The scene is a room fitted up in the purest Greek taste, not without an affectation of archaism, in the severe forms and subdued half-tints of the frescoes which ornament the walls with tableaux from the old myths of Athens; yet the general effect, even under the blazing sun which pours in through the mosquito-nets of the court-yard windows, is one of exquisite coolness and cleanliness, and repose. The room has neither carpet nor fireplace; and the only movables in it are a sofa-bed, a table, and an arm-chair, all of such delicate and graceful forms, as may be seen on ancient vases of a far earlier period than that whereof Mr. Kingsley writes. "But, most probably, had any of us entered that room that morning, we should not have been able to spare a look either for the furniture, or the general effect, or the Museum Gardens, or the sparkling Mediterranean beyond. . . . For in the light arm-chair, reading a manuscript which lay on the table, sat a woman, of some five-and-twenty years, evidently the tutelary goddess of the little shrine, dressed, in perfect keeping with the archaism of the chamber, in a simple old snow-white Ionic robe, falling to the feet and reaching to the throat, and of that peculiarly severe and graceful fashion in which the upper part of the dress falls downward again from the neck to the waist in a sort of cape, entirely hiding the outline of the bust, while it leaves the arms and the points of the shoulders bare. Her dress was entirely without ornament, except the two narrow purple stripes down the front, which marked her rank as a Roman citizen, the gold-embroidered shoes upon her feet, and the gold net, which looped back, from her forehead to her neck, hair the colour and gloss of which were hardly distinguishable from that of the metal itself, such as Athene herself might have envied for tint, and mass, and ripple. Her features, arms, and hands, were of the severest and grandest type of old Greek beauty, at once showing everywhere the high development of the bones, and covering them with that firm, round, ripe outline, and waxy morbidez of skin, which the old Greeks owed to their continual use not only of the bath and muscular exercise, but also of daily unguents. There might have seemed to us too much sadness in that clear grey eye; too much self-conscious restraint in those sharp curved lips; too much affectation in the studied severity of her posture as she read,—copied, as it seemed, from some old vase or bas-relief. But the glorious grace and beauty of every line of face and figure, would have excused, even hidden those defects, and we should only have recognised the marked resemblance to the ideal portraits of Athene which adorned every panel of the walls.

"She has lifted her eyes off the manuscript; she is looking out with kindling countenance over the gardens of the Museum; her ripe, curling, Greek lips, such as we never see now, even among our own wives and sisters, open. She is talking to herself. Listen!

“‘Yes. The statues there are broken. The libraries are plundered. The oracles are dumb. And yet—who says that the old faith of heroes and sages is dead? The beautiful can never die. If the gods have deserted their oracles, they have not deserted the souls who aspire to them. If they have ceased to guide nations, they have not ceased to speak to their own elect. If they have cast off the vulgar herd, they have not cast off Hypatia. . . . Ay. To believe in the old creeds, while every one else is dropping away from them. . . . To believe in spite of disappointments. . . . To hope against hope. . . . To show oneself superior to the herd, by seeing boundless depths of living glory in myths which have become dark and dead to them. . . . To struggle to the last against the new and vulgar superstitions of a rotting age, for the faith of my forefathers, for the old gods, the old heroes, the old sages who gauged the mysteries of heaven and earth—and perhaps to conquer—at least to have my reward!’”\*

Such is the Hypatia hypostatised in latter-day romance. We could wish for a companion-picture of her in the lecture-room—telling us how she looked, and spoke, and generally demeaned herself there. For it is as the Representative Woman of learning in the lecture-room that one thinks, for the most part, of Hypatia at all—excepting always the shocking tragedy of her death, which is more dramatically memorable, and therefore more absorbingly arrests the general fancy. Mr. Kingsley gives us, at considerable length, the argument and filling up of one of her lectures; but a character-portrait of the lecturer herself, in the act, he leaves a desideratum. A pleasant volume might be written on lady-lecturers, ancient, modern, and modern-antique. Père Buffier, a Jesuit of the eighteenth century, and one of the *plus éclairés et des plus spirituels*, who belonged to the society of Madame de Lambert, wrote a Dissertation, demi-semi-paradoxical in its tone, in which he bestirred himself to prove that “les femmes sont capables des sciences”—and appealing, in the course of his ratiocination, to the political attainments of Queens Zenobia and Elizabeth—to female philosophers like the Aspasia of Pericles and ever so many more—to medical mistresses like the celebrated Cornara of the school of Padua—and to female astronomers and geometricians like *Hypatie*, or a certain *marquise moderne* he could name. Madame du Châtelet was a very French Hypatia. It is in reference to her, and to the pelting showers of epigrams which her peculiar talents and character (or want of it) called down upon her, that M. Sainte-Beuve thus expresses himself: “If, once upon a time, the beautiful Hypatia, a celebrated mathematician and astronomer, was stoned to death by the mob at Alexandria, Madame du Châtelet, who was not so beautiful, and who, to all appearance, was not possessor of quite all the virtues of Hypatia, was not, indeed, like her, stoned to death, but Madame had to endure the smart railleries of the world she lived in,—the most *spirituel* of all possible worlds, and the most *méchant*.”† One would have imagined that Voltaire—this divine Emilie's own Voltaire—would have appropriated the title of *Hypatie* to her, and to her alone. But no; we find him bestowing it, long years afterwards,

\* Kingsley's *Hypatia*, ch. li.

† *Essai sur Mme. du Châtelet*. (1850.)

on a very different personage—that rather prim and very pretty precisian, Mlle. Susanne Curchod, who wanted to marry Gibbon, and whom Gibbon wanted to marry, and who, if she *had* married *ce cher Edouard*,—why, then the world might (not to say must) have missed two very noticeable productions—first, the History of the Decline and Fall; and, secondly, the actual life and works of Madame de Staël! When Susanne of Lausanne lost her venerable sire, a pattern of the pastoral pastor, she was induced to set up as lecturer on languages—which she did with success; and not many years ago there was still pointed out, in a little valley near Lausanne, the *estrade* or *tertre de verdure élevée en guise de chaire*, by the students of the place, from which the *belle orpheline de Crassier* distributed prizes and éloges, and even, in fine weather, delivered her *leçons* in the open air. Ten years later Mlle. Curchod was Madame Necker; but Voltaire was not unmindful of these “*souvenirs de Lausanne*,” when he thus addressed the visitors of that lady—by this time a recognised *grande dame* at Paris, and famous for her Friday receptions of the beaux esprits philosophes:\*

Vous qui chez la belle Hypatie,  
Tous les vendredis raisonnez  
De vertu, de philosophie, &c.

But to return to Père Buffier and his delicate investigation. The good Father, with all his irony, was more tolerant of didactic ladyhood than a learned compatriot of his, who treating of the names that Italy can show in this department, gruffly exclaims: “*Nous avons bien de la peine à permettre aux femmes un habit de muse : comment pourrions-nous leur souffrir un bonnet de docteur?*”† Not all the world is equally unsympathising. The latest biographer of Olympia Morata exhibits her at full length, “*bright and beautiful*,” lecturing away on the Paradoxes of Cicero—enchanting all eyes, and charming all ears—“*approaching, one may fancy, in social position, some Siddons or Mars more nearly than any other existence known to our times.*” Of the whole picture of this radiant Olympia, ambitious of praise, triumphant, full of fervid poetic enthusiasm, and love of the beautiful, Mr. Trollope may well call these public lectures, or declamations, the strangest feature to our seeming. “*Let the inmates of our ‘Establishments,’ ‘Colleges,’ ‘Academies,’ of the most finished and ‘finishing’ category, picture to themselves a young lady of sixteen called on to lecture before an audience, composed of all the court-circle and most learned Dons of Ferrara, on the Paradoxes of Cicero!—improvising her declamation, too, in Latin and Greek, if we may believe her friend Curio, writing many years afterwards, with the enthusiastic admiration of these exhibitions still strong within him. ‘Then,’ writes he, ‘we used to hear her declaiming in Latin, improvising in Greek, explaining the paradoxes of the greatest orators, and [last not least] answering to all the questions addressed to her.’*”‡

Hence, to the Teutonic imagination, the picture of Olympia seems to

\* See *Causeries du Lundi*, t. iv. p. 190.

† Cello Curione, *Epist.*, cited by Bonnet.

‡ Ginguené.

present an altogether scenic personage, prepared for purposes of representation, with slender, graceful figure, draped in long white muslin robes, with beautifully eloquent upraised arm, *Andres Athenaisi* on her lovely lips—with befitting background of gleaming marble porticos, and grey-green olive groves behind,—the cloudless blue above, and bluer *Ægean* in the distance. “Nothing seems to have excited the admiration and approbation of her contemporaries more than these public declamations. ‘One might have fancied that one was listening to one of the most learned virgins of Greece or Rome, to whom, indeed, [Curio affirms] she may be justly compared.’”\* In which degrees of comparison we can suppose Hypatia, for one, begging to be excused and left out: Olympia Morata would scarcely have suited her Platonic complexion: More to her mind would have been fair young Novella, Petrarch’s daughter,—which accomplished donzella “would often lecture to the scholars,” we are told, when her father was otherwise engaged,—placing herself, however, behind a small curtain, lest her beauty should divert their thoughts.† A French philosopher proposes this very subject of Petrarch’s daughter, at one of these Curtain-lectures, as affording matter for a *joli problème*, about which a deal might be said for and against: “On pourroit examiner si cette fille avançoit, ou si elle retardoit le profit de ses auditeurs, en leur cachant son beau visage. Il y auroit cent choses à dire pour et contre là-dessus.”‡ His leaving so pretty a problem unsolved, as though in humorous despair of ever balancing its *pros* and *cons*, is prettily characteristic of Bayle’s superstitious scepticism.

Mr. Kingsley’s Hypatia, no such Curtain-lecturer, bewilders her auditors by the beauty of the lecturer, the grace of her action, the melody of her voice, and the maze of her rhetoric, as it glitters before their mind’s eye, like a cobweb diamonded with dew. She has to contend, however, against knots of clownish and often brutal sophists, the wrecks of the old Cynic, Stoic, and Academic schools,§ who, with venom increasing, after the wont of parties, with their decrepitude, assailed the beautifully bespangled card-castle of Neo-Platonism, as an empty medley of all Greek philosophies with all Eastern superstitions.|| Woman-like, she yearns for some strong genius of the stronger sex, to whom to resort for inspiration, aid, and solace, in time of need. “Ah, that Julian,” she sighs, “had lived a generation later! That I could have brought all my hard-earned treasures to the feet of the Poet of the Sun, and cried, ‘Take me!—Hero, warrior, statesman, sage, priest of the God of Light! Take thy slave! Command her—send her—to martyrdom, if thou wilt!’ A petty price would that have been wherewith to buy the honour of being the meanest of thy apostles, the fellow-labourer of Jamblichus, Maximus, Libanius, and the choir of sages who upheld the throne of the last true Cæsar!”¶

The price, petty or not, of martyrdom, is one she is doomed to pay,\*\*

\* A Decade of Italian Women, vol. ii. pp. 84 sq.

† See Rogers’s Italy.

‡ Bayle.

§ On this subject, see Mr. Kingsley’s four lectures, at Edinburgh, on Alexandria and the Alexandrians, *passim*.

|| Hypatia, pp. 97, 100 and sqq. (2nd edit.)

¶ Ibid., 172.

\*\* “I say, Pen,” writes Clive Newcome, from the Eternal City, to Arthur Pen-

though not on the terms she is here supposed to aspire to. Her creed, meanwhile, like those of her fellow-philosophers, is one of the fancy and the religious sentiment, rather than of the reason and the moral sense. All the brilliant cloud-world in which she has revelled for years,\*—cosmogonies, emanations, affinities, symbolisms, hierarchies, abysses, eternities, and the rest of it—seem vanishing into air at her utmost need. The martyr's spirit she may have, but not the martyr's faith. She has brave resolutions, but feeble convictions. Hence a special pathos about the tragedy of her latter end, as worked up and wrought out in philosophical romance. Graphically grim are the scattered details the novelist lavishes on this shocking scene—showing us the mob, that increases momentarily by hundreds, as it pours down upon the beach, and returns brandishing flints, shells, fragments of pottery—a dense mass of Parabolani and monks, who, mingled with the fish-wives and dock-workers, leap and yell around their victim. "She shook herself free from her tormentors, and springing back, rose for one moment to her full height, naked, snow-white against the dusky mass around—shame and indignation in those wide clear eyes, but not a stain of fear."† She opens her lips to speak, in the Cæsareum to which they have haled her—beneath the shadow of the colossal Christ above the altar. But at that instant she is struck to the earth by Peter the Reader, Cyril's man-of-all-work, all dirty work at least,—“Peter, a reader of the principal church,” and branded by honest Goldsmith as “one of those vile slaves by whom men in power are too frequently attended—wretches ever ready to commit any crime which they hope may render them agreeable to their employer.”‡ Mr. Kingsley's readers are familiar with the odious presence of this sanctified scamp, and see many a swashing blow struck by this exceedingly muscular Christian,§ before the finishing one which lays Hypatia low. Then the dark mass closes over her again—and then wail on wail, long, wild, ear-

dennis, “I wish Warrington would write the history of the Last of the Pagans. Did you never have a sympathy for them as the monks came rushing into their temples, kicking down their poor altars, smashing the fair calm faces of their gods, and sending their vestals a-flying? They are always preaching here about the persecution of the Christians. Are not the churches full of martyrs with choppers in their meek heads; virgins on gridirons; riddled St. Sebastians, and the like? But have they never persecuted in their turn? Oh, me! You and I know better,” &c.—*The Newcomes*, ch. xxxv.

\* *Hypatia*, 346.

† *Ibid.*, 362.

‡ Goldsmith's *Essays*, *ubi supra*.

§ A well-known clerical writer of this generation has been likened to Peter, none too kindly, by a leading Review. “Mr. Neale is a theologian and a vigorous one. In the nineteenth century unorthodox ladies are not scraped to death with oyster-shells, but had Mr. Neale lived fourteen hundred years back, we could almost fancy him following the banner of Peter the Reader.”—*Saturday Review*, No. 270.

And as the reviewer traces out a *mutatis mutandis* affinity between Peter and the Rev. John Mason Neale, so, by-the-by, he owns to having “always fancied” that Mr. Kingsley shadowed forth himself in the character of Synesius, “the Squire-Bishop” (see “*Hypatia*”)—not a bad bishop either, if we may believe his panegyrist—adds this detective of ecclesiastical parallels—but one who could withal write poems and go a-hunting, whose orthodoxy was perhaps not quite unimpeachable, and who at all events claved to his wife in defiance of monks and Manichees. Excessively not the sort of bishop to deliver Wigramite charges against clerical whiskers and clerical cricketing.



piercing, rings along the vaulted roof. "When would they end? What in the name of the God of mercy were they doing? Tearing her piece-meal? Yes, and worse than that." . . . "It was over. The shrieks had died away into moans; the moans to silence." Anon, a new cry rose through the dome. "To the Cinaron! Burn the bones to ashes! Scatter them into the sea!"\* And the mob pour past us again—and we watch from afar the glaring of the fire, and the rabble leaping and yelling like demons around their Moloch sacrifice.—Such was the end of Hypatia, the "glory of her own sex, and the astonishment of ours."†

Hypatia's murder is asserted by Mr. Kingsley to have been the death-blow of philosophy in Alexandria. "Twenty years after Hypatia's death [A.D. 415], philosophy was flickering down to its very socket." In language tremendous and unmistakable, as he calls it, philosophers had been informed that mankind had done with them; that they had been weighed in the balances, and found wanting; that if they had no better Gospel than that to preach, they must make way for those who had. And they did make way. "We hear little or nothing of them or their wisdom henceforth, except at Athens, where Proclus, Marinus, Isidore, and others, kept up the 'golden chain of the Platonic succession,' and descended deeper and deeper, one after the other, into the realms of confusion—confusion of the material with the spiritual, of the subject with the object, the moral with the intellectual"—"craving after signs and wonders, dabbling in magic, astrology, and barbarian fetichisms; bemoaning the fallen age, and barking querulously at every form of human thought except their own; writing pompous biographies, full of bad Greek, worse taste, and still worse miracles."‡

—That last drear mood

Of envious sloth, and proud decrepitude;  
No faith, no art, no king, no priest, no God;  
While round the freezing founts of life in snarling ring,  
Crouch'd on the bareworn sod,  
Babbling about the unreturning spring,  
And whining for dead Gods who cannot save,  
The toothless systems shiver to their grave.

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\* Hypatia, pp. 363 and sq.

† Goldsmith.

‡ See the closing chapter of "Hypatia," *passim*.

## WASHINGTON IRVING.\*

As late as 1818, the Rev. Sydney Smith, writing as an Edinburgh Reviewer (and describing how little had been done by the United States in the walks of literature), enumerated, with the prose of Jefferson and the poetry of Timothy Dwight, *some pieces of pleasantry by Mr. Irving*. It was evidently not one of the subjects with which the wise and witty reviewer was familiar, or of which he cared to show his knowledge. In addition to the *Salmagundi* (where "the pieces of pleasantry" had appeared), the *History of New York, by Knickerbocker*, one of the ablest examples we possess of the style and best manner of Swift, had been already nine years before the public; and was known, though not then republished, in England.

But with the *Memoirs of Irving*, "by his nephew," in our possession, we will not anticipate the course of events, and will take the biographer as our guide from the beginning.

Washington Irving, we are told, was born in New York in 1783. We do not, however, recollect any period up to the time that he finally quitted Europe, at which his appearance indicated that he had lived from such a date. We first met him, when the vicissitudes of war had taken us to New York, in 1812, in the society of his intimate friend Mr. J. K. Paulding. He was then unassuming, almost retiring, in his manner; his conversation was natural and agreeable; and we remember some anecdotes he told of his travels in Canada, especially of his meeting with one of the old soldiers of Wolfe, which were as beautifully and interestingly brought before us as anything in the pages of the "Sketch-Book." The late Mr. Murray used to say of him that the success of his "Columbus" had spoilt him. Our intercourse was afterwards too rare and distant to enable us to judge. He himself wrote to a friend, speaking of the men he met in Albemarle-street, "One thing I have found invariably: that the greater the merit, the less has been the pretension; and that there is no being so modest, natural, unaffected, and unassuming, as a first-rate genius." It never appeared to us that he was an exception to the passage we have quoted.

His family was originally from Scotland, and, like many Scotch families, it traces its descent from a remote period; claiming an uninterrupted pedigree from William De Irwin, the "secretary" and faithful friend of King Robert Bruce; a friend more faithful, we may hope, than the Douglas, who undertook to bear the royal heart to the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem, and threw it, instead, into the midst of a fight at which it was no part of his mission to have been present.† We should ourselves, we must confess, be sufficiently unromantic to think little of these high ancestries unless the lands and hereditaments connected with them had come down to us with the name; nor can we believe that such "boasts of

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\* The Life and Letters of Washington Irving. Edited by his Nephew, Pierre M. Irving. In Three Vols. (Vols. I. and II.) Bentley. 1862.

† "It had been much better for Scotland," says Sir Walter Scott, "if the Douglas and his companions had staid at home to defend their own country, which was shortly afterwards in great want of their assistance."

heraldry" could have been much regarded by Washington Irving. Should any of his family be still in existence five hundred years hence—even though they may be Lords of the Smoking-room or Eagle King-at-Arms at the court of a Western Empire—it will be from himself that they will date the honours of their house. There is more of the family history, but we pass on to matters of higher interest. Who cares to inquire into the pedigree of Cicero, or of Virgil? Irving's father began life as a sailor, and ended it as a merchant in New York, after being nearly ruined in the struggles of his adopted country for its independence. His mother was the "granddaughter of an English curate," and was distinguished for her humanity "in alleviating the sufferings" of prisoners taken by the royalists during the war,—who were not often very humanely treated by their captors. They were both of them respected and long-remembered. But the father was a severe Presbyterian, and made his religious practices so repulsive to his children that most of them wandered, sooner or later, into "the Episcopal fold," Washington "at an early age going stealthily to Trinity Church when the rite of Confirmation was administered, and enrolling himself amongst its disciples by 'the laying on of hands,' that he might thereafter, though still constrained to attend his father's church, feel that it could not challenge his allegiance." While yet a child, he was presented in a shop, by the young Scotch girl who had the care of him, to the great man after whom he had been called; and Washington, "placing his hand on the head of her little charge, gave him his blessing."

After being first at a dame's school, and then at "a school for both sexes kept by Benjamin Romaine—a man of good sense and sound judgment, but of moderate scholarship"—he was for a short time under two other masters. Under one of them—Jonathan Fisk—"he studied Latin, which was his nearest approach to a classical education." From his sixteenth year he must be considered as self-taught. Like most boys of lively intellect, he had a precocious pleasure in the drama, in love-making, and in mimic war. His imagination was first excited by the Pilgrim's Progress and Hærold's Ariosto. He precociously contributed both verse and prose to a paper called the Weekly Museum; and Robinson Crusoe, Sinbad, and The World Displayed, inspired his early love of travel. At the age of fourteen he had determined to elope and go to sea. We may smile at being told that the great obstacle to carrying out his intention was his abhorrence of salt pork. To overcome this he made it a practice to eat the obnoxious viand at every opportunity; and he prepared himself for the hardships of a sailor's life by getting out of bed and lying upon the bare floor. "But the discomforts of this regimen soon proved too much for his perseverance; with every new trial the pork grew less appetitious, and the hard floor more hard; until at length his faltering resolution came to a total collapse."

His love of travel was to be more pleasantly gratified. In the mean time, at the age of sixteen, he began the battle of life in the office of a lawyer at New York, his brother John, who "afterwards attained to the dignity of the bench," being already in the same office; and this reminds us of our not having yet mentioned that his father's family consisted altogether of four sons and three daughters. Of some of them we shall see more as we proceed. His legal studies are said to have been "marked by considerable proficiency in *belles-lettres*, but: very slender advancement

in the dry technicalities of the practice ;" and it was while thus struggling between opposing influences that he made a voyage up the Hudson. He was the first, we believe, amongst his countrymen who drew attention to the beauty of its scenery—and certainly nothing more beautiful can be imagined—and in his journals and letters we find traces of the impressions that formed materials for future "Sketches."

About two years later he left the "law office" which he had first entered, continuing his studies with Mr. Livingston till he became a judge of the Supreme Court; and afterwards with Mr. Josiah Ogden Hoffman, who is still remembered in America as a distinguished speaker; both at the bar and in Congress. In Mrs. Hoffman he found a kind friend; and he regarded her as a sister. It is to her that many of his letters are addressed.

In 1802 he again ascended the Hudson, on his way, as previously, to visit his brother William at Johnstown, about forty miles from Albany, where he was engaged in a fur trade with the Indians. There were tribes, as recently as this, whom the white man had not yet driven from the hunting-grounds of their fathers; and with these a very profitable barter was still carried on.

This was in his nineteenth year; a year in his early life that was also marked by failing health; by the production of the only one of his early efforts that has come down to us—the Letters of Jonathan Oldstyle; and by an excursion inland into Canada, in company with the Hoffman family: at that time a rather formidable undertaking, of which the *désagrémens* are sufficiently dwelt upon in his journals. On one occasion we had nearly been prematurely deprived of a favourite author by the jealousy of a drunken Indian, whose squaw seems to have shown the young student more marked attentions than the savage could bear unmoved. Several of his adventures with the red men were amusing; but they were already a degraded race. His recollections of this excursion are best brought before us in a letter written upon revisiting some of its scenes in 1853: after an interval of half a century. Ogdensburg—of which tracing the foundation had been one of the objects of their tour—was now a populous city. "Then," he says, "all the country was a wilderness; we floated down the Black River in a scow; we toiled through forests in waggon drawn by oxen; we slept in hunters' cabins; and were once four-and-twenty hours without food; but all was romance to me. Arrived on the banks of the St. Lawrence, we put up at Mr. Ogden's agent's, who was quartered in some rude buildings belonging to a ruined French fort at the mouth of the Oswegatchie. What happy days I passed there! rambling about the woods with the young ladies; or paddling with them in Indian canoes on the limpid waters of the St. Lawrence; or fishing about the rapids and visiting the Indians, who still lived on islands in the river. Everything was so grand, and so silent and solitary. I don't think any scene in life made a more delightful impression upon me. . . . There were some rocks where I used to sit of an evening, and accompany with my flute one of the ladies who sang. I sat for a long time on the rocks, summoning recollections of bygone days, and of the happy beings by whom I was then surrounded; all had passed away—all were dead and gone; of that young and joyous party I was the sole survivor; they had all lived quietly at home out of the

reach of mischance, yet had gone down to their graves; while I, who had been wandering about the world, exposed to all hazards by sea and land, was yet alive. It seemed almost marvellous. I have often, in my shifting about the world, come upon the traces of former existence; but I do not think anything has made a stronger impression on me than this second visit to the banks of the Oswegatchie."

Soon after he had entered upon his twenty-first year, the state of his health had given so much cause for uneasiness that his brothers determined to send him, at their own expense, on a voyage to Europe. They were a united family, in good fortune as in bad; and, throughout their lives, if the staff broke in the hands of one, there was another ready, when possible, to replace it. "It is with delight," writes his brother William, by whom the expense was mainly borne, "that we share the world with you; and one of our greatest sources of happiness is that fortune is daily putting it in our power thus to add to the comfort and enjoyment of one so very dear to us all." That something was seriously preying upon his constitution at the moment was obvious. On his excursion with the Hoffmans they had visited Ballston Springs, where he slept in the next room to Judge Kent. "Was that young Irving who kept up such an incessant cough during the night?" asked the judge; and being told "it was," his rejoinder was, "Then he is not long for this world." The captain, too, in whose vessel he was to sail for Bordeaux, confessed to have said to himself as his passenger came on board, "There's a chap who will go *overboard* before we get across." Yet "the judge (afterwards the distinguished chancellor) lived to preside at a public dinner given thirty years later to the consumptive invalid;" and the captain, before many days, saw him "climbing to the masthead, and going out on the main-topsail-yard." Before the end of the year he had written to his brother, "For myself, I am another being. Health has new strung my limbs, and endowed me with an elasticity of spirits that gilds every scene with sunshine, and heightens every enjoyment."

From Bordeaux he went southwards to Nice; where he remained, partly against his will, for about five weeks. Thence, by sea, to Genoa, Sicily, and Naples. At Genoa he met an old playmate and fellow-countryman, and lingered in pleasant society for about nine weeks. Amongst others, he had been presented to Lady Shaftesbury, of whom he tells his brother that she had shown him "the most unreserved and cordial friendship." "I visited her house," he says, "every night; dined there frequently, and supped whenever I chose. . . . How many happy hours have I passed with this charming family! no restraint or frigid ceremony is observed in their house; it was all one whether we read, or wrote, or danced, or sung, or played blind-man's-buff, or battledore and shuttlecock, there were always some present to join in the sport, and every one was at liberty to follow his own inclination." Lady Shaftesbury also gave him some valuable letters of introduction. His principal incident in Sicily was the sight of Nelson's fleet just previous to the battle of Trafalgar. His description of it may make an Englishman feel proud. "Two ships-of-the-line were seen entering the straits. . . . Several more made their appearance, and it was ascertained to be the English fleet. In a short time Lord Nelson's ship, the *Victory*, hove in sight. They all advanced majestically up the straits." . . . There were

"eleven sail-of-the-line, three frigates, and two brigs, all in prime order, and most noble vessels. We had understood before we left Messina that Nelson was in search of the French fleet, which had lately got out of Toulon. They continued in sight all day. It was very pleasing to observe with what promptness and dexterity the signals were made, answered, and obeyed. It seemed as a body of men under perfect discipline. Every ship appeared to know its station immediately, and to change position agreeably to command with the utmost precision. Nelson has brought them to perfect discipline; he has kept them at sea a long time with very little expense, they seldom having more than three sails set all the while they were off Toulon. He takes pride in them, and says there is not a vessel among them that he would wish out of the fleet."

"In less than a year," we are reminded\*, "Nelson's young admirer, who chronicled this animating spectacle, was one of thronging thousands that pressed to behold his remains as they lay in state at Greenwich wrapped in the flag that now floated so proudly above him."

From Naples, Irving proceeded by land to Rome, where his stay was rather brief; and he left Italy without taking either Florence or Venice in his way; chiefly, it would seem, that he might have the companionship of a friend and fellow-traveller, who was going, like himself, to Paris. His pretext was to take advantage of "a course of lectures on botany, chemistry, and other branches of science, to be given at the Garden of Plants, by the most experienced and learned men, with no charge or expense to the student." His brother William, in a kind and sensible letter, remonstrates with him for having left Italy as he did. Good company, he tells him, seems to have been "his grand desideratum; good company made you stay eleven weeks at Genoa, where you needed not to have stayed more than two; and good company drives you through all Italy in less time than was necessary for your stay at Genoa. I find no fault, however, with your stay in Genoa; your skipping through Italy, omitting to visit Florence and Venice, I cannot forget. But it is painful to find fault—especially when the evil is now without a remedy." The frank excuse of Washington on another occasion might apply to this: "I am a *young man* and in *Paris*"—for there his wishes had already carried him, and he heartily enjoyed its pleasures.

If we are to be guided by his memoranda, he spent more of his time at the theatres than at "the Garden of Plants." In his "expense-book," where we find "two months' tuition in French," and "bought a Botanical Dictionary," we also find "paid for ten dinners" (supposed to be dinners for ten) "Hôtel d'Avranche." He was young and in Paris.

In October, 1805, he had arrived in what he calls "the land of his forefathers;" but, owing to the miscarriage of letters of introduction, he did not then see much of English society; and on the 24th of the following March he had landed on his return home.

His diaries and letters during this his first visit to Europe are only interesting because they are his. There is little in them that might not have been written by any intelligent traveller, and little in his adventures that was not of every-day occurrence. At sea there was the appearance

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\* Life, vol. i. p. 82

of pirates, who, like Dogberry's disorderlies, proved, after all, not to be the men they took them for; and on shore there were the usual dirt and discomfort of inferior hotels; the submission to impositions; and annoyances from the police in connexion with his passports, that were of more frequent occurrence, perhaps, from the suspicion that he was an Englishman. We occasionally find touches of the quiet humour that has been so often enjoyed in his writings; and there are several passages of right-hearted feeling. But even in style he had, at that time, much to accomplish. "By some conversation," he writes, "I had with Dr. Henry, I had got quite out of conceit of my American protection; it was in writing from the mayor in New York, and he said it was a chance if any of the officers in police would be able to read it, or would know whether to give credence to the signature of the mayor or not." What a sentence is this!—even for a journal.

On his return, his legal studies—never very diligent—having been resumed, he was admitted, after an indulgent examination, to the bar. His examiners were his friend Mr. Hoffman, and Martin Wilkins, "an effective and witty advocate." "Martin," said Mr. Hoffman, "I think he knows a *little* law?" "D—d little," replied his colleague; and Irving always admitted that he was right. The young lawyer was employed, however, for Aaron Burr, on his trial for the murder of Hamilton, but more, perhaps, for the assistance that might be given by his pen than for the value of his services in court. Beyond this we only learn that he was, for some time, in the office of his brother, and that his friends were using their influence to obtain him an appointment under government.

The following year, on the 24th of January (1807), appeared the first number of *Salmagundi*, written in imitation of our English essayists, and chiefly, it was thought, of Goldsmith. It became popular at once in America, and gave a literary celebrity, not merely to its principal writer, but almost to the entire circle of his family and friends. Paulding and William Irving (whose "rich mellow humour" his more gifted brother had long appreciated) were contributors; and, by the uninitiated, Breevort, Verplanck, and others of his intimate associates, were also associated with the work. *Salmagundi* was talked of by every one. Those on the spot had an additional pleasure in tracing its portraits to their originals.\* Those at a distance admired it for its merits. It was discontinued at the end of twelve months, and republished in London, in a collected form, in 1811: whether with much advantage may be doubted, though it was not unfavourably reviewed. At home its authors were astonished at their own success. The work was yielding a large profit to the publisher, when Irving, who was not above turning his talents to account, suggested a participation; but the wily bookseller had "taken out the copyright" in his own name, and all the authors ever received from him was a hundred dollars apiece.

It was scarcely finished before he commenced his *History of New York*—of which Sir Walter Scott was one of the first on this side of the Atlantic to proclaim the merits. "I am sensible," he says, in a letter to

\* *Sophy Sparkle*, "the fascinating Fairlie," as Mr. Irving called her in one of his letters, was afterwards the wife of Cooper, the American tragedian. *Tom Straddle* was the caricature of an Englishman well known in those days in the mercantile circles of America.

Breevort, who had presented him with a copy in 1813, "that, as a stranger to American parties and politics, I must lose much of the concealed satire of the piece, but I must own that, looking at the simple and obvious meaning only, I have never read anything so closely resembling the style of Dean Swift as the annals of Diedrich Knickerbocker. I have been employed these few evenings in reading them aloud to Mrs. S. and two ladies who are our guests, and our sides have been absolutely sore with laughing. I think, too, there are passages which indicate . . . powers of a different kind, and . . . touches which remind me much of Sterne." Seven years had elapsed from this time before Lockhart's review of it appeared in *Blackwood*; but it did good service, though the works of Irving were now beginning to be much better known in England than when the *History* was first published. Of everything connected with its preparation, the "Life and Letters" contain an amusing account. Even Barnum himself could not have better prepared the public for its appearance. The first edition produced three thousand dollars. Whether to its author, or altogether, is not very clearly expressed.

When it was "far advanced towards completion," he was "called to encounter a blow which left him for a while little heart for his work, and probably gave a colour to his whole future existence." Allusions were often made, in the days of his first European celebrity, to a disappointed attachment which would probably prevent his ever marrying. Its object, it appears, was one of the daughters of his early friend Mr. Hoffman, who died in 1809, in the eighteenth year of her age. "Though not a dazzling beauty, she is described as lovely in person and mind, of the most gentle and engaging manners, and with a sensibility that mingled gracefully with a delicate and playful humour." "She was too spotless," said one of his brothers, "for this contaminated world." He himself never alluded to this painful event, but after his death, in a repository of which he always kept the key, was found a touching narrative of his affection and his grief.\* The two months that succeeded her death he spent in retirement, at the house of his friend Judge W. P. Van Ness, at Kinderhook.

Yet, deeply as may have lain the cherished memory of a first love, we doubt whether Washington Irving's *proclivities* were, at any time, strongly towards marriage.

The success of his *History* gave him no desire to trust to such precarious successes for his support. His constant wish was for some employment that would "ensure a steady income." "He liked the exercise of his pen as an amusement, or a source of occasional profit, but to be tied down to a literary career as his destiny . . . presented no enviable prospect . . . he recoiled from a dependence upon literature for his daily bread."

His friends having failed in their attempts to procure him some public appointment, he received a proposal from his brothers Peter and Ebenezer that he should join them in business. "It has never been my idea," writes the former, "that you should become engaged in commerce, except so slightly as not to interfere with your other habits and pursuits. Nor would I have it. *The drudgery of regular business I would not*

\* Vol. i. p. 183. It is too beautiful to be abridged, and too long to be quoted.



*undertake for any reasonable consideration.* Those who have been educated for it, and practised in it, I have no doubt find it pleasant; *to me and to you it would be excessively irksome.*"

"My own plan here," continues Peter, writing from London in 1810, "is to give it close attention *at the necessary periods* of purchase and shipment, and *to be a man of leisure during the intervals.* I have no doubt that we shall, in a short time, realise enough to establish a little castle of our own, in which we may assemble the good fellows we esteem." The shipping house in England was to be P. Irving and Co.; the importing house in New York P. and E. Irving and Co.

Failure, we think, could scarcely have been more plainly shadowed forth than in this prospectus. It is not thus that fortunes are to be won. The greatest moral obstacles to commercial success are a devotion to other, and perhaps more elevating, pursuits; and—though not in this case—the indulgences of the table. The latter do not draw the mind from its object, but they bring another pressure upon its hard-worked powers, under which the whole machine too often breaks to pieces. It was against the first only that Irving had to contend. There was no other. He could submit to the drudgery of business when it became necessary; but it was then too late. Its being forced upon him at all was more than his brothers intended; their purpose seems to have been "mainly to provide for his subsistence, and leave him at liberty to cultivate his general talents, and devote himself to literature."

In the mean time, his pursuits were anything but mercantile. He accepted, on a salary of 1500 dollars a year, the editorship of a review published at Philadelphia, of which he changed the title to the *Analectic Magazine*. It seems to have been, like one of Galignani's English publications, a selection of articles from our own magazines and reviews, with original contributions from himself and his friends. He writes to Breevort that it was "undertaken for the sake of pastime and employment of idle hours;" but it proved an irksome task, to which the failure of its publisher soon put an end. As a merchant, he formed one of a deputation to the seat of government to represent the position in which they were placed by the breaking out of the war with England in 1812; and, after our much-blamed attack upon Washington, he offered his services in defence of his country to the governor of New York, who made him his military secretary, with the rank of colonel. These rapid changes from the gown to the sword have always been common in America. Whether it is the best mode of obtaining efficient officers, it is no part of our present object to inquire. When they were so made, we have no doubt that Irving would be more competent than most of them. His brother William was at the same time a Member of Congress. We have heard Washington say, at a public dinner, that when he rose to speak in public it seemed as if his powers of utterance were paralysed. They both lacked the confidence that depends more upon nerves than mind; but, though he rarely rose to address the house, William, during the six years that he was in Congress, was known as "an efficient and popular member."

After having nearly accompanied Decatur, who was to command the attack of the American fleet upon Algiers, Irving sailed for Liverpool, anticipating a short visit to a successful house of business, and "little

dreaming that the ocean he was about to cross would roll its waters for seventeen years between him and his home."

On his arrival, he found his brother Peter unable, from severe illness, to attend to their affairs, and the partnership concern in a state of threatening embarrassment. He had soon to apply himself to an unaccustomed task. His brother's illness, and the death of their principal clerk, had thrown everything into confusion, and before six months had elapsed he was diligently examining into their accounts, and had "studied book-keeping," in order to fit him for his work. He must have passed many a sad and weary hour in such employment. As he looked, in no poetic mood, from his counting-house window, there was but one object of interest that met his view. The last remains of the ancient castle of Liverpool were just opposite. Even these were about to be replaced by modern buildings, and he was amongst the very few who cared for their disappearance. "They are destroying," he one day observed to a friend, "the only relic of antiquity they possess."\*

On this portion of his history it is painful to dwell. Their commercial difficulties increased, and they were only relieved from them, more than two years later, by the Court of Bankruptcy.

The interval, however, was not altogether unhappy. One of his sisters was married to Mr. Van Wart, a merchant residing near Birmingham, and in the society of them and of their children he enjoyed himself as often as he could. He had a ramble with his brother through Dovedale. In his visits to London he had passed a day with Campbell, and had dined with Murray. It was in the midst, too, of his mercantile anxieties that he accomplished his first visit to Scotland. At Edinburgh he made the acquaintance of its most eminent men; and then went with a letter from Campbell to Abbotsford. All that he tells us about Scott confirms our impressions of him as a man and a friend, and of the kindly nature that was joined to that powerful mind. They drew towards each other at once.

"When you see Tom Campbell," he wrote to his friend John Richardson, "tell him, with my best love, that I have to thank him for making me known to Mr. Washington Irving, who is one of the best and pleasantest acquaintance I have made this many a day."†

His reception was most gratifying. "I took a chaise," he says, "for Melrose; and on the way stopped at the gate of Abbotsford, and sent in my letter of introduction, with a request to know whether it would be agreeable for Mr. Scott to receive a visit from me in the course of the day. The glorious old minstrel himself came limping to the gate, took me by the hand in a way that made me feel as if we were old friends; in a moment I was seated at his hospitable board among his charming little family, and here I have been ever since." Scott was his guide to every place of interest in the neighbourhood; and "when I consider," he continues, "the world of ideas, images, and impressions that have been

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\* This was the Royal Castle, of which the ancestors of Earl Sefton were constables in the reign of Henry VI. In our boyhood, part of it was used as a debtors' prison—and a very bad one it must have been. What portion of it existed in Irving's time we do not remember. Its site was on the right hand, near the bottom, of Water-street, going down to the river.

† Quoted by Lockhart.

crowded upon my mind since I have been here, it seems incredible that I should only have been two days at Abbotsford." And what evenings! "Scott reading, occasionally from Prince Arthur; telling border stories or characteristic anecdotes; Sophy Scott singing, with charming naïveté, a little border song; the rest of the family disposed in listening groups, while greyhounds, spaniels, and cats bask in unbounded indulgence before the fire." "Everything that comes within his influence seems to catch a beam of the sunshine that plays round his heart." "I never," he tells his brother, "left any place with more regret. The few days that I passed there were among the most delightful of my life, and worth as many years of ordinary existence."

When in London, besides his new friends, he had the society of his countrymen, Allston the painter-poet, whom he had met in Rome, and Lealie and Newton, then rising into eminence. But the anxieties he had undergone had made him indifferent to his former pursuits. He had attempted in vain "to revive the literary feeling," and had deplored "the sickly state" into which his mind had fallen. This could not last. A letter addressed to him by James Ogilvie\* cheered him on to exertion, and predicted the future that awaited him; and, remaining in England—for the death of his mother had lessened his inducements to return home—we find him soon afterwards engaged upon the "Sketch-Book." Poor Ogilvie! he was at that time deep in poetry and elocution. When we saw him last, which was not three years later, he was prosecuting his claim to a peerage; but either the law's delay, or nerves shattered by opium, unsettled his reason, and in a fit of despondency he destroyed himself. He was esteemed by his correspondent, as by most of those who knew him.

The wish, often expressed by Irving, of obtaining an appointment under the American government, might about this time have been accomplished. He was offered, through the influence of his friend Commodore Decatur, the chief clerkship at the Navy Board, with a salary of 2400 dollars (about 540*l.*). To the surprise and brief displeasure of his brothers, he declined it. He had some time felt that literature was now to be his vocation. But his nephew tells us of his having heard him say that "he was so disturbed by the responsibility he had taken in refusing such a situation, and trusting to the uncertain chances of literary success, that for two months he could scarcely write a line."

Early in 1819, he sent the manuscript of the first number of the "Sketch-Book" to his brother Ebenezer at New York, and we shall briefly notice the circumstances of its publication. To his subsequent works any particular reference will be unnecessary. They are still freshly before the public, and their names have been frequently re-catalogued on the covers of Mr. Bohn's monthly volumes. The "Sketch-Book," however, may be noticed as, in every way, a turning-point in his literary career. He had previously taken some of our best English writers as his guides, and the art with which he had imitated them was not always concealed. In his "Sketch-Book" he had formed a style for himself: less idiomatic, perhaps, but more carefully correct, than his early models, and with a character and beauties of its own. His prose, in all but metrical arrange-

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\* Given to us in vol. i. p. 307.

ment, is often poetry. The description of the shark as "the spectre of the deep" shows the power of a single word. There is also an improved style in his letters and journals. Nothing he has written is more beautiful than his account of Leslie and Newton,\* or his letter to his brother Ebenezer upon sending him the first number of the "Sketch-Book."†

He was afterwards induced to confide its editorship to his friend Breevort, who acquitted himself in his task with great judgment, and with a kind regard for Irving's interests. As a writer beginning to be favourably known in England, it may surprise us that the work should have been sent for publication in America. But it was wisely done. It was almost certain to be well received by his countrymen, and would come to this country with all the advantages of their approval. He was not disappointed. Its success was most gratifying. An edition of two thousand copies was soon exhausted, and Irving was at once acknowledged to be the greatest master of English prose that his country had produced. The succeeding numbers were equally successful. A few stray copies only, which had been sent to friends, were circulated in England, but they were copied and praised with an eager warmth which heralded his future triumphs. We showed a copy of the first number to the historian Roscoe, who was named in a passage of almost exaggerated eloquence; he was then, however, suffering from pecuniary reverses, and seemed annoyed rather than gratified at being so prominently brought forward.

It might have been supposed that there would have been no difficulty in republishing them here, yet the usual hesitation prevailed. Murray refused them;—when we asked him *why*, he said he believed it was only "because they were written *by an American*:" a reason more likely to have been dictated by some narrow-minded adviser than by the liberal spirit of the genial though "absolute John."‡ To prevent an unauthorised edition, Irving printed the collected numbers at his own risk, and confided their publication to worthy John Miller, the only publisher in London who had sufficient sagacity to see the merits of the "Rejected Addresses." But the publisher failed in the midst of an encouraging sale. Through the intervention of Sir Walter Scott, Murray was then induced to take up the work. He printed it at once, gave 200*l.* for the copyright, and found the bargain so much better than what he called "his mercantile estimate," that he added another and another hundred, and was willing, ever after, to buy the writer's manuscripts unseen. The "Sketch-Book" was thus the turning-point to fortune as well as to fame.

With the remainder of his prosperous career most of us are familiar. While tracing the earlier and less known portions of his life we have kept to the slender thread of our narrative, to the exclusion of extracts that we would gladly have given. Much of the second volume—which includes an interval of about twelve years, chiefly passed on the Continent—is filled with anecdotes of remarkable persons, § incidents of travel, and

\* Letter to Mrs. Hoffman. Vol. i. p. 338.

† Page 343.

‡ Mr. Murray, at the same time, gave us his reason for refusing the "Rejected Addresses," which is correctly told by Mr. Timbs in his "Lives of Wits and Humorists," vol. ii. p. 360.

§ What can be better than his sketch of Rogers, in a letter (1824) to Moore? "I had not time to ask Rogers any particulars about you, and indeed he is not

shadowings of his own mind and feelings that are many of them of great interest. During his stay at Paris, in 1823, he joined his countryman John Howard Payne in translating and adapting for the English stage; and few of us who enjoyed the acting of Fawcett in *Captain Copp* were aware that we were indebted for the rich humour of the part to the author of the "Sketch-Book."

In his prosperity, the brothers who had assisted him in his boyhood were never forgotten. They partook of his successes. "Brotherhood," he has said in a letter to his nephew, "is a holy alliance, made by God, and imprinted in our hearts, and we should adhere to it with religious faith. The more kindly and scrupulously we observe its dictates, the happier for us." "His whole life," adds his biographer, "was an exemplification of this sentiment." When he had mismanaged his bargain with Murray for "Bracebridge Hall," and taken a thousand guineas for a manuscript for which he might have had fifteen hundred, two hundred pounds of it were at once sent to his brother Peter.

We should presume that the work will be read by every admirer of Irving's writings—which is predicting for it a pretty extensive circulation. The remaining volume has not yet come before us, and we must wait its appearance for an account of his later years, and of the tranquil old age that was passed in his native land.

## ROME AND THE PAPACY.

BY CYRUS REDDING.

ABOVE thirty years have departed since the Reform Bill passed. For ten or twelve, or more, preceding that wholesome event, fresh denunciations were heard on all sides against popular freedom. The rulers of Europe had conspired against it, under the blasphemous name of the "Holy" Alliance, approved by Lord Castlereagh on behalf of England. Happily, this country was not one of the conclave, or pandemonium, which sat in council to judge the nations that aspired to the right of breathing the air of heaven with freedom. From the decease of that nobleman, Whig or Tory in power, the country advanced rapidly by reversing the previous system, however reluctantly on the part of some statesmen, who were borne along by the stream of events. But the regenerated spirit of the English people and its rulers was confined to their own borders. The conspiring sovereigns on the Continent watched with Argus eyes the slightest scintillation of a free spirit in their dominions, or in the feeble states of their vicinity, ready to strangle the first-born with harpy talons, lest accident might preserve it from Herodian destruction.

exactly the man from whom I would ask news about my friends. I dined ~~the~~ with him some time since, and he served up his friends as he served up his fish, with a squeeze of lemon over each. It was very piquante, but it rather set my teeth on edge." Vol. ii. p. 166.

“Of this modern ‘Council of Ten,’ not as to number, but as to the depth and darkness of its despotism, Austria, under her ruler Francis, was the more prominent and overbearing. The emperor had been repeatedly scourged by France, had made the most humiliating treaties of peace, had broken his faith, renewed hostilities when hired by England so to do, and had at last, by the accident of the defeated ambition of Napoleon I. at Moscow, been restored to his pristine power. As if his enemy had not been Napoleon, but the spirit of freedom, he employed his strength in passive or active hostilities against popular liberty everywhere. The minutest ground for the supposition of what he deemed a heresiarchal taint, such as a few words favourable to freedom, uttered in private conversation, was sufficient to order an edict even against women. Peace restored only made this despot shorten the chains of the victims in the dungeons of Spielberg, whom he watched with his own eyes, and over whose captivity and suffering he gloated. The word ‘constitution,’ uttered in his presence by his friends, made him sullen and spiteful. His armies marched into Italy under the applauses of the Holy Alliance, occupying that fine country from one end to the other, grinding the people by exactions, and insulting and wounding them by military rule—a people of all others opposed by nature and tradition to the stolid German and semi-civilised Croat. In all these outrages upon that country, the Pope was the right-hand companion of the Holy Alliance. Subtle and pliable, he deceived the Roman people only until he was able to obtain Austrian succour, and the more southern Italians, as well in their efforts in 1820, 1840, as in 1848, were all defeated, and absolutism again established by Austrian bayonets.

The attempt of Austria to subjugate Sardinia, and thus extend her absolute rule from the Alps to Cape Sparti Vento, the happy interference of France, the present state of Rome, and the refusal of the Pope to give up his usurped temporal power, are present to all who read the journals of the time. Francis I. having left the world to become, no doubt, like King Anarchus in the nether sphere, a crier of greensauce,\* or water-cresses, for he was not in intellect, according to all accounts, worthy of a better employment, was succeeded by one fully as ambitious, and, it would appear, neither more wise nor more friendly to the best interests of mankind. The bow can no longer remain bent. The storm has broken. The Pope alone, in his lust for temporal power, prevented and now prevents the freedom of Italy. All else is favourable to the views of the friends of Italian liberty—to the mother of dead empires, degraded as that beautiful and storied land has been by spiritual craft and oppression. But to the point.

It is above thirty years ago since we met with an article in relation to the Papal power which struck us as a clear detail of the career of the Vatican with respect to its temporal dealings. The Austrian had then “established order,” which meant that he had held Italy in the manner of a conqueror. Being in a foreign tongue, we placed it in a portfolio with other papers. It emerged to light accidentally, and we were struck with its force and applicability at the present moment; we made some alterations, and abridged it, but the substance was as it stands. It admirably illustrates the Papal power, and its mode of rule, its mistakes, happily for

\* See Rabelais.

some nations, and shows how, under the pretence that his "kingdom is not of this world," the assumptive viceregent of Heaven, ever acting with deep deceit upon shallow people, came to regard its temporal interests in the first place, its spiritual ones being but the means to the end.

The author, in viewing the state of Italy at the moment he wrote, and commenting upon the alliance between Austria and the Pope, imagined that it might be represented by the old principles of Guelph and Ghibeline, though in the present instance it did not hold good as to equality, but was rather that of patron and protégé than equal with equal. Their interest was common, but the Cæsar of Vienna had the whip-hand of the apostle of the Vatican.

Rome, temporal and spiritual, with all the craft of a well-disciplined ecclesiastic, ever made active war with the weapons of another, for how was it able to go to war without armies or military institutions? When the anathemas of the popedom became powerless, and it was necessary to recur to arms, Rome consigned her quarrels to princes over whom she claimed to be the sovereign, and like obedient vassals they armed in her behalf. She recompensed them magnificently, and paid them in thrones, as Gregory VII. with the Normans, and Clement IV. with the Angevins. Thus Rome aspired to universal empire, and succeeded, without armed means for resisting the most feeble attacks, and without strength enough to retain in subjection her own provinces. She was like the ancient Jupiter of the Capitol, that held a world in each hand, and sat upon a cloud. Rome sat upon a cloud for a throne, too, but it was so miraculous in its nature, that the storms of two thousand years could not wholly dissipate it, and it shows a vapoury existence at this day. Beaten about and shaken by fresh storms, broken in upon by the beams of a brighter and hotter sun than that of the past, it still remains a colossal shadow, diminishing, expiring, but still struggling, always alive in hope; but a hope, in the present case, afike frail and foolish, for its position is but a passing relic which the future will not care about preserving.

In the vaunted middle ages of barbarism the secular princes were vassals of the Holy See, and acknowledged its supreme sovereignty—not, it is true, without some of them kicking hard against the pricks, and aspiring after independence; but such were silenced, and resigned themselves to an evil the removal of which would cost them their thrones. How was this? but because the Roman faith was an active and social force—it was in the masses. These beheld in it an institution founded by and for themselves—a popular safeguard.

In the midst of the crimes and violences of those terrible ages, what voice but that of the priest administered consolation to the people? What hand but that fed the poor? Who limited the pests and oppressions of the feudal society, anathematised princes, and made them act with some show of justice and propriety? Who called them to the confessional, humbled their pride, and imposed discipline and penitence upon those savage rulers? Who, lastly, elevated above all mundane considerations, trod upon the proud and insolent hierarchies of feudal times, proclaiming the equality of all men before God? It was the priest still, and that high mission was announced to the proudest in the name of a plebeian, born in a stable, the son of a carpenter, who died upon the cross for having censured the ruling powers among the people, and pleaded in the behalf

of the humblest of their number. The Roman faith, represented by an elect priest, who was himself the image, or the pretended representative, of the humble Jesus of Nazareth, reigned in his name; this was called "Catholicism," being, in one sense, a reinstating of the people. The Papal chair became the popular court of justice; the temple, the sanctuary of equality. The poor and rich, the serf and sovereign, came there to kneel in the dust before the same altar, at the feet of the same master; the unfortunate of whom the laws were in pursuit found an asylum there, and slept safely in sight of the executioner! Such was once the Catholic institution. How have the people not adhered to it still, when they derived from it such singular advantages?

There is little danger in operating upon the surface of things, in handling and in rehandling institutions purely political; but sceptics cannot meddle with social questions. Thus it is that thrones tumble, and the political edifice on which they repose is shattered to the base.

Nothing is more essentially social than popular convictions. Governments cannot last long which do not conform to them. This, in the present day, is become an axiom: "all power emanates from the people." The history of every age shows the fact.

Why did the Emperor Henry IV. find himself suddenly, and as it were by enchantment, excommunicated and alone in his empire, without an army, and without friends, at the feet of Pope Gregory? How did Frederick II. of Sicily endeavour with such care to justify himself to his people in court and council from the accusations of heresy fulminated against him by three popes? Under the interdiction of a pope, Henry was not less the Emperor of Germany, nor Frederick less great and magnanimous, for being suspected of heresy. It was because the side of the Vatican was the popular side. In alarming the popular conscience, the political faith of the subject was shaken. Thus thrones were undermined, and the sovereigns of the time felt it. This was the secret of the Papal influence.

If age by age Rome has diminished its influence; if sovereigns, one by one, have become free of its shackles, it is because Rome has been unfaithful to its duties and its traditions. It has forsaken the cause of the people, and, neglecting to advance with them, has embraced the side of princes against them, making itself a temporal prince after their fashion. It was in abjuring its natural support, and destroying at one blow the conditions of its own existence. It was when all around Rome moved onward that she refused to move; that is to say, she refused to prolong her being. Thus abdicating her former high popular mission, she received no longer the sympathy of the people of Italy more immediately. They then deserted her, and they were right. The European princes in the mean while knew how to avail themselves of that which Rome rejected, and in flattering the vanity of their subjects, they by little and little occupied the place left vacant by the carelessness or haughty imprudence and obstinacy of the Papal power.

From that time began the emancipation of princes. New social habits were established, new continents were explored, there were continued discoveries in science, and lessons were taken from antiquity. Then the spirit of active inquiry sprang up, and the modifications of the time, in the physical and intellectual world, reacted in turn upon the preceding



religious opinions, already shaken by the course of time, by the increase of mankind, and by the abuses of the system. Thus it was that the theocratical system of society perished before the feudal.

Printing, that powerful lever of thought, appeared to give vitality and movement to all these scattered elements; it drew them into one point of union, and at length formed an age full of sap and strength. That age is our own, and may be dated more immediately from the era of the French Revolution.

The Roman theocracy is no more: the remnants of feudality alone remain to be overcome, and that has received blows from which it cannot recover. It has been in contest with an age which is decidedly inimical to so great an abuse of the past, and even with some powerful auxiliary in the mortal combat it must soon die. Threescore years and ten have reduced it to a shadow, and it already trembles from feeling its insulation. It repents of its own work, and, pale with fear, lately knocked at the gates of St. Peter's. "Arouse!" it cried to the ancient spirit of the Vatican. "Awake! Forget our past quarrels in the common danger! March under our banner!"

It was thus that feudality went back to the arena of Catholicism, but the world saw that it could only, to combat on its side, move in its behalf a mere corpse, destitute of life; much in the way that Volta with his galvanism moved the dead muscle without the restoration of being. With the political institutions of men, as with men themselves, those that die never revive.

Such must be the conviction of every thinking individual. Catholicism, as formerly understood, has nearly run out its hour. It will partake, in future, of the forward movement of the rest of the species, or die out altogether. But whatever be the religious result, as a political institution it has completed its circle. Its history and character have been magnificent. It has been an institution which arose upon a false representation of its original authority. Though to the founder of the Christian faith its doctrines were, in most respects, dissimilar, it was based upon the faith of the masses—a basis necessary for every extended creed—and it failed when it relied upon its administrators, upon its own pomps and temporalities, upon its imitation of the authority of the rulers of the hour in all their worst actions, upon glitter, and show, and thorough-going worldliness.

The true believers in the Catholic faith may still enjoy their sentiments, and worship the Deity after the manner of their fathers. It is not their God, the God of all, that is thus fallen from its pedestal. It is the idol which usurped his sanctuary. The Catholic may still bow down in his ancient faith; no one will bind his conscience. It is the spiritual tyranny that veils the household gods of a worldly ambition which has been laid low. It is the essence of political freedom that all men shall worship God in the mode agreeable to their consciences—a mode the temporal authority of Rome denied to all but its own worshippers. Yet are they all Catholic in creed who are at this present moment seeking a release from the temporal power of the Vatican! How does this consist?

The philosophy of the eighteenth century was intolerant, because it was militant and destructive. The philosophy of the nineteenth century is tolerant, because it is new in its foundation, and is garlanded with victory. Its object is to bind and unite, not to sow discord. National

hatred had sufficiently divided Europe; but now the tidings of peace are pervading the old world, in words of friendliness and charity. Ruins enough have left their remains in the more civilised of the ancient continents; it is to reconstruct edifices more worthy out of those ruins that this philosophy calls us. She invites to the great work the people of every creed and of all nations, the men of every age, sentiment, and condition. Her end is the general happiness, the happiness, so far, of all she invokes, and that we can invoke in her name. A new social era has opened, and we enter upon it freely, without vain regrets for past times and dark ages. The present is not worthy of us, and of the past we can only desire to retain the lessons which may be useful. Our coming men have new lands to explore. They have to cultivate, too, the unbroken virgin ground of the future. Obstacles or perils, fears of novelty or innovation, must not be suffered to divert their steps or raise unmanly fears. The banner of Progress is in our van. "Forward!" is our war-cry. With that we shall rally until we are victorious in the holy war of ideas. To return to Italy.

That country, the centre of Catholicity, was the battle-field of the two principles of the Guelph and Ghibeline. Divided between them, it suffered in their quarrels, which in reality were its own. Without contravening history, it cannot be said that liberty was lost in that contest, because it ceased to be on the day the first-named party was defeated by the Ghibeline.

The Holy See exercised, in the south of the Italian peninsula, an unconstrained sovereignty. It had in its hands the kingdom of the Two Sicilies, and gave it in fief to the dynasties of its choice. It was a present offered for the submission of princes to secure their fidelity. A word from the Pope established the right, and, in virtue of the principle fixed, the people made no protestation against the right, accepted it in all its consequences, and saw, without emotion, dynasty succeed to dynasty, while on his side the Vatican did not make any attack upon the Sicilian parliaments, nor upon the communal assemblies of Naples upon the continent.

In the north of Italy the imperial influence prevailed, and the cities of Lombardy received their podestats from the hand of the German, who executed the national laws in his name. But his influence there was brutal, being only grounded on that of the strong over the weak. The proximity of the empire placed the country in deplorable dependence. At the least symptom of an attempt at freedom the Ghibeline armies appeared, pouring down from the Alps, to revel in the plains of Lombardy. If, perchance, the emperor, with the affected name of "Cæsar," did not often abuse the Lombards by the law of the strongest, it was solely owing to his being retained within the bounds of moderation by the influence of the Catholic head, and by the fear of drawing down upon himself a terrible anathema. The Lombards, on their side, watched and seized every occasion to escape from the odious yoke of the Ghibeline. They looked upon Rome as their protector, and more than once the voice of a priest aroused them to freedom.

To speak here of the Lombard League alone, the greatest event in Italy during the twelfth century, what moment did the Lombards choose to recover their freedom? It was when Barbaroussa, excommunicated, saw the barons and the people shaken in their faith. Where was the

league concluded, and signed by the deputies of the towns, but in a monastery, to honour the Pope, whom they acknowledged as the supreme authority, and whose rights they intended to sustain, because they were their own. They named the city of Alexandria from that Pope, founded as it was by confederated republicans. When afterwards Barbarossa was beaten at Laguno by the courage of the Italians, and forced to make peace, he reconciled himself with the Pope as the popular head, kissed the feet of the pontiff, and received his benediction. Notwithstanding the tardiness of the Pope in pleading the cause of the Lombards, the weight of his word was enough to secure their independence, and humiliate the emperor, or "*Kaisar*," as some so ridiculously call the weak ruler of Austria in the present day. Venice for a long time kept herself out of the Italian quarrels, regarding the East as her territory, and combating her enemies in the Bosphorus. Genoa was ruled by the interests of her commerce, and regarded the affairs of the Levant more than those of Italy at large, however different it may be at the present time.

The centre of Italy, near the Roman court, was in a peculiar position. As heir of the Countess Matilda, the Holy See considered itself the born proprietor and immediate sovereign of the greater part of the territory between Rome and the Po. The limits had never been exactly traced, and the question was a long time pending. The sword cut the Gordian knot in respect to Romagna as well as the Marches. Here arose the confusion, in the conflict of temporal and spiritual pretensions, which complicated the question, and made it one apart from any other. Although comprised in the heritage of the Countess Matilda, Tuscany had not been conquered, Florence had been always Guelph; and if Pisa, also a republic, remained Ghibeline, that was less in opposition to the Holy See than from a spirit of hostility against its rivals on land and sea, Genoa and Florence. Accessory circumstances must here be passed over; and reference be made only to the two rival tendencies of the middle age in Italy. During a long term of years the peninsula had gravitated between two centres; but the equilibrium was only apparent. The central Guelph bore heavier in its action and force than the central Ghibeline.

The sixteenth century brought important modifications in the state of things. The public law of nations was overturned, and with it the existing political state of Italy. All became complicated. The tête-à-tête of Rome and the empire ceased; new powers intervened, and the European equilibrium was founded on a new basis. The first of the new doctrines was promulgated in the League of Cambray. It was then, for a time, that the alliance of the two principles of Guelph and Ghibeline existed. Julius II., who had preached up the crusade against Venice, led the way, and drew with him Maximilian, then king of the Romans. The pontiff had only a secondary interest, and one purely selfish. Scarcely had he entered into possession of the Romagnese cities than he drew off, broke the alliance, and replaced himself at the head of the Guelphish policy. United to Venice and Spain, and feudatory of the Two Sicilies, the Pope preached up a new crusade. This time it was against the emperor, and France his ally. He launched against them Henry VIII. of England, who had not yet become anti-Papal. He dispossessed the emperor of the Milanese, and reigned there in the name of Sforza, under the protection of the Swiss. He extended the temporal power of the Church

yet farther. Bologna, Modena, Reggio, Parma, and Placenza, became subject to the Pope's temporal sovereignty. He dictated the law in Florence, and left the emperor only a few places, without influence, in all Italy. That was the flourishing period of Church ambition, and proved how truly its kingdom was of this world. Never at any time, even under Clement and Innocent IV., had its preponderance been so great. The triumph, if great, was short. Ecclesiastical ambition, always so extortionate, makes to itself great reverses out of its greater triumphs. That to which reference is now making was no exception. The Catholic element had to submit to a power more mighty than that of popes or emperors. The Papal faith was about to be tried in the crucible of the Reformation. It was found wanting. By little and little its strength was diminished in the political sphere. It soon ceased being a terror to princes. They began to shake off its fetters. The popular was no longer the constituted organ; but it operated with no less energy and power under the gown of Luther than it had done under the purple of Pope Gregory.

Pope Julius had flattered the Italians, and preached the expulsion of strangers from the country, calling them barbarians. The hearts of that people became swollen with pride, and full of high hopes. He isolated his own cause from that of the princes, endeavouring to force the popular convictions to his own views, while his predecessors had attracted them to theirs. The theatre of action, it is true, was greatly lessened. It was no longer over a world that the Pope ruled; it was over Italy alone. He no longer universally moved the convictions of men, but only the partial ones of a nation. Times had changed, and Julius played his cards in a mode that did no credit to his perspicuity.

Leo X., who followed Julius, was no more than a great feudal lord, descended from a plebeian family. He was solicitous to be a prince of this world alone, which as to power wholly passed out of his grasp. He treated with monarchs not only as an equal, but more as their sovereign. The tiara lightened upon his worldly brow, while the imperial sword, newly tempered in the hands of Charles V., that powerful emperor, was not tardy in avenging upon Rome the insults it had offered to Maximilian. It was Charles V. who struck the mortal blow at the temporal power of Rome out of Italy, while Luther battered in breach its spiritual dogmas. The defeat of the Roman Guelph was decisive, and the Ghibeline principle triumphed, never again to be shaken by the thunders of the Vatican.

For three centuries subsequently the Papal power weakened itself in various efforts to recover its spoils, and every effort left it weaker than before. It failed, and will never succeed, but will one day be blocked up in its deserted head-quarters. No more proud domination over thrones; no more kings kneeling at its feet, while affecting to be the representative of the humble teacher who founded the Christian faith; no more entry into the proudest courts as a dictator, with a brow of pride, and language of the loftiest pretension. It now glides covertly along under the mantle of Loyola, and the day will come when it must even consign that black mantle to the contempt of the world. After having in time past tried to rule by terror and fagot, the day has well-nigh arrived when its power will everywhere be reduced to impotent menaces and a few ridiculous and childish ceremonies.

Thus had Rome worked out her own mischief as far as the end of

the eighteenth century. The popular principle still triumphed, and the French Revolution had further reduced her power, while at the same time it shook the feudal system to its base. A fresh start in the history of man seemed now to have been taken. Time has confirmed this view, on looking around the world. Thrones were alarmed by it, and conspired in vain against the inevitable march of events. On that alliance of princes against freedom Rome cheered herself with vain hopes. She had abandoned the cause of the people which she once represented. Luther had championed on their behalf, and succeeded. Next came the popular principle represented by Bonaparte, nobly at first, but finally betrayed by him, though it was not subdued. Again and again Rome made vain efforts at a revival, for the feudal power, its old ally, was extinguished in France. Under the restored Bourbons, Rome once more elevated its front, but in vain. The effort resembled that of the skeleton found in Pompeii, that was unable to resist the current of air which entered, and before the breath of which it fell to dust.

To go back a few years to the great European pacification, and consider the position of Italy. Austria—all-grasping Ghibeline Austria—contrived to incline the Italian balance to her own side, though it had been otherwise for so long a time. The Congress of Vienna, like the popes had done, paid no attention to the popular principle of the age; it had no idea of any government but that of force, whatever were its plausibilities. It gave away free states as if they had been dead property, and in the Holy Alliance consolidated a union for the destruction of popular freedom. It did not bargain that time and their own jealousies would thwart them. They were drunken with success, and their vision magnified all objects to their own advantage. Austria was the pet of the Congress, and portions of Italy, under one pretence or another, were placed in her power, so that she became its absolute mistress—Lombardy, Tuscany, Parma, Modena—and “protectress” of Sardinia (*risum teneatis!*). Austria, too, became the tyrannical creditor and exclusive counsellor of the King of the Two Sicilies, and thus classic Italy was no more than a province of the least estimable of the European courts, morally or politically considered. Rome, in her palmy days of the Papal power, never possessed such an absolute rule. Her despotism was softened by the arts and sciences. There was nothing to lighten the black grinding tyranny of Austria. She treated the Papal power with rudeness enough, filled the country with her creatures, and introduced half-civilised hordes to defile the classic soil of so many great recollections. The Croat and Pandour trod the land which the sages of the past had made immortal, and the Papal power itself had rendered glorious in the arts. The natives were deprived of power in their own affairs, passive obedience in all possible modes was established, leaving only religion to its professors, where it did not interfere with its authority, thus disregarding the people, endeavouring to strengthen itself by a sort of alliance with the Papal power, while the military, on the other hand, supported the Church. They were, however, secret rivals. Each desired to be solely dominant in Italy, without an open and honest expression of the feeling.

The Vatican had no temporal power of late years, if put in comparison with what it formerly possessed. It had deserted the cause of the people. Its civil rule in Rome and its neighbourhood, which is at present under-

stood as its "temporal power," is, in extent, of little moment, but even where that exists the Papal power is continued, and brute force the only principle of rule. The Ghibeline character, so long played by Austria, was assumed by the Papal power on Rome allying herself with that court. She was no longer the supreme Guelph. She felt her position, sought new alliances, and endeavoured by moral authority to counter-balance the authority of Austria, or to divide it. Such was the essence of the Concordat of Terracina, concluded in 1818 with the court of the Two Sicilies. It gave Rome the exclusive nomination of the high ecclesiastical functionaries, thus endeavouring at a political independence by the creation of one government within another; though in the present case the two authorities were not rivals, so far as that both directed themselves to the attainment of a common end, namely, the proscription of independent ideas, and the extermination of the spirit of inquiry. The Neapolitan clergy accepted the mission with delight. To have the surveillance of the police was to wield a power which they coveted, and into which they could infuse their own intolerance, and that spirit which attached them as well to the sovereign power. The popular tribunal and the ecclesiastical pulpit were joined and converted into a monarchical court of justice. No more anathemas were thundered forth except against the people, who suffered and were oppressed by the double tyranny, but dared not complain. All hope of comfort there was to be searched for in the Index; every idea of progress was denounced as impious, and the authorities constituted under gross injustice, and maintained by violence, received the apotheosis of the Pope.

The same policy was followed in the Sardinian states; but the task there was more difficult, the submission exacted being less servile than that at Naples, and public opinion a great deal more rebellious. The isolation of the kingdom of Naples, cut off from the rest of the world by the estates of the Church, was more favourable for realising the designs of Rome. The boundaries of the Sardinian states, on the contrary, were the more adverse from receiving through a triple neighbourhood influences hostile to the Roman views. On one side, Austria cherished the power of a Ghibeline policy, and followed every successive Sardinian movement with a keen eye. She watched and controlled all, and, in fact, destroyed the royal freedom of action altogether. Switzerland and France, on their sides, imparted to the people a feeling of independence and enlightenment, and thus the task of the Roman priests was much more laborious and difficult than in Naples. But education was still in their hands, and it was by that principally they endeavoured to corrupt and limit intelligence.

Such was the double contest in which Italy was involved after the peace of 1815, and the changes since—such her political complications and the clashing of interests, which in one way tied together, and in another divided, two powerful rivalries. The one and the other had a common actual interest in existence—an existence formerly founded on the same principles, while both the one and the other had and have an individual interest exclusive, in the eventual government of Italy. The position of each opposite to the other had been complex, because both had secretly reserved ideas regarding each other which were covered by the profoundest dissimulation.

Applying the same principles to the actual intervention of Austria in

Romagna some time since, and we perceive the amount of the great modifications of the European policy at that time, and the prostrate debility of the Catholic head. Austria coveted the Legations, and Austria it was that the Vatican admitted, and to which it guaranteed their possession. Observe with what ability, or rather craft, Austria played her double game! The manifestation of the popular element at her gates alarmed her. She dreaded an invasion, and armed herself to suppress or reduce it to silence. On the other hand, she was unwilling to alienate the population anywhere that she dreamed devoted to herself, and what course did she pursue? She made an appeal to the court of Rome; she made it compromise itself, and by false proceedings, revelations of its fear and weakness, and by the want of discipline, as impolitic as barbarous, of its soldiers, she offered herself to the Papacy, not as an enemy, but a liberator! In presence of the massacres and excesses of the pontifical army, the Austrian forces redoubled their own discipline, and thus may be said to have strangled Roman freedom under the excess of a politeness assumed to work out her own selfish ends. She constituted herself the protector of her rival with "apparent" imprudence. She could not have acted with more address. It was a fine specimen of diplomatic jesuitism. It was remarkable, too, that on the insurrection in Romagna taking place, it was wholly republican, and its first act had been to proclaim its *temporal* obedience to Rome dissolved. The Roman officials were removed without resistance. Not a voice, not an arm, was raised in their behalf, and the Pope had to recruit the military he never ought to have possessed out of the prisons and galleys of the province, if it possessed any. There was assuredly some proof of progress in the unanimity of the Romagnese movement so long ago; a strong proof, too, that the temporal reign of the Papacy had come to an end. That which was true as to Romagna then, was equally true elsewhere, as time has shown so well since.

The circumstances which attended this last occupation of Italy by Austria were in most respects novel, and herein lies the social interest which attaches to this political question. It exhibits, too, the fact before stated, that the reign of the Guelph is finished. It is to be no more of this world. The title of Rome to the Legations was merely nominal. It was the Ghibeline personified by Austria that held them until Italy rose like the strong man armed, and France crossed the Alps to aid in the expulsion of the Croats and Austrians that had too long battered on Italian pasturage.

When Rome changed the pastoral cross for the mundane sceptre its fall was sure and certain. It perished for its own sin, its loss of temporal power. The Papal mission should have been one of mind and intelligence, like that of its nominal master. Become altogether material, it lost that character which insulated it from all other authorities and dominations, under the stamp of divinity with which it had so long imposed upon the world, and which imparted to it all the strength it possessed in its most potent days. A miraculous institution; an eternal opinion personified in a man, and, after all, only a symbol; it should have led a life apart, and superior, and not have lessened its representation by appearing in pitiful and perishable forms, and laying open the arts of the priesthood.

As a temporal queen, Rome awakened all the passions of princes, and

saw them rule that she might degrade them; the poor she made opulent; the opulent she made venal, full of cupidity; she thirsted after towns and provinces, forgetting that Gregory VII. would not receive them when he wiped his sandal before the crowned brow of the Caesar. Rome oppressed its subjects, when its mission was to plead their cause against kings. In place of peace, it proclaimed wars. Violent and persecuting, it forgot that Christ ordered the sword of St. Peter to its scabbard in the garden of the Mount of Olives. Rome compromised its supreme dignity in a thousand trivial interests, and in details too mean for its character. It showed its inconsiderateness by its administrative incapacity, ever engaged in petty disputes regarding territory with its neighbours. It fulminated its loudest thunders about a fief, or the possession of a rivulet; its vanity extinguishing all its greatness, and for a few feet of ground abdicating its title to heaven itself.

Is it to be affirmed, then, that the Papal institution thus in its decline will in future remain an abstraction, a mere vaporous name? Not at all; on account of those whose religious sentiments are to be respected, as one man is bound to respect the religious sentiments of another, but no further. In order to move men's minds and to produce good upon them, some forms of faith are required; but are such forms only to consist with the things of this world? Cannot they exist without temporal power, the throes of ambition, and the love of lucre? Is the Papacy a form alone in respect to the long sacerdotal hierarchy, that, like an electric chain, places the Christian chief in communication with the last serf of the latest lord? In regard to its magnificent cathedrals, on which human art has exhausted its powers? In the statues, pictures, and anthems, which almost animate them? In those aerial sounds from lofty towers which speak to the faithful like voices from heaven? In the pomps and the ceremonies which affect alike the sense of the peasant and the inhabitant of the Capitol?

Such were once the real forms of the Papacy, and constituted the great hold upon the multitude. It was not as the Prince of Romagna or the Marches that the Pope ruled over the people. He was considered the representative of the invisible Church, the successor and vicar of the child of Bethlehem. If it were necessary that the Church should have its landed territory, was it not the largest proprietor of land in the world? The monastical corporations at one time held in their possession half the fiefs of Europe! Were armies required, had Rome not its garrisons in its territories, from the nuncio who haunted the court of the prince, to the Franciscan who squatted at the cottage chimney? What was the innumerable body of monks and priests but an army organised, of which the general-in-chief and the movement were ordered in Rome. Queen of the ancient world, the city of Rome was sufficient for the independence of the head of the Church, commanding where he had not absolute possession.

There was never a government more brilliant, or powerful, or qualified to perform the most magnificent part, for its rule was marvellous. Rome, nothing in itself, became the oracle of empires. Nations knelt before the Papacy; its word overturned thrones, and monarchs descended from their altitudes to prostrate themselves before it, covered themselves with sackcloth, and grieved over their crimes in the recesses of the cloister, or went to expiate them at the Holy Sepulchre in Jerusalem.



If it desired to survive and keep its place, it should have constituted itself the apostle of social progress, the missionary of civilisation ; it should have led the front in the march of mind, especially when the stolidity and fear of temporal princes hoped, as most do still, to retard it. The Papacy should have worn the intellectual colour of the age, and not have imprisoned itself within its own selfish circle, and helped to frighten those who still felt a regard for it by denouncing decrees against progress, and idly saying to human thought, "Thou shalt travel no farther !" Such being the conditions on which all social institutions must exist in future, or perish. Poor and progressive Rome might survive if permitted to say that which has been can no longer be. A vain hope where any priestly spirit rules, which is but another term for the retardation of human advancement, by its stern, unchanging resistance to free inquiry, in science as well as religion.

Some weak minds, seduced by the pomp of the Catholic worship, and alarmed, perhaps, at the void which its fall would make in the world—some respectable minds have denied that Rome is essentially no more. They perceive in its present throes of mortal agony only a crisis—a transformation. We believe, and here repeat it, that to all its past objects Catholicism has ceased to exist, and will never find a resurrection. The Catholic, so called, will partake in the advance of the time, but the Catholicism of Rome and of the past will die out ; it has already ceased to be, except in the rear of French bayonets. Every human institution runs its cycle. Attenuated by external attacks, or ruined by time, it descends into its sepulchre, and makes way for more advanced institutions. Such are the phases of our humanity, always on the march, always changing. Such is the supreme law which we accept, since we are bound to the acceptance, and the forms of religion are not excluded, though it be otherwise with its great principles.

The Roman carcass may drag or reel along amid the ruins of a civilisation great in its day, as it was once great in itself, but now stricken down. It only raises the dust of an institution, the giants of which rest in their urns. It bawls out its petitions at the doors of the temples, the gods of which are also dead, and that in the face of the ruins which instruct others, and of so many lessons which are clear to sound minds, denying and resisting the law of change and progress. Is it, then, to an impotent phantom on the verge of the sepulchre that those of an opposite opinion to ours would still seek to bind an age renewed and full of life, having a thirst for novelty and inquiry ? But this will not be, because it is impossible. If Rome is to be preserved, she must save herself. Even her own children forsake her, as the present aspect of Italy proves. The way is long and rough to any such a consummation. The power to guide her rests not in other hands, and she would not follow if it did. Let her be resigned and die in peace ; we will not disturb her ashes. We only wish to recal the benefits we receive. We will forget the fires she kindled around the stake to stifle opinion, and the blood that still flows before our eyes to gratify her senseless and impotent vengeance.

## GRANVILLE DE VIGNE.

## A TALE OF THE DAY.

## PART THE TWENTY-FIFTH.

## I.

## RELEASE.

ALONE, Sabretasche once again mounted the narrow staircase—alone, he entered the bed-chamber, and signed to Madame Riollette to leave him there—alone, by the grey faint light of the dawn, he drew near the death-bed of his wife, and stood silently beside her. The opiate the surgeon had given her in his second visit had soothed and calmed her; all the wildness and ferocity of her eyes had gone, but the hand of death lay heavily upon her. She looked up once at him as he stood there, then covered her face with her hands and wept, not loudly or passionately, but long and unrestrainedly, like a child after a great terror.

"I hear that you wished to see me," said Sabretasche, in that low, sweet, melodious tongue in which, long ago, among the orange-trees and olive-groves of Tuscany, he had vowed his love-words to her.

She answered him not, but, still hiding her face in her hands, wept with low and piteous sobs; then she lifted her eyes to his with a shrinking shame, and suffering, and terror, that touched him to the core.

"I have wronged you—I have hated you—I have cursed you—I have stood between you and your happiness for twenty weary years," she moaned. "You can never forgive me—never—never; it were too much to hope! Yet I wanted to see you once before I die; I wanted to tell you all. Even though your last words be a curse upon me, I should have no right to complain. I have deserved it."

"You need not fear my curse," answered Sabretasche, slowly and with effort, as though speech were painful. "If I cannot say I forgive, I am not likely to insult you in your suffering with useless recrimination. We have been separated for twenty years; I am willing not to evoke the wrongs and dishonour of the past, but to part in such peace as memory will allow."

He spoke gently, but with an involuntary sternness and a deep melancholy, so deep that it was an unconscious reproach, which struck with a keener pang into the heart of the woman who had wronged him than violent words or fierce upbraiding. She clenched her hands convulsively:

"Do not speak so gently, for God's sake, or you will kill me! I would rather hear you curse, rebuke, reproach, upbraid me; anything rather than those low, soft tones. I have wronged you, hated you, lied to you; robbed you, betrayed you, dishonoured you; to speak so gently to me is to heap coals of fire on my head. I repent—I repent, God knows; but, at the eleventh hour, what value is my remorse? For twenty years I have wronged you; what good is it for me to tell you I repent when I am dying, and can harm you no longer if I would?"

Sabretasche was silent; her voice, her gestures, her words struck open his wounds afresh. He felt afresh the cruel, bitter sting of his betrayal;

*Feb.*—VOL. CXXVII. NO. DVL

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he thought of Violet, of all he had suffered, of all he had made her suffer, and his hatred for the woman who had stood so long between them flamed up in all its strength. He might have pardoned his own wrongs, but the sufferings of the one beloved by him—never!

His wife glanced upward at his averted face, and shivered at the dark look it wore:

“Madre di Dio! you will never forgive me?”

He was silent. Again she repeated her passionate wailing prayer:

“Madre di Dio! you will never forgive me?”

He glanced at her with a shudder and a weary sickening sigh from his heart's depths:

“*I cannot!*”

The words roused the devil in her, which the curé had thought these vain “last offices” had exorcised; the stern passion gleamed again in them, and she sprang up like a dying panther:

“No! because you love your English mistress. Would to Heaven I could live and keep you from her!”

“Silence!” broke in Sabretasche, so sternly that she started and trembled as she heard him. “Never dare to pollute *her* name with your lips! I came at your request, but not to be reproached or questioned. Your own conscience must accuse you of the wrong you did me long years ago, when I both loved and trusted you. For more than twenty years you were content to live upon the gold of the husband you had betrayed. For more than twenty years you, who had won from me as fond, and true, and long-suffering affection as a man could give a woman, have been a clog upon my life, a stain upon my name, a festering wound in my side, a bar from all peace, all light-heartedness, all happiness; and yet because I could not *prove*, you would not even make the only reparation left in your power—acknowledgment of the wrong that you *knew* had parted us.”

“But I acknowledge it *now*. I repent it *now*, Vivian. No one can do more than that!”

To the lips of the man of the world rose naturally the satire which was habitual. Yes! she confessed and repented now that life was ebbing from her grasp, revenge no longer possible, and acknowledgment unneeded, as people who have played their last card out on earth turn frightened, with weakened nerve, to God, insulting Him and flattering their priests with “death-bed repentances!” and timorous recantations, which they would have laughed at in their day of better health and stronger brain! But he was too generous and too merciful to utter the sneer which rose involuntarily to his lips to a woman helpless and dying, who, however bitterly she had betrayed him, was now powerless to harm. He sighed again heavily; the wretched state of the woman he had once loved struck him with keen pain; her suffering, her poverty, her degradation touched the man of refinement and luxury, from whom every jar and chill of the discomfort of a different world to his own had ever been sedulously excluded, and he could not look on the utter wreck of what he had last seen, perfect in youth and beauty, without deep pity, in which his own hate was quenched, his own wrong avenged. He answered her more gently, and very sadly:

“I did not come here to reproach you. Your conscience must know

the wrong you did me, and my own life has not been pure enough to give me any title to fling a stone at you."

Well said! Libertine, sceptic, egotist, man of pleasure and of fashion, as society called Sabretasche, he could act up, even here with his most cruel enemy, to his doctrine of toleration. It is more than most do who preach louder and with more "orthodoxy!" But Sabretasche did not pretend to be a saint; he was simply a man of honour. She looked at him long and wonderingly: to the fierce, inconstant, and vindictive Tuscan, this justice simply for the sake of justice, this toleration, given to her *against* his impulse, merely because he considered it her due, was new and very strange.

"You humble me bitterly," she said, between her teeth. "But I have sinned; it is right punishment. I *did* wrong you. I wedded you because I was sick of being caged in Montepulito, and because I thought you, as you were, rich, generous, and of high birth. I never loved you; and when I was alone with you, your attentions teased and irritated me, and the solitude you seemed to think so like Paradise, sickened and annoyed me, till I succeeded in making it a Hell. I cared nothing for anything you cared for; your love of refinement was a constant restraint upon me; your poetry of thought and feeling a constant annoyance to me. I grew to hate you, because you were too high, too delicate in thought, too much of a gentleman for me; your superiority jarred upon me and irritated me. I hated you for it. I hated you even for your affection, your gentleness, your generosity, your sweet temper, which were so many silent rebukes to me. I hated you still more when I loved Fulberto Lani."

As she spoke her lover's name, dark loathing and bitter contempt gathered over Sabretasche's face; he thought of Lani—coarse, illiterate, low-born, low-bred, as he remembered him—and felt, fresh as though dealt him but yesterday, the sting of his wife's infidelity with a rival so utterly beneath him.

"I hated you," went on the Tuscan, rapidly, with the fictitious excited force given her from the opiate; "and when, that morning, you surprised him with me, and taxed me with my love for him, I would not confess to it, for I knew the confession would set you free, and since you had once chained me to you I swore you should rue the fetters with which we had loaded each other. You left me. Well you might! a woman who had betrayed your love, and would have murdered you in her fury and her hatred. Not long after, Lani left me too; he had only been fooling me; he was an idle, worthless, inconstant do-nothing, the lover of half the women in Naples, caring for, and faithful to, none. Gran' Dio! how I hated him! But no matter!—that is passed, and the rest you know. You know how, yearly, my brother threatened you with exposure of your marriage, and extorted from you the money on which we lived? That lasted for near twenty years. Pepe was extravagant; I lived in such gaiety and such excitement as Italy could give me, and I sank lower and lower every day. I should have disgraced you, indeed, if our connexion had been declared to your aristocratic English friends! I—a drunkard—your wife! Then we heard—for Pepe ever kept a careful watch over you—that you loved a young English girl; loved her more than you had done other women; loved her so that you would fain have married her."

She was touching on dangerous chords if she wanted his forgiveness; his face grew dark, his soft sad eyes stern, and he turned involuntarily from her and walked a few paces towards the window.

"When we heard that you were in love with her—Pepe soon learnt it; it was the talk of London—and that you were going to the south of France, Pepe, unknown to you, followed, and laid in your way the Neapolitan journal with the death of my aunt Sylvia; he knew it was so worded that you would believe I was dead, would deem yourself free, and would marry again where you loved. He guessed rightly; you engaged yourself to the English signorina; then Pepe persuaded me to go to England; then, as you know, thinking to get from you a heavy bribe for silence, which would keep him in comfort all his life, he went to you to offer, if you married your young English love, never to betray your connexion with us, provided we were paid enough. You refused. We could not understand your scruples. The signorina would never have known that her marriage was illegal, or that another was really your wife. You refused, and we were beggared. I had no money to go to law against you to make you provide for me, as Pepe had threatened. We could bribe you no longer, and you went to the war in the East. My brother left me to shift for myself as I might; he cared nothing for me when he could no longer make money by my name, and I was very poor—how poor *you* cannot think, reared as you have been in luxury and wealth. I have sunk lower and lower, till you have found me a beggar in the streets of Paris. I have done you cruel wrong. I have given you hate for love, betrayal for trust. I have robbed you of money for twenty years; I have stood between you and your happiness, and gloried in the curse I was to you. I have done you cruel wrong——"

She stopped, panting for breath, exhausted with the effort of speaking so long; and Sabretasche stood looking out of the window at the dawn, as it rose clearer and brighter in the fair morning skies. It had been, indeed, God knows, a cruel wrong—a wrong that had stretched over more than twenty years—a wrong that had stolen all peace and joy, not only from him, but from one far dearer than himself.

"Come here. Come nearer," said his wife, in faint and hollow tones, as the temporary strength that her cordial had given her faded away.

His face was still white and sternly set as he turned unwillingly.

"Look at me!" she moaned piteously, lifting to his the drawn, thin, sallow face, from which every trace of beauty had long departed, and as he looked he shuddered.

"Now can you curse me? Can you not feel that life has fully avenged you?"

He was silent: if life had avenged his wrongs on her, he felt that it had cursed him for no sin, chastised him for no error, since to this woman, at least, he had given affection, trust, and good faith, and had been rewarded by infidelity, ingratitude, and hate!

"Say something to me, Vivian," she moaned, in pitiful despair—"say something gentler to me. If you knew what it is to die with the curse of one we have injured on our heads! The past is so horrible, the future so dark! Oh, God! how hard it is to live only to die thus! Do not send me down into my grave with your curse upon me, to pursue me through eternity, to hunt me into hell!"

"Hush!" said Sabretasche, his low soft tones falling with a "peace be still!" on the storm of remorse and misery before him. "Hush! I do not curse you—God forbid—I tell you my own life is not pure enough for me to have any right to condemn you. If I cannot say truthfully that I forgive you—at least I will do my best to think as gently of you as I can, and to forget the past. I cannot promise more."

She caught his hands in hers; she wept, she thanked, she blessed him with all the excitable vehemence of her national character. Weakened by suffering, terrified by death, she seemed to cling to but one thought, one hope—the forgiveness of the man whose love she had wronged from the hour she had stood with him at the marriage altar; that fatal marriage altar, so often the funeral pyre for all man's hopes, and peace, and liberty; where, as by the priests of old, living human souls are offered up in cruel holocausts to a fanatic folly!

"I have but one thing more to tell you—I must hasten before my strength fails me," she began, raising herself upon the pillows—"I want to speak to you, Vivian, of my child—your child——"

"The child of such a mother!—I can hear nothing upon that head."

"Santa Maria! why?"

His slight sarcastic smile curved his lips for a moment:

"Why? Dare you ask? How can I tell that she was mine? And even if you assert she is, what sort of woman must she be, reared and educated by you and Giuseppe da Castrone? You try my patience and my forbearance too far. I come here at your desire, I forgive you my own wrongs; but do more—be connected again with the past curse of my life, recognise in the slightest way any one of the brood that conspired to stain my name, to rob me of my peace, and to bribe me to a lie;—give my name or my countenance to one bred up under the tutelage of those who, shameless themselves, first taught me the sting of betrayal in my youth, and afterwards tempted me in my manhood to dishonour—once for all, I tell you, woman, that *I will not!*"

He spoke with more impatient anger and stern passion than were often roused in his gentle and indolent nature. She had presumed too far on his forbearance! to try and farm on him a daughter of hers, probably Lani's child, or, if his own, one whose education and mode of life must have made her low, common, unprincipled, uncultured, such as he would blush for, such as he would loathe;—to be asked to give to such a one his name—the name that Violet Molyneux would take;—roused all that was haughtiest and darkest in his nature. She had gone too far, and to this he would neither listen nor accede. The very thought was hateful, abhorrent, loathsome!

"She was your child," the Tuscan repeated eagerly—"I swear it, and I should hardly perjure myself on my death-bed—she was your child! God knows whether she is living now or not; I cannot have harmed her, for I have not seen her even since she was two years old. I put her out to nurse as soon as she was born in a village near Naples, with a peasant-woman, who grew very fond of her. Six months after her birth, as you must remember, you and I parted, never to meet again till to-night in the streets of a foreign city!—we parted; and when the child was two years old her foster-mother brought her to me; she was going far away—I forget where—Calabria, I think, and she could keep

her with her no longer. She was very lovely, poor little thing; but she reminded me of you."

"Silence!" broke in Sabretasche, passionately. To have any link of the hated chain of the past cling about him still; to have any one of this loathsome Tuscan brood forced on him now when death was nigh to relieve him from the shame that had festered into his soul so long, stung him beyond endurance. The child of such a mother!—what had he for her but hatred? "Silence! I will not hear her name. I will have none of her; if she press her claim on me I will refuse to acknowledge her. Whether or no she be daughter of mine, I disown her—for ever, she is dead to me for ever. Great God! is the madness of my boyhood never to cease from pursuing me!"

The dying woman raised herself on her bed with eager trustful haste to speak while yet her brain could serve her, while yet her lips could move:

"But you must hear me—you must! I cannot die in peace unless I tell you—she was your child!"

"My child or not—she was *yours*, and I disown her; my life shall not be shamed by her, my name shall not be polluted by her."

"But hear me——"

"I *will not*. If she be mine, I will acknowledge no daughter of yours. You have dishonoured me enough; my future at least shall be free from you."

"But hear her story—hear her story! You need never see her, never know her, but let me confess all to you—let me die in peace," wailed the wretched woman, piteously. "She was your child. Before her birth I never sinned to you; I would not lie now, *now*, on my death-bed, face to face with Satan and Hell. She was not like you, for her eyes were blue and her hair was golden, and yours are dark, but she had something of your look sometimes, something of your smile; her voice was a little like yours, too, and—she was your child! and I hated the very sight of her face. She did not like me—how should she! I was a stranger to her. She was unhappy at the loss of her nurse; she was afraid of me; I hated her, and I dare say I was cruel to her, poor little child! At that time an English gentleman, who was staying in Naples, saw her, and took a great fancy to her, as she did to him. His own granddaughter, the same age as herself, had lately died of typhus fever; she was his son's child, and the only relative of any kind he had left. Alma pleased him very much; he fancied he could trace a resemblance between her and his dead grandchild, and, after a time, he offered to adopt her, to give her his name, to make her heiress of his fortune, and to take her to England, to bring her up entirely as if she were his own; that she was not so, no one would know, for his son's little girl, whose parents were both dead since her birth, had been born in Italy, and had never been taken to England. I accepted his offer; I was only too glad to be rid for ever of her, she made me think so constantly of you, and I hated you more bitterly since I had wronged you. I let her go, poor little child! I was glad to be rid of her. I had some sort of conscience left, and I could not bear to hear her voice even in the distance; I could not bear to see her smile, for she seemed to haunt me and reproach me for the wrong I had done her father. I let her go with the Englishman; and

I have never seen her since. God knows, wherever she has been, she has been better than she would have been with me. I have never seen her; but on Christmas-eve, at Notre-Dame, a young girl tendered me charity, and I do not know, but as I looked in her face something struck me as like your child's—as like what she would be now she is a woman. I do not know—it was very vague—but her smile made me think of you, and she gave me something of that sad, gentle, pitying look with which you had left me twenty years before. I know not how it was—most likely it was all fancy—but it made me think of her and of you. If I had not sent her from me, I should not be alone in my misery, as I am now!"

She ceased, and tears rolled slowly down her haggard cheeks. All her life this woman had thrown away all the human love that had been offered her; without it her death-bed was very cheerless, with but two memories beside it—of the husband she had wronged and the child she had deserted.

"You never knew that English stranger, Vivian?" she asked, wistfully.

"What was his name?" asked Sabretasche, coldly. His own warmer and gentler nature revolted from this woman's cold, undying hatred of himself, and remorseless abandonment of her child.

"Tressillian—Tressillian. I remember it, because I found only the other day the slip of paper on which he wrote it for me."

"Tressillian!" repeated Sabretasche, with an involuntary start—"Boughton Tressillian! And your daughter's name?"

"Alma."

"Alma Tressillian! Good God!"

And as things long forgotten recur to memory at a sudden touch akin to them, he remembered how the day the Molyneux footman had overturned Alma's pictures in Pall-Mall, we had noticed her resemblance to his mother's portrait hanging in his drawing-room—how he himself, when he saw her at St. Crucis, had observed the likeness, too, though, occupied with other thoughts, it had made no impression upon him—Alma Tressillian his own daughter! Little as he had noticed her at that time, absorbed in his love for Violet, now, swift as thought, there came to his mind all he had ever seen or heard of her; he remembered his two visits to St. Crucis; he remembered her extraordinary talent for art—the genius inherited from himself; her brilliant and facile conversation, which had drawn so many men round her at Lady Molyneux's ball; Carly's adoration of her, the sudden flush of passion which had passed over De Vigne's face when, lying on his sick-bed at Scutari, Granville had asked him to seek her out, and made him promise never to tell her of his marriage; and—he remembered, too, what Carlton had told that night in the Crimea, that she was the mistress of Vane Castleton. Was it true? Despite her education, her frankness, and her apparent sweetness and delicacy, had she, indeed, hid unseen within her the leaven of her mother's nature? Had heartlessness and sensuality and treachery of character been the sole inheritance his wife had bequeathed her child? As all these memories and thoughts rushed rapidly and disconnectedly through his brain, she watched the swift changes of expression which, like shadows along the earth, swept over his face.

She grasped his arm eagerly:



"You have seen her—you know her, Vivian? What is she like now? Is she a true, fond, pure-hearted woman, or is she like me? Is she cursed with any of my vile passions? If she be, seek her out. For the love of Heaven, find her and redeem her from her fate, if to do it you must tell her how low her mother has fallen; her mother, who loved her less than the very beasts of the field can love their offspring."

To have told this dying wretched woman of that baseless scandal with Vane Castleton, of which he knew nothing, and which all his knowledge of human character made him doubt, would have been brutality. He answered her gently and soothingly:

"I have seen her; or, at least, I have seen an Alma Tressillian, whom I always heard was Mr. Tressillian's granddaughter; not much of her, it is true, but sufficient to make me think her all that you could wish her to be—a 'true, fond, pure-hearted woman'—all that a mother might most long for her daughter to be. Will you swear to me before God that she was my child?"

With something of her old national vehemence—that vehemence of expression which Alma had inherited from her—the Tuscan kissed the little ebony crucifix that Madame Riollette had placed before her:

"I swear it, Vivian, as I hope for pardon for my sins from that God whom my whole life has outraged!"

Sabretasche silently bowed his head. He knew that though she might have lied to him the moment before, she would not have dared to swear a falsehood to him by that symbol, which her Church had taught her to hold so sacred; and though at another hour he would have smiled at the superstition which made an oath sacred, where, what *he* held most binding, honour, would have been broken ruthlessly; something, despite all his wrongs, touched him painfully in these hopeless last hours of the woman whom he once had loved, and who had been his bride in that warm, glad, brilliant, poetic youth—that youth which she had quenched and ruined with the bitterness of betrayal and bound with the curse of iron chains.

She asked one more question:

"Where did you see her, Vivian?"

"Twice at her own home, and once at a ball at the house of one of our English nobles."

"And was she happy?"

"She seemed so."

"Thank God! You will never tell her about me—never mention me to her—never let her know that the mother who neglected her fell so low and vile that she was a beggar in the streets—a thing whom she passed by with a dole of charity, with a pitying shudder? Never tell her. Promise me you will not. Why should she hear of me, only to know that I first hated and then disgraced her? Promise me, Vivian!"

"I promise!"

Little as she could understand him, she knew him too well to exact an oath from him.

She looked at him wistfully:

"Vivian, you are very noble. You shame me far more with your goodness than you could do with curses and reproaches."

"No," answered Sabretasche, gently. "Not so. I have no claim to

virtue. My life has been far too full of errors and self-indulgence for me to have title left to give me right to condemn another. If you have sinned, so have I. No human beings are spotless enough to judge each other. As for curses, God forbid! They would be rancorous, indeed, to follow you to the grave."

She gave a weary sigh. What she said was true; his forgiveness humbled and shamed her more than any upbraidings. Then her eyes closed, and she lay quite still. All the extraneous strength and vigour given her by the cordial which the surgeon had administered in his last visit had died away. She lay quite still, her breathing short and weak, her brow contracted, her limbs exhausted and powerless, the hand of death heavy upon her, her lips apart, her cheeks grey and hollow, her brain confused, and weighed down with the cloudy thoughts, and memories, and fears, that haunted her last hours.

She lay quite still, and Sabretasche stood beside her, thinking of that strange accident which had led him to the death-bed of the woman who had made all the misery of his life; of that cruel and inexorable tie which had bound him for so long to one so utterly repugnant to every better taste and every nobler feeling; of the deep, unsolved problem of human nature; that book written in such different language for every reader, that it is little marvel that every man thinks his own the universal tongue, and fails even to spell out his brother's translation of it. This woman had hated him: he had loathed her; they had been bound by a tie the world chose to call indissoluble; they had been parted by a fierce and ineffaceable wrong; after twenty years' severance, what could this man and woman, once connected by the closest tie, once parted by the hottest passions, know of each other? what could they read of each other's heart? what could they tell or understand of each other's temptations, sufferings, and errors? And yet Church and Law had bound them together, till Death, more powerful and more kindly than their fellow-men, should come to the rescue and release them!

That lifelong union of Marriage! Verily, to enter into it, it needs a great and an abiding love. With human nature, such as it now is on earth, the angel that man or woman clasps so tight, and hopes will bless them, is very like to curse them ere they can let go their hold; and the vow they imagined they could take for all eternity, they soon tremble to think chains them in the presence of a deadly Lamia whom they deemed an angelic Beatrice, even for so short a span as a frail mortal life.

So he stood watching beside his dying wife. A future, fond and radiant, beckoned to him in the soft sweet haze of coming years; yet, ere he turned to it, he paused a moment to look back to the past, to its sorrow, its sin, its trial, its conflict; to her, the bride of his trusting and generous youth, the foe of his manhood, whose sting had festered in his heart for these long twenty years. And with a new-born and unutterable happiness trembling in him, a gentle and saddened pity stole over him for the broken wreck of humanity that lay palpitating its last feeble life-throbs before his eyes; and every harsh thought, all hatred, resentment, and scorn faded away, quenched in deep and unspeakable pity. If his character had been hers, his impulses, opportunities, education, temptation hers, how could he tell but what his sins had been like hers also? They were such, indeed, to him, whose natural bias was generosity, and dearest

idol honour, as seemed darkest and most leathsome; but in that dying chamber Sabretasche bowed his head, and turned his eyes from them. Just and tolerant to the last, he held it not his office to condemn—now, above all, when Death came as his avenger.

So he stood and watched beside his dying wife, the woman who had wedded him only to emancipate herself from an irksome village home, who had hated, wronged, betrayed him, and who had been for twenty years a ruthless barrier between himself and peace—stood and watched her, while without the bright morning light dawned in the eastern skies, and the song of the birds made sweet music beneath the eaves, and the soft western winds swept in through the casement into the chamber of the dying;—herald of the Life born for him and come to him out of Death. Suddenly her eyes unclosed with a vague, lifeless stare, and she awoke to semi-consciousness as the bells of Notre-Dame chimed the hour of seven—awoke startled, dreamy, delirious.

“Hark! there is the vesper-bell. What is it—a salutation to the Virgin? Ah! I remember we used to gather the lilies and the orange-flowers to dress up the high altar; that was in Italy—poor Italy. I wish I could go there once—just once before I die, to see the vineyards, and the wheat-fields, and the olive-groves again. There are such sweet warm winds, such bright glowing skies—ah! I was happy, I was innocent, I was sinless *there*! Why are those bells ringing? Are they for vespers? No; it is a salutation to the Virgin—I forgot. We must take lilies, plenty of lilies for the altar; but I must not touch them, I should soil them, the lilies are so pure, so spotless, and I am so sunk, so polluted; the lilies would wither if my hands touched them, and the priests would thrust me from the altar, and the Virgin would ask me for my child. I used to pray; I cannot now. Hark! those bells are ringing for the vespers, and I know the words but I cannot say them. ‘Pater noster qui es in coelis.’ What are the words? I cannot say them. Help me, help me. Why will you not say them? Pray, pray; do you hear—pray!”

With piteous agony the cry rang out on the still air of the breaking day, as the dews gathered grey and thick upon her brow, and the glazing mist came over her sight, and in the darkness of coming death she struggled for memory and prayer, as a child gropes in the gloom.

“Pray—pray! What are the words? Say them—in pity, in mercy! He has forgiven;—God will forgive! Pray—pray!”

And the voice of the man whom her life had wronged fell softly on her ear through the dull, dizzy mists of death, as he bent over her and uttered with soothing pity the words of her Church, the prayer of her childhood, that from his lips to her was the seal of an eternal and compassionate Pardon:

“Pater noster qui es in coelis, sanctificetur nomen tuum; adveniat regnum tuum; fiat voluntas tua sicut in celo et in terra; panem nostrum quotidianum, da nobis hodie; et dimitte nobis debita nostra, sicut et nos dimittimus debitoribus nostris; et ne nos inducas in tentationem sed libera nos à malo. Amen!”

Standing beside his dying wife, Sabretasche spoke the prayer to the One Creator—the prayer that should have no Creeds; and as the old familiar words winged their way to her dying ear, bringing on their echoes soft

chimes of days long past, and innocence long lost, the wild eyes grew tamer, the bent brow relaxed, the hardened lines of age and vice grew soft; and before the last Amen had left his lips, with one faint, broken, mournful sigh, she died, and he standing beside her, bowing his head in reverence before the great mystery of life and death, thanked God that his last words to her had been of mercy and of pardon; that his last words had been to her the words of Arthur unto Guinevere—

All is passed; the sin is sinned, and I,  
Lo! I forgive thee, as Eternal God  
Forgives; do thou for thine own soul the rest.

## II.

## IN THE FOREST OF FONTAINEBLEAU.

ON the meeting of those so long held apart by the laws of Man, I need not dwell. Nothing now stood between them. Words were too cold to paint their present—a happiness as full, and even deeper still than that of two years before, from the anguish passed, which intensified their joy as the golden and rose-hued beauty of the sunset looks even fairer and brighter still when behind it lies a dark storm-cloud, passing fast away, but showing what the tempest has been. Nothing now stood between them; and within a few days of the night that Sabretasche had arrived in Paris, Violet Molyneux became his wife.

No empty conventionalities kept them apart; they cared nothing what the world wondered, nor how it talked; and they never thought of the malicious on dits and versions of their story, which were the one theme in Parisian salons. They went to the south of France for the whole of the coming year, to a château of the Duc de Viellecour, near Pau. Both longed to be away from that gay effervescing world of which both were weary, and, under the purple skies, in the golden air, and amidst the luxurious solitudes of the Midi, listening to the hushed and silvery murmur of the Garve, that chimed sweet cadence to their own joy—there, amidst the voluptuous dreamy beauty of one of the fairest spots of earth, shut out from that fashionable world which had caressed, adored, and slandered him, far away from the fret and hum and buzz of outer life, Sabretasche surrendered himself to that love which gave him back his lost youth in all its glory and its poetry, and as night slinks away before the fulness of the dawn, so the shadows of his past fell behind him for evermore.

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Sabretasche kept his promise. Alma never knew that it was to her own mother she had given the charity she begged after midnight mass at the doors of Notre-Dame that Christmas-eve. All that had passed in that last interview with his dead wife, he told to Violet. To find in Alma Tressillian, her favourite, her friend—the daughter of her own lover—that child whom, without knowing or hearing of, she had instinctively hated for her mother's sake—hated with the fond, jealous vehemence with which a woman who loves hates all or anything that has any tie to, or connexion with, her lover, or shows that another has been as near to him as she—that child of whom she could never bear to think, and loathed with all the rest of that fatal Tuscan brood, who were his

curse and his foes; to find Alma, Sabretasche's daughter, was, at the first flush, intensely painful to her.

"That woman's child!" she repeated, turning her brilliant eyes, flashing and earnest, upon him. "I can never see her again! Do not ask me, Vivian. I have been fond of her, but now I should never look upon her face without recalling her mother—the traitorous wife who could betray *you*!"

That was her first impulse; but her sense of justice conquered this. If she had never known her before, nothing on earth, I am sure, would have induced her to see the daughter of her lover and of his dead wife; and Sabretasche noticed the involuntary shudder with which she first met Alma, after his relation of her connexion to himself; but Violet was at heart both too generous and too just to allow the feeling influence; and in truth, for I do not wish to claim for her any virtue she does not possess, she was too full of her own perfect happiness—a joy so sudden, so vivid, that she trembled at touching the radiant wings of the angel lest it should flee away and leave her desolate again—to bear a harsh thought to any soul on earth, or, indeed, to think at all of them in that paradise in which his love had now lapped her.

There was more than Alma knew in the kiss with which Violet's lips lingered on her brow when she bade her farewell on her marriage-day—there was love for him who was Alma's father—there was gratitude for her own joy, too deep for hate or anger to mingle with it—and there was, for the first time, a relenting pity for the dead woman who had wronged and thrown away that heart on which her own now rested so securely. Bound by his promise to his wife, Sabretasche had been undecided whether or not to tell Alma of the relation there was between them. It was almost impossible to tell her without letting her learn, at least in some degree, what her mother's character and life had been; her first questions so naturally would be about her mother, her dead mother, of whom she would be so anxious to hear all. He had nothing to say but what would pain her; nothing but what would compel him to break his latest promise to his dead wife. The girl firmly believed herself Boughton Tressillian's grandchild, and she revered and idolised his memory; it seemed a useless cruelty to break the associations and the belief of twenty years to substitute in their stead a parentage that must give her pain.

To Jockey Jack, Sabretasche, when he told him of his wife's death, told him also of the tie that existed between himself and Alma. He felt no rapture at the discovery, nor any sudden and wonderful affection for her sprung up in the night like a mushroom, after the custom of men who find unknown daughters in romances, and are prepared to be devoted to them, good or bad, interesting or uninteresting, for the simple fact of their being their children. On the contrary, to know that there was one living who bore in her the blood of the wife who had been his curse was keenly painful to him; and though in herself Alma pleased him, he shrank from any remembrance or acknowledgment of her tie to himself. But, for De Vigne's sake, he had been interested in her before; and for this, and for her affection for Violet, he strove to conquer the repugnance that he felt to her from her mother; and he wished to place her above the necessity of relying upon her talents, and to give her that position in the world to which her adoption by Boughton Tressillian, as well as her rela-

tionship to himself, entitled her. To do this was difficult, without telling her what he wished to avoid; but, at Violet's suggestion, he placed in Lord Molyneux's hands a sum which, relying on her ignorance of business and of law, could be given her as a remnant of the property of her soi-disant grandfather, suddenly repaid by those who had swindled him of it. This, Jockey Jack, who would have done far greater services for the Colonel, whom he cried up in exact proportion as his Viscountess cried him down, willingly did. Alma, a few days after Violet's marriage, which took place at the British Embassy, heard the Viscount's relation of her sudden inheritance—heard it, unsuspecting that any other story was concealed behind it; she was too ignorant of all legal matters to detect any flaw there might be in Molyneux's version of the tale; she knew her grandfather had lost an immense fortune in the British Beggar's Bank, and in other speculations; she was not surprised a small portion should be recovered unexpectedly; and, indeed, beyond thanking Lord Molyneux for having so kindly interested himself in her concerns, the subject occupied but few of her thoughts. As Lord Molyneux had predicted, when the Viscountess heard that Violet's protégée was really of good birth (she of course was left to believe her a veritable Tressillian), and entirely independent of her, she began to be exceedingly amiable to her, and offered her to stay with her if she liked.

"I shall have no expense for her dress," reasoned my lady. "Men like her almost as much as Violet, even though she was only a companion; if I introduce her as my protégée, with a good name and some money, she will draw. She is wonderfully fascinating if she likes, for such a little thing, and I like plenty of men about my house. That detestable St. Jeu d'Esprit hinted the other night that I was jealous of Violet—to keep another attractive girl with me will silence all that ridiculous scandal. Besides an orphan—an artiste with that lovely chevelure dorée, and that dead grandfather—one can make quite a roman about her. She is very generous, too; she will pay me well for living where she will have such social advantages, and really, with one's expenses, money grows quite serious. Yes, I will certainly keep her with me, and marry her well; it is so amusing to have something of that to do, and, when one can get her to give her opinion about dress, her taste is really exquisite, really wonderful, considering the seclusion she has lived in, where it must have been impossible to study it as it ought to be studied!" With which concluding reflection on that grand object of her life, and of many other women's lives too, the Toilette, Lady Molyneux rose from the depths of her fauteuil to go to confession. She had lately been received, with much solemnity in the Catholics, and much bewailing of the Protestants, into the bosom of the Roman Church; but whether she would remain there was a query, as twelve months before she had been as low as she could possibly go, and had gone to Exeter Hall, and, indeed, over the water to Surrey Chapel, with as much perseverance as she now drove to her beloved révérend père's very elegant little chapel of Ste. Marie Réparatrice, who was certainly a cultivated and well-bred gentleman—more than can be said of all his heretical brethren across the Channel.

That eloquent and handsome young orator, after the fatigues of the winter season, where the odour of his sanctity and the beauty of his long black eyes had procured him more worshippers, penitents, and devotees

than he knew very well what to do with, especially as they were, one and all, fiercely jealous of each other, and quarrelled for him desperately (er rather, of course, not for *him*, but for the aid of such a saint towards heaven), was going to stay at Fontainebleau with Madame de VIELLECOUR. The Duchess had taken refuge, too, in religious excitements, and chiefly in that particular and most amusing one, changing her confessors; Cupid lurks so conveniently behind the grille of a confessional, where the little méchant can be shrived as soon as his mischief is done. He was going to stay at Madame de VIELLECOUR's charming villa, and, amongst many others, the Duchesse had invited Lady MOLYNEUX thither for a few days before that lady's departure for London; and the Viscountess, telling her a long and very pretty roman about her protégée—which it was quite a pity for ALMA's fame as a heroine of romance should not be true—asked permission to bring her also to that bijou among villas, poetically named the Diaman du Forêt.

ALMA went, leaving word with the porter at the house in the Champs Elysées to tell any gentleman that inquired for her that she was gone to stay with Lady Molyneux at Madame de VIELLECOUR's, at her villa, the Diaman du Forêt, Fontainebleau. Little as she knew of Sabretasche, the moment that she saw him in the salons of the Molyneux's hotel, and that he had recognised her kindly and courteously, she had asked him, with that fervent warmth which blended so strangely in her with her proud and refined delicacy, for De Vigne—for Sir Folko. Sabretasche saw by the flush upon her cheeks the emotions which flitted, as all her thoughts and feelings did, across her expressive features, that that dangerous friendship had deepened, as he had predicted, into something far warmer and more tender on both sides, and spoke fully and earnestly in De Vigne's praise, and told her of his gallantry, his daring, and the safety with which, despite his brilliant and reckless courage, he had come through it all; but he did not tell her of De Vigne's illness, only mentioning that he had been detained in Scutari, and would soon come home, through Paris.

"Is the curse of the marriage-tie to fall there, too?" thought Sabretasche. "How will it end for them both?"

ALMA went to Fontainebleau, and while in the brilliant salons of the Diaman du Forêt, among some of the greatest belles and the most sparkling wits of Paris, La Petite Tressillian was admired and sought for that unconscious and nameless fascination which her talents and her ways gave her over men; all she thought of was to escape by herself amidst the beauty of the forest, and under the shadow of its stately oaks, its seapines, and the beautiful silver larches that fill the valleys of the Rocher d'Avon, give herself to that deep and rapturous happiness which awoke for her at the mere thought of De Vigne's return, as the sun bursts out in all its glory after a long and dark tempestuous night. In proportion to her susceptibility and suffering in sorrow, was her sanguine and elastic faith in any gleam of happiness.

It was early morning when De Vigne arrived in Paris.

ALMA's letter had sent new life and strength into his veins; from that hour he recovered, only retarded by that impatient and fiery nature which, unaccustomed to opposition or delay, chafed at the bodily weakness—that weakness at any time so great a trial to the strong man—which for the

first time controlled his will and kept him fettered and powerless. But with hope came fresh health and fresh vigour; he recovered sufficiently to be moved on board the yacht of a man we knew, who, having come cruising about the Bosphorus, offered to give us a run to Marseilles. The sea air completed the recovery her letter had begun; he lay on the deck smoking, and breathing in with the fresh Mediterranean wind his old health and strength, and by the time the *Sea-foam* ran into the Marseilles harbour he was himself again, and would have been a dangerous foe for Vane Castleton to meet. At first he had meant to go at once to St. Cracia, for where Alma was, or what had become of her, he could not tell, since that letter was written on her sick-bed at Montessor's house in Windsor. Then suddenly he remembered that the second letter, which he had sent back to her in such mad haste on seeing the address, which confirmed Carlton's story, had been dated from the Champs Elysées, and thither he resolved to go, on the chances of finding her there before he went on to England.

It was early morning when we reached Paris—a bright, clear, sweet spring morning in May. After the discomfort, the dirt, the myriad disagreeables of Constantinople; after the mud and rain and snow and cheerlessness of the Crimea; how gay and pleasant looked those lively, sunnny, bustling streets of Paris, where everybody seemed de bonne humeur, where primroses and violets, cassi and lemonade, were being cried; where Polichinelle was performing, and char-à-bancs starting with light-hearted students for a day in the Bois du Boulogne; and everywhere around us were heard chattering, laughing, voluble and musical, that merry, silvery, pleasant language, as familiar to us as our own! What a contrast it was—a contrast very agreeable, let a man be ever so voué au tambour, after nearly two years such campaigning as we had tasted in the Crimea!

I drove at once to the English station. De Vigne wanted me no more, and they at home at Longholme were very impatient for my arrival; evergreens, triumphal arches, October brewed at my birth, county congratulations, and every possible fatted calf, awaiting me under the friendly shadow of my dear old Buckinghamshire beechwoods. As I shook his hand as we parted, I saw he was impatient to be rid of me, and I saw on his face that eager, restless, passionate glow which told me he would never rest until he had found Alma Tressillian. How would it end, I wondered, as I rolled along in the chemin de fer to Calais? Did he ask himself so wise a question? I fancy not. Never all his life long had he ever asked how any step in his career would end. If he had ever done so, that coarse and vulgar beauty, with her rouge, and her tinting, and her embonpoint, and her cruel glittering eyes, now drinking her coffee, with that dash of brandy in it she had copied from old Fantyre, reading the dirtiest of Le Brun's stories, in her scarlet peignoir, before she attired herself regally, to be driven by little Anatole de Beauvoisier to a fête at Fontainebleau, would not have been called by Church and Law his Wife.

"Est ce que Mademoiselle Tressillian demeure ici?" he asked at the entrance of the hotel which Lady Molyneux had just vacated.

"Non, monsieur. Elle est partit il y a huit jours, et Miladi aussi pour Fontainebleau. Elles sont allées visiter chez Madame la Duchesse de Viellecour, à sa maison de plaisance."



"Quelle Miladi?"

"Miladi Molyneux, Madame le Vicomtesse."

"Où est la maison de plaisance?"

"A Fontainebleau; le Diaman du Forêt, monsieur. Tout le monde le sait."

With which assurance the porter awaited his departure, to return to his plate of onion soup inside his den; and De Vigne, signing a fiacre, bade them drive him to the Gare for Fontainebleau.

Minutes seemed to him hours; the train appeared to creep along its weary ironway; everything was dark and strange to him. How Alma could possibly have become acquainted with the Molyneux, still more reside with them, and go with the Viscountess to stay with Madame de la Viellecour, appeared inexplicable. The devil of doubt again possessed him. The letter that vowed her love to him had been written nearly two years before. Since then she might have changed; she might have loved some other; she might even have pledged herself to another man? He tortured himself with every form of dread and doubt, as the train dragged on through the campagne printanière, till it stopped at Fontainebleau, the sun shining on the quiet French town, on the stately historic castle, on the deep majestic woods that hid in their bosom alike the loves of Henri Quatre, the beauty of Gabrielle d'Estrées, the death of the grand Condé, and the despair of the man who, abandoned alike by his courtiers whom he had ennobled, his marshals whom he had created, and his people whom he had rescued from the bloody fangs of The Terror, signed the act of his abdication in the magnificent halls of his favourite palace; where that child was baptised who has lived to restore his name and ascend his throne.

The train stopped at Fontainebleau. De Vigne knew it well enough. He had often been there for gay summer fêtes, where the time had passed with sparkling wine and evanescent wit and light laughter and ephemeral love, before his marriage had darkened his life. The train stopped, and he went at once to the Hôtel de la Ville de Lyon, where, fifteen or sixteen years before, he remembered giving a brilliant dinner to Rose Luillhier, the then première danseuse of the Opéra, a gay, flippant little blonde, whom he had driven round in a four-in-hand by the Carrefours des Boux and Franchard to see the Roche qui Pleure, and had drunk champagne and sung Béranger songs, and enjoyed his Bacchanalia with all the joyous careless revelry of spirits undamped and unwearied.

Now, Rose Luillhier was a faded, ugly, broken-down woman, who, falling through a trap-door, and ruining her beauty for ever, had been glad to keep a mont de piété in a small way in a dingy, dark, loathsome hole in the Faubourg d'Enfer; and he—he dared not trust his present; he dared not look at his future!

He went to the Ville de Lyon, and inquired the way to Madame de la Viellecour's maison de plaisance. It lay on the other side of the forest, to the south-west, they told him, and they had not a carriage left in the coach-house, nor a horse in the stable, there were so many pleasure parties to the forest or the palace in this month. He went to the Londres, to the Nord, to the Aigle Noir, to the Lion d'Or; all their conveyances were hired. It was a saint's day and a holiday in Paris, and numerous parties of every grade had come to spend the sweet spring-hours in the leafy shades and majestic futailles of Fontainebleau. He went:

Nargein's and to Bernard's, in the Rue de France; but he could find no conveyance there. Impatient of delay, he asked how far it was to walk.

"Mais à peu près sept kilometres, monsieur," said the man of whom he inquired. "Voyez donc, monsieur! Vous parterez par la Barrière de Paris, vous suivrez le chemin de chasse jusqu' à la Batte des Aires, et alors vous prendrez le sentier jusqu' au forêt du Gros Fouteau. Eh bien! après cela vous prendrez le sentier de l'Amitié et dans un quart d'heure vous serez aux Gorges de la Solle après, monsieur——"

De Vigne heard no more of the Frenchman's voluble and bewildering directions; a fierce oath broke from him under his breath as three carriages swept past him. In the first sat a young Parisian *lion*, and the woman who called herself his wife. From under her parasol of pink silk and lace, as she leaned forward, full-blown, high-coloured, coarse, with a smile on her lips, and that vindictive triumph in her cruel eyes which he knew so well, he saw her face—that face unseen for eleven long years, since the day he had thrown her from him in the church at Vigne. He knew her in an instant, despite every alteration—and they were not few that time had made—and faint and sick he reeled against the wall of Nargein's dwelling.

Thinking of Alma, to see the Trefusis, the woman he so unutterably loathed, so fiercely hated! Was it prophetic that that she-devil should for ever stand between him and the better angel of his life? She knew him, too, for she started visibly; then she leant forward and bowed to him, with a cruel, mocking, fiendish smile.

"Qui le diable est cet bel homme, Constance?" asked Anatole de Beauvoisier.

"Mon mari," answered the Trefusis, with her coarse, harsh laugh.

Anatole had a great admiration for this handsome Englishwoman, yet he estimated her rightly enough to murmur to himself, "Pauvre diable! je le plains!"

A deadly sickness came over De Vigne, and a fierce ungovernable thirst for vengeance on her entered into him. He hated her so unspeakably. Great Heaven! how could it be otherwise? that woman who stood an eternal bar between him and love, and peace and honour!

He broke from Nargein's foreman with a hasty *douceur* of a gold five-franc, which took the stead of the thanks he could not utter for his bewildering direction, and took the route by the Barrière de Paris, trusting to his memory to lead him right across the forest, for he had recollected the situation of the Diaman du Forêt as soon as they had told him at the Ville de Lyon that a few years ago it had belonged to the Comte de Torallhier-Moreau, a man whom De Vigne had known, and with whom he had had more than one night of lansquenet and merry French wit at that same Diaman du Forêt, then called the Bosquet de Diane. He followed the hunting-path that leads to the magnificent forest of the Grand Fouteau. It was now after noon, and the soft golden sunlight turned to bronze the giant bolls of the old oaks and elms, and slept quietly on the soft green moss that carpeted the woodland. All around him was hushed in the heart of the great royal forest, the waters of the lakes were silent, the fountains fell with only a dreamy

and silvery murmur, the sunshine trembled on the graceful silver boughs of the "*Dames du Forêt*," and the birds were singing with soft subdued joy in the dense foliage of those shadowy avenues and *futailles*, that had used to echo with the bay of hounds, the ring of horses' hoofs, the mellow notes of hunting calls, when through their sunny glades the gay courtiers of François de Valois, Henri de Navarre, and Louis de Bourbon had ridden for the pleasure of the *Chasse* and the *Curée*. All was silent round him, save for the sweet musical murmur, nameless yet distinguishable, as of the coming summer breathing its life and spirit into the tender leaves, the waving grasses, and the waters of lake and fountain, long chilled and silenced by the iron touch of the past winter. At another time the glory and beauty round him,—from the giant grandeur of the oaks and beeches that had flung their shadows on the brilliant beauty of the mother of the Vendôme, and the fair sad brow of the Mistress of Bourbon and of Bragelonne, to the merry hum of the joyous guats born yesterday to die to-morrow, dancing and whirling in the sunshine like the gay Human Life that from Philippe le Bel to Louis Napoléon have held their rendezvous, their fêtes, their love-trysts, and their hunting-parties in the royal forest, group after group supplanting those that pass away—would have awakened and aroused him. But now the very calm and loveliness about him irritated and chafed him, for his soul was dark with fiery passions and fierce thoughts, vain regrets and vehement desires, and his love for Alma Tressillian, his hate for the woman who bore his name, and who had so foully cheated him, rioted within him like boiling oil and seething flame mingled together. He strode along through the hunting-path, edged on one side with brushwood and on the other with the great forest trees, only thinking sufficiently of the way he went to take the paths that bore to the north-west, where he knew, on leaving the forest, he should find the *maison de plaisance* somewhere between Fontainebleau and Chailly. He struck into the *Fulaci du Gros Fonteau*, knowing that, by keeping to his left, he should come upon the road to Chailly, brushing his way through the tangled forest-branches that had stood the sunshine and the storm of lengthened centuries. As he swung along, his eyes upon the ground, blind to all the beauty of the woodlands, he glanced upwards to put aside the boughs; and—with an inarticulate cry, he sprang forward.

Half sitting, half lying on the fallen trunk of a beech that had been struck by lightning a few days before, her hat on the grass beside her, the sunshine falling down through the thick branches on to her brilliant golden hair, and her delicate, intelligent, expressive features, expressive even in complete repose, and while her eyes, fixed on the turf at her feet, were veiled beneath her silky curling lashes, he saw once more the face that he had last seen lifted to his in the summer moonlight at St. Crucis nearly two years passed and gone!

At the sound of the voice which, in the hum and murmur of society and the solitude of the long night-watches, she had thirsted, yearned, prayed to hear again, Alma looked up—in another moment she was in his arms, clinging to him as if no earthly power should ever part them; weeping passionate tears of joy, then laughing in her agony of gladness; her soft warm lips pressed to his, her hands clasped round his neck as

if she would never let him go from her again, while she had strength, or life, or power to keep him, while dizzy with the delirium of passion and of rapture that surged up in tenfold strength after those weary years of absence and of torture, he lifted her from the ground and held her in his passionate embrace, crushing her against his heart, their long and mute caresses more eloquent than words. Then Alma raised her face to his, flushing with a bright crimson glow, and fading to a marble whiteness, her eyes almost black with that eager joy which shone in them through their tears, her arms clinging closer and closer round him, her voice trembling with the love which her vehement Southern nature had poured out upon De Vigne.

"You do not doubt me now? You know how I love you—only you? You will never leave me again?"

"Never, my God!—never!" And as he poured out upon her in his breathless caresses the passion which words were too cold and tame to utter, he forgot—for the time, utterly, entirely forgot—that cold, cruel, jeering, coarse, vindictive face that had passed him but an hour before, and—forgot, also, the tie that bound him.

It was long ere they could summon calmness enough to talk of all that both had suffered in those long and weary months. Their joy was too deep for any effort at tranquillity; all she cared for was to look up into his eyes, to murmur his name every now and then as if to assure her of his presence, to lavish upon him with tears of joy that caressing and vehement fondness natural to her in all the abandon and fervour of her Italian blood; all he cared for was to have such love poured out on him; to drink, after lengthened and unbearable drought, of the fresh sweet waters of human affection; to lavish on the only thing that he loved, and that loved him, all the pent-up well-springs of his heart; to hold her there close—close, so that none could come to rob him of her a second time—the one lost to him for so long!

Do you wonder at him? Go and travel in Sahara, across that great, dreary, blinding, shadowless, hopeless plain of glaring yellow sand, where you see no living thing save the vulture whirling aloft awaiting some dead camel ere it can make its loathsome feast; travel with the thirst of the desert upon you, your throat parching, your eyes starting, your whole frame quivering with longing for the simple drop of water which your fellows fling away unvalued. When you came to the clear cool springs flowing with musical ripple under the friendly shadows of the banyans and the palms, would you have the courage to turn away and leave the draught untasted, and go back alone into the desert to die?

It was long before they could speak of what they had both suffered, and when she told him all, more fully than she could in writing, of Vane Castleton's treachery and brutality, the dark fierce blood surged over his brow, and a gloom came upon his face which boded her foe no good.

"By Heaven! if a man's hand can revenge such things, he shall pay bitterly for his coward plot," he muttered to himself.

"What are you saying?" asked Alma.

He kissed the lips which he would not answer:

"Do not ask, my darling. To think that dastard villain dared to lay his hand upon you wakes a devil in me. My God! to hear of such a

brutal plot against what he loves best and holds most tenderly, would wake a milder man than I to fury. My darling, my precious one! to think that brute should have ventured to lure you in his hateful toils, should have polluted your ears with his loathsome vows, should have dared to touch your little hand with his——”

He stopped; his fierce anger overmastered him. To think Vane Castleton had dared to insult her; to think his dastard love, which was poison to any woman, should have been breathed on her, on whom he would have had the summer wind never play too rudely; to think that his hated kiss should have ventured to touch those soft warm lips, pure as ungathered rose-leaves, that were consecrated wholly to himself! De Vigne vowed bitterly to himself to revenge it as none of Vane Castleton's deeds had been revenged before.

“Never mind it,” whispered Alma, caressingly. *She* had no fear of De Vigne's darkest passions—indeed, they endeared him to her. “Do not think of it. He is a bad man; but, since he could not part us, we may surely forgive him, or, at least, forget him? Now I have *you* back, I could pardon anything. When life is so beautiful and God's mercy so great, one can rarely harbour hard thoughts of any one. It is when we *suffer* that we could revenge.”

He pressed her closer to his heart:

“You are better than I, my little one!”

“No!” said Alma, passionately, “I am better than none; still less am I better than you, noble, generous, knightly as you are in thought and in deed, in heart and in soul. I loved and revered you before more than any woman ever did man, but since your courage, your suffering, your daring, your heroism, I love you more dearly, I reverence you more highly, if indeed it be possible, my love, my lord, my husband!”

As the last word fell on his ear, De Vigne started as at a mortal wound from the steel! That title from her lips struck him keenly, bitterly as any sword-thrust!—to have to tell her he had deceived her, to have to give a death-blow to that unsuspecting confidence, that deep, true love, that radiant, shadowless happiness with which she clung to him, as if, now they were together, life had brought her a heaven upon earth, which no shadow would have power to cloud; to have to quench the light in her sunny eyes, and tell her that another called him by that name!

The hand that held both hers trembled; the warm, passionate glow faded off his face; his heart turned sick; how could he tell her that for three long years the secret of his life had been withheld from her—that, married, he had gone to her as a free man—that, bound himself, he had won her love in all its depth and fervency—that, trusted implicitly, worshipped entirely, he had gone on from day to day, from week to week, with that fatal tie unacknowledged, that dark and cruel secret unconfessed? And she looked up in his face, too, as she clung to him, with such a world of love and worship, such a glory of passionate and eager joy in her brilliant, loving eyes, that seemed never to weary of gazing into his! And he had to say to her: “Your trust is unmerited. I have deceived you!”

Never until that hour had De Vigne realised the whole horror, weight, and burden of the fetters the Church had lent its hand to forge eleven long

years before. Unconsciously and innocently the woman, who would have perilled her life to save him a single pang, struck a yet sharper blow to the just-opened wound! Noticing the gloom that gathered in his eyes, Alma, to dispel, laughed, with her old gay and childlike insouciance, which she had never felt before since the evening they had parted in the little studio at St. Crucis.

"Yes, Sir Folko, in one thing I *am* better than you. I have more faith! You could doubt and disbelieve your own Alma; you could think that, after loving *you*, she could desert, and forget, and betray you; you could credit cruel reports that made her the most false, contemptible, loathsome of her sex—but I never dreamt of doubting *you*, though I might have done so. Sir Folko, I had stronger evidence still! But I trusted you, my lord, my love! I would have disbelieved angels had they come to witness against you; in your absence none should dare to slander you to me; and if they had brought proofs of every force under the sun, I would have thrown them in their teeth as falsehoods and forgeries, if they had stained *your* honour!"

She spoke now with that vehement eloquence which always came to her when roused to any deep emotion or warm excitement; her eyes flashed, and her face glowed with love, and pride, and faith. Yet—every one of those noble and tender words quivered like a knife in his heart! He bent his head till his brow rested on her hair; and the man, whose iron nerves had not quailed, nor pulse beat one shade quicker, before the deadly flame blazing from the thirty guns at Balaklava, shuddered as he thought, "How can I tell her I have deceived her!" Unconscious of the effect her words had on him, or the sting which lay for him in her noble and innocent trust, Alma went on—a glow of scorn, contempt, and haughty impatience at the memory passing over her face, with one of those rapid mutations of expression which gave her face one of its greatest charms:

"Oh, Granville, how I hated that woman that Lord Vane sent to pretend to be your wife. He was very unwise not to choose some one a little more refined, and like what your wife might have been! She was such a bold, coarse, cruel-eyed woman, with not the trace of a lady in her, for all her showy, gorgeous dress. Who do you think she could have been? Some actress, I should fancy—should not you?—whom he paid to take the rôle, but she did it very badly." And Alma laughed—a low, glad, silvery laugh—at the recollection! "She was not much like a woman who had loved and lost you; there was not a shadow of regret, or tenderness, or softness in her when she spoke of you, and to think she should dare to take *your* name—should dare to presume to claim *you*! And she actually had the audacity to show me your name on that piece of paper that she called a marriage-certificate. I don't know whether it was like one, for I never saw one; but they had written your name. Oh! Granville, how I hated her—the coarse, audacious, insulting woman, who dared to assume your name. I could have struck her—I could have done anything to her. She roused my 'devil,' as you call it. If she had stayed another moment I should have rung for nurse to turn her out of the room. It sounds absurd to say so, for she was such a tall, dashing, would-be grandiose woman; but I do think she was afraid of me—she did not like me to look straight at her and detect her falsehoods. But I never

believed her, my own dearest—never for a moment. Thank God, my trust in you never wavered for an instant, and she never tempted me even in one passing thought to disgrace you with the doubt that that coarse, bad woman had ever been your wife. Thank God, I was too worthy of your love to insult you, even with a thought of credence in her ill-laid plot——!”

“Stop, stop—for the love of Heaven—or you will kill me!” burst involuntarily from De Vigne. He felt as if his heart would break, his brain give way, if she said another word to add to the coals of fire she was heaping so innocently upon his head! Every word she uttered in her unconscious gladness, in her noble faith, seemed to brand his soul with shame and suffering, which years would never have power to efface;—to have to tell her her trust had been misplaced—to have to confess to her that the woman whom she truly thought would disgrace him ~~was~~ his wife—to have to listen to those fond, proud, trusting words, and answer them with what would quench and darken all her glad and generous faith, and, for aught he knew, turn from him for ever that love to which he clung with all the strength and passion of his nature! Proud, candid, worshipping truth as she did, would she love him still when she knew that for three long years that dark secret had been kept unspoken and unconfessed between them? Idolising and reverencing him as she did, thinking him matchless for honour, nobility, and stainless aristocracy of blood, and name, and character, could he hope to keep that idolatry, which was so dear to him, when she heard that he had allied himself to one whom even her slight knowledge of her had seen to be utterly unworthy and beneath him—when she heard that he, whose idol, like her own, had been honour, had kept hidden and shrouded from her the dark, inexorable bonds with which the marriage-tie had chained and weighed him down?

Startled and terrified, she tried to look into his face; but his head was bent, so that she could see nothing save the blue veins swelling on his forehead.

“Granville, dearest, what have I said—what have I done? Speak to me, answer me, for Heaven’s sake!”

He did not answer her. What could he say? The veins on his temples grew like cords, and all the glow of eagerness and passion, so bright on his face a few moments ago, faded away into that dead, grey pallor which had overspread his face upon his marriage-day. A vague and horrible terror came over the woman who loved him. She threw her arms round his neck; she pressed her warm lips to his forehead, pale and lined with the bitter thoughts in his brain; she only thought of him then, never of herself.

“Granville, tell me, what have I said—I, who would give my life to spare you the slightest pain?”

He seized her in his arms; he pressed her against his heart, throbbing to suffocation:

“My worshipped darling! do not speak gently to me! That woman is my wife!”

It was told at last—the stain on his name, the curse on his life, the secret kept so long! Her face was raised to his; its fair, girlish bloom changed to his own bloodless and lifeless pallor, her eyes wide open, with

a vague, amazed horror in them. She scarcely understood what he had said; she could not realise it in the least degree.

"Your wife!" she repeated, mechanically, after him. "*Your wife!* Granville, darling, you are jesting, you are trying me; it is not true!"

He held her closer to him, and rested his lips on her golden hair; he could not bear to see those fond, frank eyes gaze into his with that pitiful terror, that haunting, pleading earnestness which would not believe even his own words against him!

"God forgive me, it is true!"

With a cry that rang through the old beech woods and oak coppices of the forest, Alma bowed down before the blow dealt to her by the hand that loved her best. She did not weep, like most women, but her heart paused almost long enough for life to cease. She gasped for breath; the blood rushed to her brain, crimsoning all her face, then left it white and colourless as death. She pressed her hand upon her heart, struggling for breath, looking up in his face all the while, as a spaniel that its master had slain would look up in his, the love outliving and pardoning the death-blow.

For the moment he thought he had killed her. Like a madman, he called upon her name; he covered her blanched lips with caresses passionate enough to call back all their life and warmth; he vowed to Heaven that he loved her dearer than any husband ever loved his wife; that he hated the woman who bore his name, wretch, fiend, she-devil that she was! He called her his own, his love, his darling; he swore never to leave her while his life lasted; he besought her, if ever she had cared for him, to look at him, and tell him she forgave him!

She did not shrink from him a moment, but clung the closer to him, breathless, trembling, quivering with pain, like a delicate animal after a cruel blow, her heart throbbing wildly against his. She looked up in his face with that passionate love which would never change to him nor desert him:

"Forgive you! Yes, what would *I* not forgive you! But——"

Her voice broke down in convulsive sobs, and she lay in his arms weeping unrestrainedly, with all the force and vehemence of her nature; while he bowed his head over her, and his own bitter, scorching tears fell on her bright golden hair. He let her weep on and on, her strongest and deepest feelings pouring themselves out in that resistless tide of emotion which with her never relieved, but rather increased, her suffering. He could not speak to her; he could only clasp her tighter and tighter to him, murmuring broken, earnest words of his agonised remorse.

Once she looked up at him with those radiant eyes, from which he had quenched the light and glory:

"You do not love her, Granville? You cannot!"

There was her old passionate vehemence in the question—as passionately he answered her:

"Love her! Great Heaven! no word could tell you how I *hate* her; how I have hated her ever since that cursed day when she first took my name, to stain it and dishonour it. My precious one! my hate for her is as great as my love for you; greater it cannot be!"

"And yet—she is your wife! Oh God have pity on us!"



Her lips turned white, as if in bodily pain, her eyes closed, and she shivered as with great cold.

He pressed her against his heart; great drops of suffering stood upon his brow. It was an agony greater than death to him to see the misery on her young, radiant face, and to know that he had brought it there—he who would have sheltered her from every chill breath, guarded her from every touch of the sorrow common to all human kind.

"Would to Heaven I had died before my selfish passions brought the shadow of my curse on your young head," he muttered, as he bent over her. "Alma, you forgive me—but you cannot love me after I have deceived you. You cannot love me, false as I have been to my own idol of truth and honour. God knows I meant no deliberate wrong. I went on and on from day to day, till what had been at first merely distasteful to tell, became at last impossible! Answer me; can your affection survive the bitter wrong I have done it? Can you love me though I fall from your ideal, though I have sunk so low?"

Breathless he waited for her answer—breathless and trembling, his face white as hers, his firm and haughty lips quivering with suspense, his head bent and humbled, as he made one of the hardest, yet one of the noblest confessions a proud man can ever make—"I was wrong!"

She lifted her face to his, so true to the generous and faithful and unswerving love that, two years before, she had promised him, that even in the first bitterness of her grief her thought was of him and not of herself.

"Love you? I *must* love you while my life lasts. Nothing could change me to you; if you were to err, to alter, to fall as low as man can fall, you would but be the dearer to me; and if all the world stoned and hooted you, I would cling the closer to you, and we would defy it, or endure it—together!"

She spoke again, with her old vehemence, her arms twining close about his neck, her lips soft and warm against his cheek, her eyes gazing up into his, dark and brilliant with the impassioned love that was the life of her life; then—the passion faded from her eyes, the glow from her face; with a convulsive sob her head drooped upon her breast, and she fell forward on his arm, weeping hopelessly, wearily, agonisedly, as I saw a woman in the Crimea weep over her husband's grave.

"God help me! I do not know what I say. If I am wrong, tell me; if I sin, slay me—but cease to love you I *cannot*!"

## LONDON PHOTOGRAPHED BY A FRENCHMAN.\*

AMONG the most recent of the French Anglophobists who devote their abilities to collecting the worst features of the worst prejudices which have for so many ages tended to separate—far more effectually than fifty Channels—the two most civilised nations of the world, is M. Hector Malot, the author of "*La Vie Moderne en Angleterre*," as good a hater as any of his predecessors, and a still more amusingly ferocious denouncer of English institutions, manners, and habits.

"To criticise the English," says this modern Hector, "is no difficult task, for with them strength and weakness, reason and insignificance, grandeur and ridicule, keep so closely pace with one another, as to be constantly stumbling. And in a country in which royalty has the honours but not the power; in which the greatest amount of liberty in political, is united to the most narrow intolerance in private life; in which a profound interest in religious speculations is allied to the pitiless pursuit of material gratifications; in which right belongs to every one, but its abuse to a few privileged persons; in a society in which respectability is synonymous with fortune, and misery with infamy; in which falsehood is a virtue, and candour disgraceful; where egotism constitutes the social, and hypocrisy the moral law; in a city where the hearth is a school of honour, and the street a school of prostitution; contrasts force themselves upon the eyes of the stranger, even when he does not profess to be an observer, and they are naturally rendered by mild or cruel critics, in accordance with his disposition, or by bitter or pleasant ridicule, in accordance with his temper."

Arrived in England, our hero threw down his gauntlet in Leicester-square. It was "*de rigueur*" that it should be so. The habitués of his café, he says, had a withered, faded appearance; their clothes were dirty or ragged, and their linen told plainly that they had not spent the night in bed. Seated at empty tables, they talked politics, for they wished to be considered as political victims. These gentlemen played at dominoes for breakfast, for the master had that day positively refused accepting any more bad half-crowns. It was therefore banyan-day in Leicester-square.

Our traveller was, however, relieved from the fraternity of Leicester-square nationalities by discovering that the English have not the jealous love for the interior which the French possess, and hence they let apartments and bedrooms—an act that appeared to our visitor as utterly incompatible with "the religion of the hearth." The "comfortable" of which the English boast so much of is, he also declares, unknown in these lodgings. The carpet is the only furniture.

A carpeted home obtained, then, with, we will suppose, a bed, although declared to be non-existent, as well as chair and table, the next thing is to visit London. But here a new difficulty confronts the stranger. London is "immensity in uniformity" (a Frenchman will sacrifice meaning, common

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\* *La Vie Moderne en Angleterre*. Hector Malot.

sense, anything, for the sake of what he deems to be an epigram); to explore it, one must walk for ever, and there are no resting-places—no cafés or Boulevard chairs. True, there are public-houses and gin-palaces—the latter admirable places for studying the “characteristic types of London”—but they have no seat; people stand up at a bar, and the monotony of the place is only relieved by “scènes de boxe.” Some taverns have, however, parlours and boxes, and if the stranger “has a good pronunciation, and does not displease the publican, he may sometimes succeed in getting himself served.” The proof of this is endorsed by the history of some Frenchmen who were maltreated at a public-house by a brute of a Francophobist, more practical and little less hostile than some of the most inveterate of Anglophobists. There are cigar-divans where a man can sit and read a paper, but they are few in number, and difficult to find.

To a Frenchman accustomed “to the luxuries and liberties of restaurants,” the greatest of all annoyances are the English eating-houses. Little is to be obtained save roast beef and mutton, and it is boiled after it is roasted, as is the case also with the fish. Every one seasons for himself; salad, or rather certain herbs that are qualified as such, is devoured with a sauce that burns like vitriol, and is kept in a serpent-like flask. Oil is not used; it is not adapted to English “throats” (not to English palates); and this said herbage is eaten with the fingers, forks being reserved for cheese and oranges! There is also rhubarb pastry, the crust of which is “as heavy as lead and as sticky as a bit of soap.” Then these insulars have no confidence; they require the money for beer before they will procure it for their customers. There are dining-rooms where tablecloths and napkins are provided, but they are rare. At night the oyster-rooms light up, and pleasure and debauchery that have been seeking for one another all day long at length meet, and the liveliest hours of the saddest of cities are inaugurated.

The stranger’s difficulties in exploring London are increased by the great length of the streets, which are only named at the extremities, even when a mile or two in length, and by the frequent repetition of the same name. The cab-horses are admittedly superior to those of Paris, but the cabmen are more extortionate, and the distances more puzzling. The omnibus-conductors hail strangers by calling out “Hop! hop!” and if they are not so insolent as their brethren of Paris, it is not from consideration, but simply from competition. They also seldom give strangers their proper change. The only way is “to be stern with the conductors, and even a little insolent. It is quite the thing to be insolent in London; to be so, indeed, is to be thoroughly English.”

The steam-boats are the cheapest and most pleasant conveyances, and their penny fares soothed even Hector’s irritation.

“Only embark at London-bridge upon a penny steam-boat, ascend the river to Chelsea, passing beneath those bridges, marvellous in their strength and boldness, which unite the two cities, in the midst of ships, that cross one another [above bridges!] between banks with lofty cranes and forests of smoking chimneys; or embark at London-bridge and descend the arm of the sea, in the midst of ships arriving from all the countries in the world, pass the docks, enlivened by the flags of all

nations, go as far as Gravesend—pretty town embosomed in meadows—and he who has a grudge against the English, or feels himself unjust against England, will come back in a different disposition, and he will understand a part of the strength and grandeur of the country. The Thames will have accomplished that miracle.”

The daily papers come next under review. The superiority of the French daily papers over the English, we are told, consists in the former being literary, and in the circumstance that “moral and artistic interests” are represented in them by the side of political and material interests. The only superiority that the English papers can lay claim to is that they have no romances. Magnitude, foreign and home correspondence, free discussion, the telegraphic wire, the most varied and extensive organisation in the world, are passed over for the sake of a misrepresentation, for it is perfectly needless to dwell upon the fact that the moral and artistic interests of the public are most carefully watched over by the English press. Without saying a word in disparagement of the ability shown by the French press, we may be permitted to assert that the particular claim to superiority here laid down has no foundation whatever. In fact, there is not a daily paper issued in Great Britain that has any claims as such, that does not contain discussions relative to moral and educational, and artistic and industrial interests, or reports of discussions relating to such.

There is a better foundation for the assertion that England has no modern dramatic literature, and that it is the French theatre that has killed the English. But this is only true to a certain extent; and M. Hector Malot himself admits that French manners sincerely expressed are not English manners. We are, besides, emancipating ourselves from the French theatre to a great extent. “The Colleen Bawn,” “The Octoroon,” “Our American Cousin,” “Peep o’ Day,” “Black Sheep,” and other recent productions, have, we hope, inaugurated a new order of things.

The English, according to the same authority, never amuse themselves, never relax their marble faces or thaw their icy hearts save at a hanging match, and even then, according to Ingoldsby, they go to sleep. But there is an exception, and that is the Derby-day—“the true national feast and the carnival of England.” The English are for once enthusiastic; but the spectacle is not a fine one, “for all these men, who have for object the amelioration of the chevaline race, think little of ameliorating themselves, and most assuredly are they much less handsome, and especially much less ‘distingués,’ than the animals they busy themselves about!”

Hector is mounted. Not on one of those animals so much superior to the specimens of English humanity seen at Tattersall’s—he might, perchance, have been a little disconcerted—but on the box of a chariot. At the Elephant and Castle a hole was opened into the back panels. It was but a small hole, but somebody in the rear betted that, small as it was, he could touch it. He did so, and succeeded at the same time in enlarging it. By the time the carriage arrived at Epsom it had no longer any body—nothing but the box remained. “The vehicle had become a target, and the target was soon carried away.” The playful charioteers

on the high road must surely have known whom the chariot was conveying to the Downs. With all these drawbacks, the road, we are told, is preferable to the rail, and if handfuls of flour are thrown in your face, the young ladies cast flowers at you from the wayside gardens, wishing you a pleasant journey. Sentimental and Arcadian young ladies! had we been a romancer, we might, perchance, have seen you too. At last comes the race itself. "The soil, dry and hard, resounds beneath the hoofs. Marquis is ahead. No, it is Buckstone. No, it is 'Caractatus!' Then a real frenzy bursts forth, the joy of savages! These faces are no longer of marble, these hearts are no longer of ice. Madness reigns supreme. They dance, they stamp. The mingled gladness and cupidity are horrible. The stranger stands ashamed, terrified!" The race over, and "the women, their hair dishevelled, drink toasts to their friends in the distance," wooden dolls are thrown at one another's heads, and the return, more savage and bacchanalian than even the journey thither, commences. The race-course is left to the night tramps, who pick up the crusts of pastry, empty bottles, and ends of cigars. "It is the festival of misery."

The impressions produced by most things depend mainly upon the mental condition of the individual. The most beautiful scenery would have no charms to a seared heart; the most noble work of art would be lost upon a clodhopper. So the enthusiasm of a vast English multitude would touch no chord in the heart of an uncompromising Anglophobe. He would see nothing in it but cupidity, folly, and savagery, and he would stand ashamed and terrified at feeling that he was in the world and not of it—a thing wrapped up in venom, where all around was genial warmth and expansive gaiety.

After the passion for horses comes, we are told, that for cricket and for pedestrianism. "As soon as the British flag floats in a country, cricket is introduced there." The game had its origin, we are also informed, in the "*jeu de paume*," as played in France two hundred years ago. Pugilism, we should no doubt likewise be assured, was introduced five hundred years ago with French pug-dogs. Pedestrianism has, we are also told, its "glory and its fanatics." But racing "is a mere pretext for speculation;" cricket is "an exercise which consists in fatiguing oneself, and obtaining so much the more pleasure as perspiration is most abundant." "Regattas are a carnival, at which the object sought for is the most outrageous costume" (true, at all events, at Asnières); and "the boxe" is "the ignoble massacre of those who are frightened at swords and pistols." There is, however, one little recommendation to all these national imbecilities. They are admitted to develop physical force, to stay off illness, and to combat idleness. "To a people who have come to neglect all corporeal exercises to only over-excite the brain, these results," says the Hector of the Intellect, "deserve, it appears to me, the trouble of being signalised. To do is not the perfection of success, there is also to resist and to endure. Physical force is of use for this, and we should do well to give it some consideration in France."

The scene presented from the windows of a railway carriage on the arches of the Blackwall Railway, or even on that portion of the Eastern Counties Railway which passes through the old homes of the expatriated French Protestant silk-weavers, is not one in which an Englishman can

take a pride. To any one anxious to detect our weak points and strike home, there at least he cannot fail. And our Gaulish Hector has fully availed himself of the advantage ground.

"What one sees, when the train does not go too quick, is horrible. The yards, which are rather wells between four walls, green with humidity, are encumbered with nameless filth; children, fowls, and pigs grope about in vile cloaca. Rags without form or colour hang over the streets, upon poles and ropes, waylaying the sun and dropping foetid drops. Beds are put out at the windows to dry. An abortive population, only half clothed in rags, pale with hunger, with all kinds of privations and vices, rove in the streets." The picture is overcharged, but even if not so, it would still be painful to think of; and what is more outrageous to our sense of justice is that, owing to the want of a better equalisation of poor-rates, these very parishes, without means, are paying four or five shillings in the pound, while the residents in St. George's, Hanover-square, are only paying sixpence.

Curiously enough, the outward aspect of the South Kensington Museum was for a long time that of a stable or barn, and M. Hector Malot has not neglected to signalise the fact—"une remise, un hangar si l'on veut;" but he can afford to describe, on the other hand, the reading-room of the British Museum as an improvement upon those of Paris. Hector, intrepid as he is in international assaults, appears, like his brother-warrior, Achilles, to have his weak point. He has been manifestly most sensitive upon the fact that at Paris he had to traverse a long gallery, in the presence of one hundred and fifty to two hundred readers, who examined him with looks of very little benevolence, up to the librarians, "who are always so busy that it requires a vast amount of courage to disturb them, and when you venture to do so, they look thunderbolts at the interrupter." Only imagine Hector humbled by a little Jack in office, with his hair on end and a pen behind his ear! Why, he should learn "the boxe," and he would then understand that it is possible to chastise impertinence without becoming a man-slayer. "The English," he admits, "have borrowed many of their ameliorations from strangers, but they have impressed them with a seal of perfection that is now worthy of study." So it is with "the boxe:" the art was introduced into this country from the practice of French goats (*boucs* and *bouques*) butting at one another; but it has been brought to so great a perfection as to be now fully worthy of study, and we should be much pleased at seeing the Gaulish Hector enjoying an introductory round or two with a professor of the noble art of self-defence. He would then smile at the contemptuous looks of the one hundred and fifty readers, and retort, with a haughty air of defiance, the thunder of the miniature Jupiter of the library.

England is, we are informed, suffering from a strange malady—one which, without being actually dangerous, still tends to impoverish it at every access. This malady is "a panic," and, if at all justifiable, it ought to be so, not from the bounce of a few French colonels, but from the fact that the sight of the Foot Guards and of the Horse Guards provoked impressions on our Gaulish Hector which "were anything but martial." When a very little boy, we saw the English Foot Guards marching through a French fortified town. The crowd rushed to the door—

ways, and the general observation we heard was, "What! are those the men who beat our Imperial Guard?" The impression we received, although, as before said, a little boy, was, that it is not always the attenuated form, the wasp-like waist, the furrowed face, the padded breast, the jaunty, bellicose air, the ferocious expression, and the extravagance of hirsute accompaniments of the model "Grenadier de la Garde," that constitutes the strongest or the bravest man; but all nations have a certain type of military perfection, and they never can associate the idea of military prowess with any other. We will concede to Hector, then, his smile at the British Grenadier; and he is perfectly right in saying that the English mind is not bellicose. "The Englishman is calm, cold, considerate; although brave, he never fights but at the last extremity, when he cannot do otherwise; but then he fights bravely. The Englishman neither loves the clinking, nor the noise, nor the parade, nor the feathers, nor the warlike scenic getting-up, so much in favour with us." Quite true. Dr. Knox, the eminent ethnologist, has also said: "The Saxon despises soldiering; the proper field for action of the Saxon is the ocean." But we are not pure Saxon, and there are many bellicose men even with Quaker hats amongst us. The real reason why soldiering is despised is because the soldier's pay is inadequate, and his status in society is not raised. It is probable that something will yet be done by the introduction of soldiers' homes, institutes, and other movements calculated to improve the moral of the men, to better the condition of the English soldier. M. Hector Malot, who vilifies everything that is English simply because it is so, actually expresses his preference for the system of conscription over that of voluntary enlistment. He felt nothing but pity, he says, for the poor devils whom he saw enlisting in the taverns in the purlieus of Westminster. "I prefer," he adds, "the resignation of our conscripts putting their hand in the urn to these voluntary recruits, with their factitious joy, made up of ale, gin, and money." As to the volunteers, the organisation of this body, which might have been "so fine and so grand," "was vitiated in its very principle by the spirit of pride and caste." It is, however, admitted to be an efficient force; it is remembered that France repelled the invader from the frontiers in '92, and conquered in Italy, with volunteers. Hopes are even expressed that the system will so far supersede the regular army as to reduce the budget, when it will have the same effect in France. We wish it were so; but did Imperial France reduce the budget by diminishing the regular army before the volunteers were called into existence? If not, what reason has Hector to believe that it would do so if our regular army was suppressed?

"The Terrible Sunday" is the heading of a seventh chapter, and the puritanical fanaticism of some Sabbatarians would almost justify the epithet. A Frenchman, however, cannot understand that it is a positive pleasure and relief with most people in this country to enjoy a quiet, meditative Lord's Day. The sense of devotion is wanting in his nature. M. Hector Malot cannot even associate the idea with that of the practical enjoyment of liberty. The system, he says, casts a stranger, who has no home or relations, into an amount of ennui which rises to exasperation. He avers, under the infliction of this exasperation, that it is all hypocrisy: people, he says, have a romance under their Bible. One

Sunday he told his landlady he was going to the country. He left her perusing her Bible. Returning, however, accidentally, a short time afterwards, she was busy nailing down his carpet! The English, we are told, not only take a pleasure in knocking in nails on a Sunday, but they also find an especial recreation in burying their relatives and friends upon that particular day. It saves having two gloomy days in one week, and they keep the bodies any length of time to secure so desirable a result. A burial also affords an excuse for a pleasant (!) excursion in the country, instead of going to church. The street-preachers, it appears, constitute a kind of Sunday spectacle and entertainment. All who have an easy tongue and "an abundant saliva"—lords, shoemakers, and tailors—especially tailors—take a part in these performances, which, "more than any others, make England known to us with all its grandeur and all its pettiness." These street-preachers preach anything—mormonism, socialism, the religions of old or modern times—anything that ever emanated from the brains of people mad with "religiosity." Sometimes they are bonneted, at others they have slops thrown upon them. This adds to the fun of the thing. M. Hector Malot says he could write a volume of stories in reference to the curious preaching scenes that he has witnessed. Whilst he denounces these open-air predications as "grotesque and revolting," M. Hector Malot admits that, while religious liberty is inscribed on the French constitution, it is only practised in England.

French romances, Hector tells us, being founded on love and adultery, it is supposed that these two ingredients enter largely into the construction of French society, whereas English romances, always representing virtue triumphant in marriage, the contrary is supposed to be the case in England. Yet it is in reality the opposite that is the case—the English, as proved beyond controversy by the revelations of the Divorce Courts, are the flagrant criminals, the French the really virtuous. Only French romances are candid and sincere; the English romances are hypocritical. English girls, we are further informed, have no other idea but that of marriage. "In France every woman is made by her mother and her husband; in England she is made by the husband she has missed—that is to say, by experience." "Marriage, which gives independence to our young girls, takes it away from the English woman." We do not precisely fathom what is implied here by the idea of a wife's independence. Surely not that which would be superficially deduced from it? Hector, however, admits that although he should prefer love to that sense of duty which he says regulates all things in England, that modesty is a genuine characteristic of the English female, that both countries err in their manner of comprehending the nuptial tie; and that "if the English would only ally themselves to French women, and the French to English women, a race would spring from such unions that would astonish the world that it would dominate!"

The omnipotence of British society, its nature, its pretensions, and its creed, are, according to the same authority, best manifested in its literature. Thackeray, for example, he describes as a satirist, a caricaturist, and a moralist; but he is obliged to model his attacks upon a corrupt society by the exigencies of that very society itself. To please the puritans, he becomes a puritan, and his characters are all either vicious



or virtuous—not as in nature, with vice and virtue commingled. He lays all the vice at the doorways of the aristocracy, and he brings types of goodness and tenderness from out of the middle classes to contrast with those specimens of a profligate humanity; but, unendowed with passion, and untouched by any artistic inspiration, his works are hence monotonous as so many sermons, his scenes are so many demonstrations, and his actors so many puppets, whose duty it is to exhibit such and such a moral truth. It is thus that a romancer, who has painted with a remarkable vigour the sins of the aristocracy, the isolation of classes, family divisions, the humiliations of hypocrisy, and the triumphs of material interests over those of the mind, has all his works vitiated by the despotism of society. The criticism is not perfectly clear, but we give it as it is.

It is the same thing with Dickens. The French critic avers, that whether he really partook of the moral ideas which rule all things in England, or that he wished to conquer his public, he adopted them at once, and was prodigal of concessions and flattery to everything that is English—religion, morals, and manners. But when he had gained his footing he began to enlarge the domain of art. He flagellated hypocrisy in the person of Pecksniff, and ridiculed pride in *Dombey*; and, gaining independence with strength, he has subjected whole classes, and especially the manufacturing classes, the aristocracy, and even the Church, to wholesale chastisement. Uninfluenced by the national hypocrisy, Dickens, we are told, would have been one of the greatest romancers; and even now, while his qualities are his own, his defects are those of the country he lives in, and that tyrannises over him. What is wanted, as in *Thackeray*, is described as “passion.” Our writers, we are told, “dare not remove the vine-leaf which English prudery has chastely placed upon the human figure.” And perhaps it is better it is so.

We will spare our readers the infliction of details, which can be only painful to them, of pictures of London by gas-light, as viewed by a stranger in the Haymarket and the purlieus of Leicester-square. Such a stranger ought not to forget that male and female foreigners play no small part in the orgies nightly enacted in those neighbourhoods.

To turn from these painful themes, M. Hector Malot passed, he says, through three changes of disposition during his brief sojourn in the British metropolis; first, he was all astonishment at the crowd, noise, and bustle, from which he sought refuge upon the Thames. This was succeeded by a state of ennui, induced by thinking that this crowd was always doing the same thing, and that he could get nothing but spongy bread and fat meat. (The meat of the English races of cattle and sheep he declares to be much inferior to that of the French races.) And this state of mind gave way, with a further initiation, to curiosity. London, he found, upon the whole, to be no city at all, but an agglomeration of suburbs and villages. It had one or two works of architecture, and no end of rubbish; the new Houses of Parliament are only good for a cork model; Trafalgar-square is as despicable as it is pretentious; the Duke of Wellington is pointing at the White Horse Cellar (this solves a problem often proposed—what is he pointing at?); and Nelson has a rolled cable behind him, which looks like anything else but a cable! Whatever we have is, further, buried in soot and damp. The houses, in consequence

of these sad results of coal combustion and a moist climate, are always being whitewashed, painted, or stuccoed, as are also the trees, and, with time, it is expected that the same attention will be paid to flowers and fruit. This is not impossible at the Horticultural Gardens at Kensington. Nothing, however, was more annoying than to cross the Parks with the idea of getting into the country and to find that the town still lay beyond them. London was then discovered to have no suburbs. This may appear paradoxical, but it is not so in a Frenchman's sense of the word. To him suburbs are the abode of misery. There being no octroi in London, the poor dwell in the heart or on the flanks of the metropolis itself; and there are, therefore, no suburbs to London in a French point of view. There are, however, different "quarters," and each has its characteristics. The people of Chelsea and Brompton, we are told, ape the aristocracy. This is also the case with Bayswater and Paddington. Those who prefer comfort to appearances dwell in St. John's-wood. "Islington is religious; Camden-town calm." With this last familiar remark we shake hands with our amusing photographer of London. Before starting, he went up "Primrose-hill" to see the metropolis, and the obdurate fog naturally objected to the proceeding; but, as he came down, he said to himself, that "a people who had power and perseverance, although not endowed with ideas to the same extent, was still a great people; and that the qualities which give force and success are, it is to be regretted, most exclusive."

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## THE EMIGRANT GIRL.

BY MRS. ALFRED MÜNSTER.

To each well-remembered corner she bade a last farewell,  
As she left the quiet cottage where she never more should dwell;  
She wept beside the smoke-stained hearth, now desolate and cold,  
Where the dead and distant gathered in the happy days of old;  
But she wept and lingered longer than in all the rest beside  
In the still, deserted chamber where her gentle mother died.

She went forth in the sunshine that was streaming over all,  
And she plucked a spray of ivy from the grey and mossy wall;  
The robin poured his liquid song from where, beneath the eaves,  
His tiny nest was hidden in the shining ivy leaves,  
And she said, "Ah thou wilt still be here, for years and years to come,  
But I must go for ever from my childhood's happy home."

She looked up to the mountains, the "everlasting hills,"  
She heard the sighing of their heath, the rushing of their rills,  
She saw the rowan berries bend their coral clusters down,  
And the wild and lonely moorland stretch onward bare and brown,  
And tears rushed to her aching eyes, tears from the heart's deep springs,  
For the hills, and moor, and rowans were to her familiar things.

*Feb.*—VOL. CXXVII. NO. DVI.

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She had grown up in their shadows, many a long bright summer day  
 Had she rambled with her brothers through the glens that 'mid them lay;  
 Well she knew the rocky hollows where the purple foxglove bloomed,  
 And the scented tufts of the wild thyme the brooding air perfumed;  
 Well she knew the grassy dingles where the fairy-flax grew best,  
 And the plume-like ferns beneath the thorns that hid the linnet's nest.

She gazed upon the river that rolled gleaming in the sun,  
 And too faithfully her heart recalled the false and faithless one  
 Who had told his love beside it, where the dark green alders grow,  
 In the stillness of an autumn eve, now long and long ago,  
 For his faith was hers no longer, and by that very tide  
 Where his troth to *her* was plighted, dwelt he with another bride.

She turned from the bright waters, for her sore heart could not brook,  
 Upon one low roof peeping through the clustered trees to look,  
 For his words were unforgotten, still she seemed their tones to hear,  
 And in the dreams of night and day he breathed them in her ear,  
 Yet she knew he was another's, and that she to him was nought,  
 And her bitter parting sorrow was more bitter for the thought.

She sought the quiet churchyard where her mother's ashes slept,  
 And on the low and daisied mound in agony she wept:  
 "Mother! mother! 'tis the last time that I shall kneel to pray  
 Beside your grave, your darling is going far away,  
 And my dust shall never mingle with hers who gave me birth—  
 I must perish among strangers, and be laid in alien earth."

She culled the honeysuckles that put their red lips forth,  
 And gathered from the little mound a sod of grassy earth:  
 "'Twill be with me in the storm upon the wild Atlantic wave,  
 'Twill be with me in the coffin when they lay me in the grave."  
 She pressed her lips upon the grave where all that loved her lay,  
 And then to face a strange new world the orphan turned away.

She shall dwell among strange people, she shall see the mighty woods,  
 And the grand majestic rivers, with their broad and foaming floods,  
 But the valley, and the rowans, and the fields of yellow corn,  
 And the mountain shadows resting on the cot where she was born,  
 Shall be with her in her musings, at morn, and noon, and eve,  
 And she ne'er can love her distant home like that she now must leave.

By the golden light of memory, the dreams of the old time  
 Shall dim the real things of life in that far distant clime;  
 Old friends, old haunts, and, more than all, the first love dead and gone,  
 Whate'er may be her future fate, shall stand apart alone,—  
 The maple groves shall echo to the old immortal songs,  
 That music which to Ireland's soil and Irish hearts belongs,  
 Those strains we hear at even, when the sun is sinking low,  
 And homeward from the meadows bands of weary mowers go,  
 With the yearning of home-sickness she shall weep and sing them yet,  
 And her own dear land and youthful days she never can forget.

## LIFE AND TIMES OF CALVIN.\*

CALVIN was born at Noyou, in Picardy, on July 10, 1509. His father, Gerard Chauvin, was notary apostolic and secretary to the bishop, and was well respected by the clergy. His son was educated for the Church, and from an early date displayed a serious character, and his father secured him a better education than was usual at that period among the citizen class, by placing him in the family of a Seigneur de Mommor, and as the expense was heavy, he obtained for his son, then twelve years of age, a chaplaincy called *La Gésine*. A few days after the boy received the tonsure, and devoted himself with his whole soul to his new vocation. Two years later, young Calvin proceeded to Paris to continue his studies, and gained the friendship of the regent of La Marche College, Mathurin Cordier. It is possible that the cruelties practised at this period on the Lutherans produced a marked effect on the young student's mind, and it was by the gleam of the pyres that he resolutely entered on the path where he might meet at each step one destined for himself. After distinguishing himself greatly by his Latin studies, young Calvin was appointed by the chapter of Noyou to the curacy of Pont l'Evêque, or, as Desmay says, "The sheep were handed over to the wolf for protection." By his father's advice he next turned his attention to the law, and for that purpose proceeded to New Orleans to study. After a while he went to Bourges, to attend the lectures of Alciati, and it was here that Calvin's future life was indicated to him. Melchior Wolmar, the Greek professor, secretly taught his scholars from a far more important book than even Sophocles and Homer—a book which he had seen in Germany change the faith of a country when in the hands of Luther. With the study of the Bible the scales fell from off Calvin's eyes, and so soon as he felt inwardly convinced of the truth, the young student earnestly began making proselytes. On returning to Paris, Calvin lodged with Etienne de la Forge, a merchant, "whose memory," he tells us, "ought to be blessed among the faithful as that of a martyr in Christ." At this house Calvin began to hold assemblies: at first secret, afterwards almost public, and people of all conditions swelled his small congregation. At this period he resolved to resign the small chaplaincy and cure, which were his sole means of livelihood, for he had a reluctance to be any longer supported by a Church which he refused to serve. Nor must he be blamed for not having taken this step sooner; the men of the movement did not dream of quitting the Church, but of transforming it. In the mean while Calvin sold the small property which he inherited on his father's death, so that he might have available funds when the impending storm burst over his head.

The first public danger to Calvin was of rather curious origin. Nicholas Cop, rector of the University, had an oration to deliver at the Octave of St. Martin, and requested Calvin to write it for him. He did so, and threw a bombshell into the enemy's camp by openly avowing justification by faith. There was a tremendous uproar. Parliament in-

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\* Calvin, sa Vie et ses Écrits. Par Felix Bungener. Paris: Cherbuliez.  
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terfered, and Cop fled to Basle. But the real author of the discourse was suspected, and hence Calvin was obliged to escape from Paris also. After suffering considerable persecution, he sought shelter at the court of Marguerite de Valois, who had been converted to the Reformation, and was anxiously trying to convert her brother, Francis I. :

At this court was, among others, old Le Fevre, the man who had first caught a clear glimpse of what Providence was preparing, and who at the outset, seizing one day Farel's hand, said to him : " My dear William, God will renew the face of the world, and you will see it." But Farel had been compelled to quit France, and Le Fevre was asking himself, not without discouragement, who would play the part taken from his friend, who up to this time had been the most eloquent and capable of the apostles of the Reformation. When he saw Calvin, he quickly understood that he had in him more than Farel, more than all the rest, and, as Beza tells us, " he regarded this young man gladly, as if presaging that he would be the author of the Restoration of the Church in France." Le Fevre believed, and wished to believe, in the possibility of the regeneration of the Church by the Church—a reconstruction without previous demolition. A man who, in his lectures on faith delivered at the Sorbonne, had detected, ten years before Luther, the intimate vice of Romanism, and the secret of the sought-for regeneration, still adhered to the respect and illusions which had in the first instance restrained the arm of the German monk. Calvin demonstrated to him that nothing could be obtained in this way, and effected what the sight of so many events had been unable to effect. The aged man was convinced that no truce was possible between the Gospel and Rome, and that the axe must be laid to the foot of the tree.

Marguerite induced her brother to forgive the trouble hanging over Calvin's head, and he returned to Paris. Unfortunately, the Reformers would not accept the terms offered them of being allowed to exercise their religion if they kept in the background. They commenced hostilities by spreading abroad a multitude of placards, so numerous that this year was long known as "*l'année des placards*." They were found in the king's palace, even in his cabinet, and were probably placed there by some enemy of the Reformers. At last, on October 18, 1534, Paris was inundated with the " veritable articles upon the horrible and great abuses of the papal mass." These articles trenched very closely on blasphemy, and the king thought it his duty actively to interfere. Thirty-six men, chosen hap-hazard, were sentenced to death by fire, and a refinement of cruelty was employed. At six fires, lighted in different parts of the city, six men, suspended from a swinging beam, were plunged into the fire, then withdrawn, and then plunged in again. The king wished his victims to feel that they were dying, and also to witness their tortures with his own eyes. Calvin was forced to fly from his persecutors, first to Poitiers, where the first evangelical communion was taken in a grotto still known as Calvin's, and thence to Strasbourg, where he and his friend Du Tellet arrived with ten crowns as their entire fortune. But Strasbourg was a haven for them, as, during thirteen years, it had been the head-quarters of the Reformation. Here Calvin enjoyed the hospitality of Berne for a season, but, not finding that repose for which he longed, he emigrated to Basle, where Oecolampadius had just died. Capito and Simon Gryneus were labouring peacefully, and Erasmus was growing old. Here it was that Calvin stepped into the front rank of the Reformation, by publishing his "*Institution of the Christian Religion*." This

book, first published in 1535 or 1536, was destined to be the work of Calvin's entire life, for he was incessantly engaged in revising and perfecting it. This work responded to a general want, for it was a catechism of the new faith. The preface, addressed to the King of France, produced an extraordinary sensation, and was universally read. Apart from its theological merits, it is one of the finest specimens of French writing in existence. Among those who were most affected by it was Renée of France, daughter of Louis XII., and wife of the Duke of Ferrara. Her court was a gathering-place for the French refugees, among them being Marot, the poet, banished for the affair of the placards; and one day arrived Charles d'Espeville, who was no other than the author of the "Institution," probably invited by the princess herself. The duke felt alarmed at this concourse of Frenchmen, as he was pressed by Charles V. on one side and by the Pope on the other, and ordered them off. Marot retired to Venice, while Calvin went on his road back to Basle. He paid a visit to the Val d'Aosta, which contained many adherents of the Reformation, and took refuge in a house still known as "Calvin's Farm," where thousands flocked to listen to his exhortations. But he had a formidable foe in the Bishop of Aosta, who issued an order for his arrest, and he fled with those of his adherents who were most compromised. The St. Bernard was guarded, but Calvin and his companions at length succeeded in crossing the Col de la Duranda, in the Valais, which is still designated by the name of "Calvin's Window."

Shortly after, Calvin paid his first visit to Geneva, where Viret and Farel had been for some time past supporting the cause of the Reformation. The state of parties was still very unsettled, and although the downfall of Catholicism had been the end of certain evils, it was, at the same time, the beginning or aggravation of others. Among these the worst were immorality and unbelief, and these Farel and his colleague had energetically combated. In addition to this, the proclamation of the new faith had led to the resumption of hostilities against the city, and on September 24, 1535, a night attack all but made it fall into the hands of the Duke of Savoy and the bishop. The citizens were tortured by famine, but held out bravely, and it was not till the following February that the Bernese army arrived, and restored some slight degree of security. Farel still continued to thunder from the pulpit, but he felt his strength failing him, and he was beginning to think that Geneva was not worthy of his efforts, when in August, 1536, he heard that the author of the "Institution" had put up at an hostelry in the city, but only intended to stay one night. Farel hastened to him, and urged him to remain and co-operate with him. Calvin alleged that he did not belong to the Church militant, but was destined to help the good work. After a lengthened discussion, Farel furiously declared that these were but pretexts, and that God would curse him if he studied his own ease rather than the cause of the Saviour. Calvin yielded to God, but not to the man, although the latter ever remained dear to him. He was fond of recalling this scene, this "awful adjuration," as he called it, "as if God had stretched out His hand from above to stop him." He remained in Geneva, and was engaged to deliver lectures on the Scriptures. Naturally, he did not long adhere to his appointed duties, but launched into fierce diatribes against immorality, which produced a sturdy opposition.

Still, in less than three months from his arrival, he achieved a brilliant triumph by carrying through his "Confession of Faith," by which he hoped to establish an intimate relation between the faith and morality. By this arrangement the pastors acquired the authority to check disorders, and refer them to the syndics for punishment. It was a dangerous power in so young a Church, and speedily led to disturbances. An opposition party was formed under the title of the Libertines, who openly expressed their intention of getting rid of the Reformers and their laws. Ere long the Libertines broke out in open violence, for Farel and Calvin were obstinate, and refused to make the slightest concession which might be attributed to weakness. There were riots in the churches, and the result was that the council-general expelled the two ministers.

The exiles retired to Basle, and ere long Calvin received letters from Bucer, urging him to return to Strasbourg. He went there, and was heartily welcomed: a church was given him in which to preach, but by some neglect no salary was granted him, and hence he was compelled to sell the books which he had left at Geneva. But his position speedily improved, when refugees flocked in from all sides to hear him; he was granted the right of citizenship and a considerable salary, and appeared to be comfortably settled for life. Still, he ever regretted the hard life which he had led at Geneva, and he eagerly watched the reaction which was taking place in that city. A magnificent reply which Calvin wrote to Sadolet, who as papal envoy was trying to bring back the Genevese to their allegiance to Rome, created an astounding sensation throughout Europe. Luther enjoyed it greatly, for he understood the importance of a controversy waged with such power and freshness. "Here is a writing," he said, "which has hands and feet. I am rejoiced that God raises up such men. They will continue what I have commenced against Anti-Christ, and, with God's help, finish it." The repentant Genevese soon made an effort to get Calvin back among them, and a herald of the state was sent off with a letter to him. He was, however, at Worms, where a diet for the Christian Reformation was being held.

During his absence from Geneva, Calvin had been travelling, and formed the acquaintance of the amiable Melancthon, who was anxious to effect an agreement between him and Luther. He had also given hostages to fortune by marrying, a wife having been found for him, after considerable difficulty by his friends, in Idelette de Bure, the widow of an Anabaptist of the name of John Storder, by whom she had children. Bucer was acquainted with her, and strongly recommended her to his friend, who took her on his recommendation. Her dower was a strict piety, a vigilant tenderness, and a mind capable of any sacrifices. It was shortly after the wedding that Calvin received the invitation to return to Geneva. At first he hesitated, and his old friend Viret was requested to interpose. In Calvin's reply we have the key-note of his hesitation. "You tell me that if I abandon Geneva the Church is in danger. I can give you no other answer than the one I sent you: it is, that no place terrifies me so much as Geneva. Not that I entertain any hatred for them, but I see so many difficulties that I feel myself incapable of escaping from them. Each time that the recollection of past scenes returns to me my heart is chilled with horror." But Viret showed him what his duty was, and from that moment no hesitation was possible. The council of

Geneva gave him a house to live in, and he at length arrived at that city. The registers contain various details about his reception: thus, on September 20, "Ordered that cloth be bought to make him a gown;" and a few days after, "The treasurer is authorised to pay eight crowns of the sun for the gown of Master Calvin, including cloth and fur." On October 4, "Salary of Master Calvin, who is a man of great learning, and propitious to the restoration of the Christian churches, and endures a heavy burden from travellers. Upon this, resolved that he have as wage five hundred florins, twelve sacks of wheat, and two barrels of wine." The money represents about a hundred and twenty pounds at the present day. He had the added comfort, could he but have enjoyed it, that the house given him, in which he would live for three-and-twenty years, offered a magnificent prospect over the lake and of the blue mountains in the distance. We do not find, however, in one of his writings, that the glories of nature exercised the slightest influence on him; he was a thorough Peter Bell in that respect. Had Luther lived amid such scenery, how he would have revelled in it! how he would have recorded his impressions, and looked from nature up to nature's God! Nor do we find in Calvin's works any of those touching effusions to his family to which Luther is so prone, and we consequently cannot refrain from the suspicion that the following description, which we borrow from M. Jules Bonnet, is to some extent idealised:

The traits scattered through the correspondence of Calvin and his friends are of those of the Christian wife devoted to all the duties of her calling. Visiting the sick, consoling the afflicted, greeting the strangers who rap at the Reformer's door; watching at his bedside during the days of illness, or when, though well disposed "in all the rest of his body," he is tortured by a pain which hardly permits him to do anything, and he is "almost ashamed of living so uselessly;" sustaining him in the hours of discouragement and sorrow; and, lastly, praying in her chamber when riot parades the streets, and on all sides cries of death are raised against the ministers;—such are the cares which occupy Idelette's life. Her liveliest pleasures are listening to holy admonitions, offering Christian hospitality to Calvin's friends, accompanying him on his rare trips to Coligny or Bellerive, visiting at Lausanne Viret's wife, the pious Elizabeth Turtaz, whom she loves as a sister, and whose loss she will have to lament too soon. It is with her that Idelette goes to spend a few days in May, 1545, when Calvin proceeds to Zurich to plead the cause of the Vandois of Provence, and suspend, by a solemn intervention of the cantons, the frightful massacre of Cabrières and Merindol. She returns to Lausanne for the last time in June, 1548, occupied with thoughts of causing no trouble to her hosts, and suffering from the reflection that she cannot do them any good offices in return for those which she receives from them. Idelette appears to us under a still more touching aspect in her maternal afflictions. In the second year of her marriage, July, 1542, she had a son; but this child was soon taken from her, and she was supported in her trial by the evidences of sympathy which the churches of Geneva and Lausanne lavished upon her. A letter written by the Reformer to Viret initiates us into his sorrow and that of his companion. "Salute all our brethren," he says—"salute also thy wife, to whom mine sends her thanks for the sweet and holy consolations she has received from her. She would like to be able to answer with her own hand, but she has not even the strength to dictate a few words. In withdrawing our son from us, the Lord has dealt us a very painful blow; but He is our father, and knows what is fitting for His children." Two years later, Idelette's heart was lacerated by a new trial—the loss of a daughter, who had consoled her solitude during a few days. A third infant, of which M. de Falaix



was to be godfather, was also taken from her. Idelette wept: the Reformer, smitten so many times in his sweetest affections, only found consolation in the feeling of spiritual paternity, which inspired him, at a later date, with the eloquent reply to one of his adversaries, Baudoin: "God had given me a son: God took him from me again. Let my enemies see a shame for me in this trial! Have I not ten thousand children in the Christian world?"

In the last sentence we find an apology for Calvin's reticence about all relating to himself and his household belongings. He felt as if the time he might devote to speaking about his family in the flesh would be stolen from that other family which Heaven had given him—the "ten thousand" who recognised him as father. He was assuredly in error, for it would not have been lost time even for the ten thousand, or for his task among them. Had he been more the *man*, more weak as man in certain moments, he would have been the stronger in others, like Luther. But this error was that of self-denial, duty, conscience, and, better still, as his letters would prove, if necessary, that of a deep and immovable piety. Luther, who was no less pious, and on great occasions no less serious, knew how to laugh, and was fond of a laugh: the miseries of his youth did not destroy his stock of joyous and sparkling humour. Calvin suffered less in mind and conscience, but everything seems to have conspired only to show him the seamy side. Throughout his correspondence, we only find one instance in which he alludes to laughter, and then, significantly enough, he is obliged to write through his secretary, as rheumatism had settled in his shoulder. As a rule, however, with Calvin life was a vale of tears, through which man passed to knock at the portals opening on eternal felicity. This is shown by the letter to which we have just referred. Writing to M. de Falais, who had just had a son born to him, he says: "I am sorry that I cannot be with you for at least half a day, in order to laugh with you while waiting till the babe, which is crying and weeping, is induced to laugh too. For weeping is the first note to be struck at the beginning of this life, in order to laugh the more when we have left it."

Returning to Geneva as a triumpher, Calvin showed himself inexorable, and the code which he drew up would have been regarded as intolerable among the New Hampshire Puritans, who hung the cat on the Monday for having moused on the Sunday. No wonder that the sturdy Genevese republicans kicked against the pricks, and we are not at all surprised to find a woman of the people replying, when a Lyonnese refugee praised the glorious liberty: "True liberty, quotha! We were compelled formerly to go to mass, and now we are compelled to go to the sermon." The struggle broke out again between the pastors and the Libertines, on the occasion of a female being summoned before the consistory, "on account of sundry enormous speeches." They were Anabaptist doctrines, which she, parrot-like, repeated after her husband, one Peter Ameaux, who was naturally indignant when the wife of his bosom was locked up for a few days. One evening, when heated by wine, he gave vent to the very natural remark: "Calvin was only a new bishop, worse than those of old; and the magistrates who supported him were traitors. The true religion was his, and that of Calvin was merely deception and tyranny." The consistory locked him up, and the council condemned him to appear at the town-hall and ask pardon of God and man. Calvin, however, in his

unbending rigour, was not contented with this slight punishment, and had a trial of strength with the authorities, which terminated in Ameaux being condemned to do penance torch in hand. This arbitrary conduct on the part of Calvin led to some exacerbation ; several Libertines, a few days later, disturbed him while preaching, but the erection of the gallows on the St. Gervais-square, *in terrorem*, put a stop to that, at least for the present. The first blood shed was in the person of Jacques Gruet, an ex-canon, who was suspected of throwing into the pulpit of St. Peter's a letter full of insults against Calvin and his colleagues. The Reformer has been, and is still, upbraided for allowing such an iniquitous sentence to be carried out, and the sole excuse is to be found in the sanguinary temper of the age. Still it cannot be gainsaid that Calvin was a thorough tyrant, and actuated by an unbending pride, and his utmost efforts tended to crush the opposition of the patricians, for which the clerical authority offered him ample power. Shortly after the execution of Gruet, he came into collision with his old friend Amied Perrin, whose wife, the daughter of one of the wealthiest and most respected citizens, was summoned before the consistory for giving a ball, in defiance of the ordinances. Shortly after, Perrin was sent to France to negotiate a commercial treaty, and on his return was no little surprised to find that his wife had been banished, with her father, to Pregny, in Berne. Naturally outraged in his feelings, the husband braved the council and consistory, fetched his wife home, and, bursting into the council-chamber, declared that he had done the state such services that it ought not to punish his wife and relations. A counter charge of treachery was brought against Perrin, a very useful resource in those days, and he was deprived of the captaincy-general of the city. At this his friends among the Libertines protested, and the dispute grew so hot in the town-hall that swords were drawn, and threats were uttered against Calvin. On hearing of these, Calvin proceeded alone to the town-hall, and defying all danger, said, coldly and impassively, that he knew he was the primary cause of all these discords. If they insisted on banishing him he would go ; and if they wanted once again to try and save Geneva without the Gospel, they could do so. This resolute language produced its effect ; a reconciliation was patched up between Calvin and Perrin, and a temporary truce was restored—temporary, as the following extract will show :

The calm was only on the surface. A year after the facts which we have recorded—and we can scarce believe that the whole of 1548 passed away tranquilly—we find Calvin again before the council. He complains that certain citizens, Amied Perrin among others, abstain from the Lord's Supper ; and he asks whether this is what had been promised. Do these citizens complain of him ? If he wished, in his turn, to enumerate his grievances, he had assuredly no lack of them. The Libertines poured out the lowest insults upon him, and some gave his name to their dogs. When he passed along the streets, some whistled, and others shouted "*Calvin*" so that it should sound like *Cain*. They were not the chiefs who did this, but they inspired it, and, in any case, they did nothing to prevent it. Still, he wished to ask once again for a reconciliation, and that the Christmas Communion should not be profaned by enmities, or neglected on account of rancour. The syndics thanked him, and promised to do their best. A month later, the Libertines had manœuvred so cleverly that Perrin was first syndic.

Both parties, hereupon, prepared for the struggle, and Berthelier, son

of the glorious political martyr of 1521, was put forward as champion of the Libertines. Summoned on several occasions before the consistory, he behaved in the most insolent manner, and eventually produced a dispute which threatened serious consequences. Excommunicated for various scandals shortly before the September Communion, Berthelier appealed to the council, which, overawed by his friends, quashed the decree, declaring that if in his conscience he felt able to communicate, he was at liberty to do so. Calvin, every hair bristling at the insult, declared that he would not submit to this overriding of the law, and that, as long as he lived, Berthelier should not communicate. The council, while maintaining its decision, begged Berthelier quietly to keep away from the church, but he was determined to try conclusions with the spiritual autocrat of Geneva. On the 3rd of September, Calvin ascended the pulpit at the usual hour, and noticed in the congregation an insolent band of Libertines. Paying no attention to them, however, he preached on the preparation for the Communion, and concluded: "For my part, so long as God leaves me here, since He has given me constancy and I have derived it from Him, I will employ it, whatever may happen, and govern myself according to my Master's rule, which is to me perfectly clear and notorious. . . . As we are about taking the Holy Supper, if any one prohibited by the council approach this Table, it is certain that I shall behave as it is my duty to do." When the sermon was ended, he came down from the pulpit and blessed the bread and wine. The Libertines rose from their seats and came towards him, but, covering with his hands the sacred symbols, he exclaimed, "You can cut these hands and break these limbs. My blood is yours, shed it; but you will never force me to give holy things to profane men!" The "profane" were checked by this voice and these gestures: they looked at each other and around them. A murmur of indignation was raised, and had it not been for the sanctity of the spot, cries would have broken out. The Libertines hesitated for a moment, then turned and left the church.

Calvin fully expected to be banished for this boldness, and openly alluded to the fact in his afternoon sermon. "It was," he said, "perhaps the last time that he should address the people of Geneva. Firmly resolved not to do anything which was not in accordance with God, he would remain, so long as his voice could make itself heard; but if he were constrained to be silent, he would depart." He had taken for his text Saint Paul's farewell to the Ephesians; he repeated to his weeping congregation the words, "Grace be with all them that love our Lord in sincerity," and went home to await the decree of banishment. But the decree did not arrive, and he soon saw, on the contrary, that his position had become better, for the people stood aloof from the Libertines, and Calvin knew exactly with whom he had to contend. For all that, the struggle was a fierce one, and the Libertines adopted the tactics of crying out against the foreigners who ruled the city. This led to a serious collision in the end, and several of the Libertines were executed. Berthelier and Perrin would have shared the same fate if they had not sought shelter in the Bernese territory. With this heat of strength the Libertine party was broken up, and though they still continued to intrigue with the Duke of Savoy, they exercised no material influence over the Genevese. But, in these nine years of skirmishing, Calvin's strength

and spirits had begun to give way. As he wrote to Wolff in 1555: "It would be better for me to be burnt once for all by Papists than to be incessantly tortured by these people. Only one thing supports me in this rude service: it is, that death will soon give me my discharge." But the state of affairs will be best judged from the following extract:

Select any day during these nine years, and pay Calvin a visit at Geneva. You have come to see the Reformer, the man whose name fills Europe, and certainly you will find him; but do you know whom you will find also?—a man who is pursued by the most ignoble annoyances and irritated by the coarsest insults. Accompany him through the street, and you will hear the hisses of which he has told you. That dog which has just run between his legs is called to heel by the name of Calvin, and the dog obeys, for it is its name. On that bridge he is crossing, he is almost thrown down by three scamps, who pretend not to see him, just as Perrin's wife yesterday, while leaving the city on horseback, rode down another pastor and nearly killed him. Pass under his windows some evening, and it will be a marvel if you do not meet some intoxicated Libertine shouting some insult to him, or singing some abominable couplet. Last Thursday, at the consistory, he was forced to endure the sarcasms of some man or woman, who, though sent to prison for the offence, has sworn to begin again; next Thursday he will hear the same, or worse still. And all this is only the accompaniment of graver occupations at home and abroad, the meditations of the author, the trouble of an immense correspondence, the fatigues of the pastor and the preacher, and the sufferings and agonies of the invalid, for we know what this tormented head suffered physically. We are attacked by a dizziness at the mere thought of all this, and yet we must think of it, if we do not wish to be unjust to the man whom his irritated nerves caused more than once to write or do things which we should have preferred unwritten or undone.

To all this must be added the painful isolation in which the death of his wife, in 1549, left him. In a letter to Viret, the Reformer expresses his feelings in a most affecting manner: "I have lost the excellent companion of my life, the wife who would never have left me in misery, or in exile, or in death. She was a precious help to me, for she never thought of self. I repress my sorrow as much as I can; my friends do their duty, but both they and I gain but little by it. You know the tenderness of my heart, not to say its weakness. I should succumb, if I did not make any effort over myself to surmount my affliction." Calvin, however, found strength to perform all the duties of his ministry, and his constancy amid his tears aroused the admiration of his friends. But the remembrance of her whom he had lost was never effaced from his heart; though still young, he never thought of forming other ties, and he never mentioned the name of Idelette without a profound respect for her virtues, and a tender veneration for her memory. The loss of his companion, who had, in all probability, soothed his bitter feelings, and urged him to moderation in the moment of victory, appears to have brought out his natural moroseness in grim relief. At any rate, the melancholy facts connected with the names of Bolsec, Servetus, and Gentilis, were all posterior to the death of Idelette. It is now our painful duty to investigate these affairs, which throw a lurid light upon the character of Calvin as a Christian, and which have offered such copious materials to his opponents.

Jerome Bolsec had been a Carmelite at Paris; denounced for some sermons which smelt of the Reformation, he was compelled to fly, and

sought shelter at Geneva. Here the opinions he expressed about predestination brought him into collision with the Company, but he was released on a promise of holding his tongue. Some time after he rose publicly in a church to attack the doctrine which was a stumbling-block to him, and a police lieutenant present carried him off to prison. The pastors resolved to hold a conference with him, and Bolsec defended himself very cleverly, and forced Calvin to defend himself, by developing the idea that the doctrine of predestination might lead to God being the author of evil. The end of the affair was that Bolsec was banished from Geneva. In the whole matter Calvin seems to have behaved very tyrannically, and urged a severer sentence; and in a letter which he wrote to break off his old standing friendship with Farel, who could not feel the same horror for Bolsec, he said, "I would sooner a hundred times be a Papist than be either a Bolsec or a Castalion." It is sad to have to record such bitter feelings on the part of a great man. Thirteen years after Calvin's death Bolsec took his revenge, by publishing an atrocious libel on the Reformer, in the shape of his "Life, Acts, Doctrine, and Death," which was welcomed with delight by the Romish Church. Luckily for the fame of the Reformer the charges contradicted themselves; as for instance when Calvin, that "great faster," as Ræmond calls him, was accused of being "an insatiable glutton, for whom the best bits were bought up at market."

We now come to the case of Servetus, of whom Bolsec, in the above-mentioned work, declares distinctly that he felt "no displeasure at the death of so monstrous a heretic." He adds: "Servetus was unworthy of conversing with men, and, for his part, he should be glad to see all like him exterminated, and the Church of our Lord thoroughly purged from such vermin." Hence Calvin's most ardent enemy declares that the death of Servetus appears to him just. Sad though the burning of Servetus was, it is not right to throw the blame exclusively on Calvin; it was the age that was in fault. All his friends, including the gentle Melancthon, all his enemies, his whole age approved of the deed, and were, to a certain extent, his accomplices, and Calvin must not be judged by the ideas of the nineteenth century. And, after all, what is the funeral pyre of Servetus, when weighed against the thirty or forty thousand fires which the Romish Church kindled during the same century? Intolerance was the rule, and no mercy was shown the conquered in either camp.

Servetus, a Spaniard, born in 1509, was sent by his father to France, who was afraid that the Inquisition might lay its tender hands upon him, and from an early period entertained religious crotchets. He was a man of very considerable powers of mind, and in his first work against the Trinity will be found a passage in which he distinctly lays down the theory of the circulation of the blood. After residing some time in Paris he established himself as a medical man at Vienne, in Dauphiné. Thence he wrote to Calvin, explaining his pantheistic views to him thoroughly, and inviting him to join in a more complete restoration of Christianity. On this subject Calvin wrote, in 1546, his famous letter to Viret, which has been so often quoted against him, and in which he says, "Servetus recently sent me a large MS. of his reveries, telling me, with fabulous arrogance, that I should see astounding things in it. He offers to come

here, if it pleases me; but I do not wish to pledge my word, for if he were to come I would never let him, so far as my authority has any weight, quit Geneva alive." This letter proves to us clearly after what fashion Calvin regarded the matter. If, on the one hand, it is painful to us to see him ready to urge the death of a man who he has enticed into a familiar correspondence with him, it, on the other hand, establishes a total absence of personal animosity. The threat carried out in 1553 dated from a period when Calvin could feel no personal hatred for Servetus, and hence he was enabled to say on the trial, with perfect sincerity, that he detested the errors but not the man.

Servetus, ere long, got himself into trouble at Vienne by his pantheistic writings, but broke prison, and resolved to go to Italy. By some strange accident he passed through Geneva, and as it was just at the period when the Libertines, under Perrin's guidance, seemed on the point of conquering, we may account for his delay of a month in the city by a hope that he might be invited to succeed the great Reformer. One thing is certain: the reports of the trial show an intimate sympathy between their cause and his, and then the death of Servetus became a political and social necessity as much as it was religious. Informed of Servetus's presence in the city, Calvin demanded his arrest and trial, and matters went on, so that Calvin was enabled to write to Farel a week after the arrest: "I hope that he will be sentenced to death, but I desire that he may be excused from the horrible part of the punishment." A resolution was carried, however, that the judges of Vienne should be asked for a report of Servetus's trial there, and the opinion of the Swiss churches taken. Calvin did not conceal the displeasure which the latter measure caused him: he remembered Berne and Basle counselling clemency to be shown to Bolsec, and he saw them already saving Servetus. While the trial was going on happened the struggle in which Calvin staked his liberty, perhaps his life, against the exasperated Libertines. He might conquer, and, in fact, did conquer, but he might equally be defeated, and his defeat would be the salvation of the prisoner. Under these circumstances, Servetus changed his tactics, and boldly accused Calvin of heresy. Here is a specimen passage from his diatribe: "You know not what you are saying. You are a villain if you persist in condemning what you do not understand. Do you think you can deafen the ears of the judges by your single dog's bark?" But Calvin, even had he been as near his downfall as Servetus fancied, was not the man to make any change, on that account, in his conduct. He drew up a crushing reply to the charges brought by Servetus, which was sent, with the prisoner's memorial, to the united Swiss churches. Still there was a difficulty, for, in the midst of the serious complications, the council of Geneva was not at all desirous of securing Calvin a victory which might entail others. The Reformer saw through this easily, and his letters to his friends at the period reveal a profound discouragement. More than once he expresses an intention of leaving everything in the lurch, and quitting Geneva. At last the answers of the eight Swiss churches arrived, and they were unanimous for death. Still the Libertines did not accept defeat, and Servetus's friends, Perrin especially, did everything in their power to save him. First, they asked for his acquittal, which would have been the banishment of Calvin and the permanent victory of the Libertines; and this was

refused. Next, they asked that the matter should be referred to the Council of the Two Hundred, in which Calvin had numerous enemies; and this was also refused. On behalf of humanity, we are glad to find, up to the last moment, Calvin urging death by the sword instead of the stake, but it was denied him. Farel, however, who accompanied the wretched prisoner to death, behaved with unnecessary harshness. Unless the prisoner confessed his guilt, he refused to offer him the slightest Christian consolation, and, though he invited the spectators to pray for the hapless victim of intolerance, he would not do so himself: his sole anxiety was to harass Servetus, and draw from him some remark which might be regarded as a disavowal of his errors. Among the charges which have been brought against Calvin in this deplorable affair is one that he ordered green wood for the pyre, in order that death might be slower; but even if Calvin had done so, of which there is not the slightest proof, it would have been an act of mercy, because the victim would have been suffocated by the smoke before the flames assailed him.

When Edward VI. ascended the throne of England, and the Reformed Church was definitively established in our country, Calvin entered into correspondence with the Regent Duke of Somerset, in which he explained the changes which he thought necessary to be introduced into England. When the young king was fourteen years of age, Calvin dedicated to him his commentaries on Isaiah and the Catholic Epistles. A letter written in the following year assumed a most paternal tone. Calvin dedicates to the faithful a short exposition of Psalm 87, hoping, as he says, "that you will take pleasure in it, and that the perusal may be of profit to you." The idea occurred to him one day when he was preaching on this psalm: "The argument seemed to me so suitable for you, that I was moved incontinently to write it down. 'Kings are in danger of forgetting the kingdom of Heaven.' Now, in the present psalm, reference is made to the nobility and dignity of the Church, which must so draw to it both great and small, that all the wealth and honours of the world cannot hold them back." The Church here is the Spiritual Church, holy and unspotted Christianity, the kingdom of Heaven. To be king is a great thing: to be a Christian, a simple subject in that other kingdom, is more, infinitely more. "It is, therefore, an inestimable privilege," Calvin goes on, "which God has granted you of being a Christian king"—king among men and subject of Christ. But to this privilege great duties are attached. The young king is aware of them, and it is for him "to order and maintain the kingdom of Christ in England." The task will, perhaps, be rude, but this psalm must serve him as consolation and buckler, and may God, the king of kings, make him "prosper and flourish to the glory of his name." During the reign of Mary, many refugees fled to Geneva, and Calvin asked for the use of one of the city churches for them. "Formerly," says the register, "the said English received other nations, and gave them a church; but now it hath pleased God to afflict them." One of the pastors of the refugees was John Knox, who was on very intimate terms with Calvin.

We have mentioned the most important events of Calvin's life. His latter years were employed in authorship, in establishing the Reformed Church of France, and giving encouragement to the martyrs, and to the foundation of a university in Geneva. He had now reached the end, but death could not seize him unawares; for even had he thought

less of it as a Christian, the rude voice of his diseases would have kept him almost constantly warned. From his letters and those of his friends a melancholy chronology of his sufferings might be drawn up. He hardly ever enters into details; only one of his letters is entirely devoted to his sufferings; but it is a species of memoir which his friends forced him to write to the Montpellier physicians, whom they had consulted without his knowledge. He does not, like the stoic, say of pain that it is not an evil; but he never does it the honour of devoting to it a sentence, or half a sentence. Upon his rupture with M. de Falais, who had become the friend of Bolsec, he said: "I write the present to you as if preparing to appear before God, who is now afflicting me with a disease which is like the horrors of death before my eyes." Other times, the registers of the council supply us occasionally with some data. In January, 1546, the council is informed "of the illness of M. Calvin, who has no resources," and allots him ten crowns. Calvin refused them; and then they decided on buying with them a barrel of good wine, which should be conveyed to his house, and expressed a desire that "M. Calvin would take it in good part." Calvin accepted, in order not to offend Messieurs, but he set aside ten crowns from his salary "to relieve the poorest ministers." In 1536, as he was growing very unwell, firewood was sent him; he insisted on paying for it, but the council refused. In 1560, it is again a barrel of wine, "because he had none that was good," says the register, and this time Calvin accepted. During his last illness he refused the three months' salary brought him: he had not earned it, he said, so how could he accept it?

This disinterestedness greatly struck his enemies, and this trait Pius IV. most especially referred to on hearing of his death. "What constituted the force of this heretic," he said, "is that money was never anything to him." Had Calvin's death been deferred much longer, he would have been forced either to accept the money of the republic, or sell the library and furniture, the sole fortune he would leave. He had never been able to make any savings; as he wrote to Viret, even in the best years he had a difficulty in making both ends meet, owing to "the great burden of visitors." But for two years, he added, provisions had been dear, and he had necessarily incurred some debts. "I do not mention this, however, to excite compassion. God is good to me, since I have everything I require for my desires." This did not prevent some people accusing him of avarice, and hence he said, in the preface to the Psalms, "If there are persons whom I cannot persuade, while alive, that I am not rich and saving, my death will finally prove it." A stranger, one day, rapped at his door, and he himself went to open it. The stranger could not believe his eyes, for he had expected to find a species of palace, servants, perchance courtiers. Calvin smiled at his surprise, and then it was his turn to be surprised. The stranger was no other than Cardinal Sudolet, whom he had treated so sharply in 1540, and the cardinal had expected to find a cardinal's train at the least.

Calvin had never entirely recovered from the violent quartan ague from which he suffered in 1559, and the following years saw all his maladies aggravated. Pains in the head, pains in the legs, dyspepsia, spitting of blood, difficulty in breathing, gout, and gravel, caused him one long suffering, rarely interrupted by a few days of relief. About the middle of 1563 the issue began to be no longer doubtful. A letter of the Bishop



of London, written in June, shows us with what anxiety the progress of this alarming decadence was followed in foreign countries. The bishop conjures Calvin to work a little less, and to preserve himself for the Church, which still needs him so greatly. This counsel friends gave him daily, but he listened but little to them: for work, while aggravating his sufferings in the long run, served as a powerful distraction. Thus he continued preaching; but on February 6, 1564, a violent attack of coughing filled his mouth with blood; he was obliged to leave the pulpit, and the faithful understood but too well that he would never enter it again. The following weeks were terrible: he remained at times for entire days without taking any food, swallowing with great difficulty a little cold water. On March 10, the council ordered public prayers "for the health of M. Calvin, who has been indisposed for a long time, and even in danger of death." On Easter Sunday he had himself carried to church to take the Communion, and the sight of his wasted form produced a greater effect than even the finest of his sermons had done. On April 27, he begged the magistrates to come to his house, and spoke to them about the future, and the next day he exhorted the pastors. He lingered on till May 27, "when it seemed as if he spoke more strongly and more at his ease, but it was a final effort of nature." At eight in the evening he expired, just as the sun set, and "the greatest light there was in this world for the Church of God was withdrawn from heaven."

At two o'clock on the afternoon of the next day an immense procession of citizens and strangers accompanied him to the cemetery. The Church lamented its chief, the state its first citizen, and surest protector next to God. But Calvin had enjoined that all should be done "in the accustomed fashion," and this fashion, which has been maintained at Geneva almost to our day, was, that no monument should be raised over any tomb, no matter how illustrious the dead might have been. Hence earth alone covered Calvin's coffin, and he had no other official epitaph beyond this half line, written by the side of his name in the registry of the consistory: "*Allé à Dieu le Samedi 27.*"

Although inferior to Luther in many respects, Calvin was not the less a grand man, and has left a deeper impression than his great contemporary upon the world of Calvinism at home and abroad. Luther is surrounded by a poetic halo: he lived and still lives in millions of hearts, attracted by his amiable and original personality. But we must bear in mind that Luther had not to create a people for himself: he was only the highest expression of the aspirations, ideas, and genius of Germany, and he had only to reveal himself in order to gain his fatherland over to his side. Calvin had not alone to conquer, but, in order that conquest might be possible, to transform. He wanted new men—not only new in the evangelic sense of the term, but also new as reproducing his own traits and genius. He had less power over hearts than Luther, but he marked souls with his seal, which may be recognised, after the expiration of three centuries, in all those who uphold his tenets. Calvin, in spite of his faults, is one of the noblest types of faith, serious piety, devotion, and courage. In our present religious vacillations it is useful to recal his memory, for never was there a man of whom it could be said with greater justice: "He was steadfast as if he had seen Him that is invisible."

# NAPOLEON I. ON THE INVASION OF ENGLAND.\*

THERE have been differences of opinion as to Napoleon I. having been sincere in his intended invasion of England. "Neither was it a mere feint, as it has been supposed by some people," says M. Thiers, in his "History of the Consulate and the Empire" (and we must include Monsieur de Bourrienne, private secretary to the Emperor, amongst them). "The enterprise was, in the eyes of discerning judges, no chimera, but perfectly practicable, as Napoleon had planned it, and, although unfinished, will do him more honour than his most brilliant success." The practicability, and, to a certain extent, the easy execution of the undertaking, have been upheld by many in this country; notoriously a writer in the *Quarterly Review*, No. 211, and by Sir Walter Scott ("Life of Napoleon Buonaparte," V. 78), but we certainly do not see the logic of the eminent French writer's final conclusions. According to these, the repeated failures of the Yankees to invade Virginia and capture its capital would do them more honour than their most brilliant successes—if they had any such to reckon.

In as far as the sincerity of intentions go, however, if there ever had been any real doubts upon the subject, they would be entirely dispelled by Napoleon's own correspondence, as now placed before us in the eleventh volume of the admirable compilation brought forth under the auspices of his Majesty the present Emperor.

The fact is, however, that not only was the intention sincere, but the invasion of England was as pet a project with Napoleon I. as it had been with some of the legitimate line of monarchs who preceded him as rulers of France; and he further carried into it all the enthusiastic determination of his character, and all the energy of his genius. It is true that when the Directory placed under Napoleon, then General Bonaparte, in 1797, "the army of England," which was "to go and chain the monster that presses on the seas," the general declared that "it was too doubtful a chance;" "he would not risk it;" "he would not hazard on such a throw the fate of France;" but he never lost sight of the pet project. Only a year later, when Rome and Switzerland had been added to the conquests of France, and the Low Countries annexed, Bonaparte, at a general review of his troops, said to them: "You have given peace to the Continent, and Great Britain is our only remaining enemy. I will lead you to London, whose cellars are filled with gold and silver. You shall then return to France, loaded with guineas, which you shall spend at home with your mistresses. Long live the Republic!" This was the epoch of the descent of General Humbert on Killala Bay, in Ireland, and which followed upon the equal abortive descents made at Brighton, in the Isle of Wight, at Carrickfergus, at Ilfracombe, and at Fishguard, at which last place the well-known story is current of the expeditionary force having surrendered to a handful of militia, yeomanry corps, and fencibles, under

\* Correspondance de Napoléon I<sup>er</sup>. Publiée par Ordre de l'Empereur Napoléon III. Tome Onzième. Paris: Henri Plon; J. Dumaine.

Feb.—VOL. CXXVII. NO. DVI.



the command of Lord Cawdor, backed up by a body of Welsh women in scarlet whittles, or hooded cloaks. His lordship disowned to the picturesque impeachment—at all events, as far as enlisting the services of the black-hatted and scarlet-cloaked Amazons—but the disavowal did not extend to their not being there, or to the possible moral influence of their presence.

But the projected invasion was for some potent reason or other abandoned, and a distant expedition to Egypt substituted. The object was to humble England at more vulnerable points in the Mediterranean and in India. The battle of the Nile and the repulse before Acre determined the extent of action of Napoleon in the East. No sooner, however, had he returned and placed himself at the head of the French nation, under the title of First Consul (November 9, 1799), than he renewed his preparations for an invasion of this country with greater earnestness than ever. Forces were collected at Boulogne, Dunkirk, Dieppe, Havre, and Cherbourg. England, weary of a merely defensive attitude, sent out the gallant Nelson to distract the preparations at Boulogne; and if the bombardment of the fleet of invasion on the 3rd and 15th of August, 1801, were not followed by any signal advantages, they served, at all events, to show the French that they would have enough to do to take care of themselves, if they ventured beyond the protection of their batteries.

The interval afforded by the peace of Amiens, which followed upon these demonstrations, was used by Napoleon to reconstruct his navy, which he had no sooner done than he broke the rope of sand which had kept for a time his hands, but not his energies, tied, and having raised himself to the imperial purple (March 18, 1804), he resolved, backed by the fleets of Holland and of Spain, the latter of which reckoned upwards of sixty ships, under the command of Admiral Gravina, to organise a flotilla on a greater scale of extent and magnificence than had ever hitherto been attempted, to assemble a fleet which should render France masters of the Channel, and to thus extinguish Great Britain altogether from the map of the world.

It is to this dread epoch—so threatening to Great Britain—that the letters now before us refer. The first that bears upon the subject is addressed to the unfortunate Admiral Villeneuve, and bears date, Fontainebleau, July 16, 1805:

MONSIEUR VICE-AMIRAL VILLENEUVE,—When you have effected your junction with the squadrons of Ferrol, you will so manœuvre as to make us masters of the Straits of Dover, if it were only for four or five days. This can be done either by uniting under your command our squadrons of Rochefort and of Brest, or with the squadron of Brest alone, or with that of Rochefort, or even by doubling Ireland and Scotland, so as to effect your junction with the Dutch squadron at the Texel.

Our minister of marine will give you all necessary information with regard to the strength of these squadrons, and of the different combinations which have appeared to us the most probable. We repose entirely for their success upon your experience, and upon your zeal for the glory of our arms.

If, as a result of the fights in which you may become engaged, of some considerable separations, or of other events which we have not foreseen, your situation should undergo any important change, we do not wish that, under any circumstances, our fleet should enter into the port of Ferrol. In case of such an event, which, with the help of God, shall not take place, we request that,

Amiens

after having raised the blockade of our squadrons of Rochefort and of Ferrol, you should give preference to the harbour of Cadiz as a place for shelter.

Europe is in suspense at the expectation of the great event that is being prepared. We expect everything from your bravery and your skill.

By the 20th of July he was already at the tip-top of expectation. He anticipated, indeed, that the possession of the Straits of Dover by the combined fleets would enable him to start at a moment's notice. He writes to Marshal Berthier, from St. Cloud, at that date:

I believe that I have sent you orders to embark everything, for it is possible that the circumstances anticipated may present themselves from one moment to another. I request, then, that you embark artillery, powder, and all kinds of munitions, so that the whole expedition can get under weigh in twenty-four hours. A general of brigade, with some officers capable of carrying out a coup de main, must embark on the pinnaces of the army of Marshal Ney, destined to effect the first disembarkation; the same with regard to Soult, to Davout (Davoust?), and the reserve. My intention is that they shall disembark upon four different points, at but a brief distance from one another. The telegraph has notified to me the arrival of Ver Huell. Time presses. Make this known to the four marshals: there is not a moment to lose.

To Admiral Ganteaume, commanding at Brest, he wrote, by the same date:

We have already given you orders to go forth to drive before you the enemy's frigates, and to ascertain where their fleet is gone.

If you find it at sea off Brest, with not more than sixteen ships of the line, our positive orders are that you attack it with your twenty-one ships of the line. We have a right to anticipate success.

If, on the contrary, the enemy is not within sight, and has taken himself off to Ferrol, or to the open sea, in the hopes of meeting Admiral Villeneuve, our orders are that you enter the Channel and take up a position off Boulogne, where everything is in readiness, and where, master for three days of the sea, you will put it in our power to decide the destiny of England.

The letter contains further instructions, in case of failure in getting up the Channel, to endeavour to join the fleets under Admirals Villeneuve and Allemand, and, together, to disconcert the intentions of the British Admiralty by moving up the Channel. "When you receive this letter," he adds, in conclusion, "we shall already be in person at Boulogne, and everything will be embarked, so that, masters for three days of the sea, in the ordinary weather at this season of the year, we have no doubts of success."

On the 26th of July, Napoleon sent orders to Admiral Allemand, commanding the fleet at Rochefort, to join Admiral Villeneuve at Santiago or at Cadiz. If at the latter place, he was to avoid Cape St. Vincent, where the English were supposed to be stationed, and to reach Cadiz by the coast of Africa. At Cadiz the Spanish ships were to be rallied from Carthagená. If there were four English ships or less at Cadiz, Admiral Allemand was to attack; but if five, of more than sixty-four guns, he was to enter without fighting. This when the admiral's squadron consisted of five ships of the line and three frigates! Orders were expedited at the same date to Captain Lhermitte, commanding the *Regulus*, at Lorient, to join Admiral Allemand's squadron, and, failing that, Admiral Villeneuve's by the same route.

To Admiral Villeneuve, who had left Martinique, and was supposed

to be off Santiago, the Emperor wrote, under the same date, orders to rally the Spanish ships at Cadiz, and proceed with them to Ferrol, where he would join fifteen vessels blockaded in that harbour, and thence the combined and liberated fleet was to proceed by Brest to Boulogne, where, he added, "if you make me master of the Straits for the space of only three days, *I will, with the help of God, put an end to the destiny and the existence of England.*"

"I rely," he said, in conclusion, "upon your zeal for my service, upon your love of your country, and upon your hatred of that power which has oppressed us for forty generations, and which a little boldness and perseverance on your side will reduce for ever to the rank of a little power."

"One hundred and fifty thousand men, with equipages complete, are embarked at Boulogne, Etaples, Wimereux, and Ambleteuse upon two thousand vessels of the flotilla, which, spite of the English cruisers, form one united line of anchorage in all the roads from Etaples to Cape Grisnez."

*"Your advent will render us, without the possibility of failure, masters of England."*

The peculiar light in which the Emperor Napoleon understood that he would put an end to the destiny of England may be gathered from his conversations at St. Helena. He actually purported to bring about ruin by acting as liberator and grand democratic leader. What an idea he must have had of the advantages of a republican or democratic state of things? He said to O'Meara that he would have landed as near Chatham as possible (or rather, we suppose, at or near Deal or Sandwich, he would never have had the patience to navigate past the North Foreland), and have proceeded direct to London, where he would have proclaimed a republic, the abolition of the nobility and of the House of Peers, the distribution of the property of such of the latter as opposed him among his partisans, liberty, equality, and the sovereignty of the people. "I would have published a proclamation, declaring that we came as friends to the English, and to free the nation from a corrupt and flagitious aristocracy, and restore a popular form of government—a democracy." To Las Cases he said: "A general equalisation of property would have gained me the support of all the canaille, and of all the idle, profligate, and disaffected in the kingdom." To Bourrienne he said: "I should not have entered England as a conqueror, but as a liberator." Yet it was avowedly his design to put an end to the destiny of Great Britain, or, at the least, to reduce it to the rank of one of the smallest powers, and that by the very means which are advocated by some as most calculated to advance the prosperity and power of the United Kingdom!

The Emperor arrived at Boulogne on the 3rd of August, 1805. On the 4th he wrote to Cambacérès:

MON COUSIN,—You will have learnt by the telegraph that I am at Boulogne. In an hour's time I am going to pass one hundred thousand men in review upon sands at low water. The troops are in excellent condition, and I am perfectly satisfied with all that I see here.

The same day, however, he complained to Berthier that an English frigate had had the insolence to carry off a French vessel from beneath the batteries of Sarrut, Augereau, and Varé. It was the same day,

also, that he wrote the celebrated letter to Admiral Decrès, the minister of marine, which has been quoted by most French historians, down to Thiers, in proof that Napoleon's positive opinion was, that if his army had once landed, it would have been all over with England :

I return you M. Beurnonville's letter. The news relative to Nelson appears doubtful. What the devil had he to do in the Mediterranean? They would then have twenty vessels of the line there. Little do they know what hangs by their ears. Everything here is in readiness; and most assuredly, if we are masters of the passage for twelve hours, England will have lived (*l'Angleterre a vécu*). Which may be more freely translated, "will be no more," or "it will be all over with England."

The importance of this passage has, however, been much over-estimated. We have already seen that the same sentiments are propounded in previous letters.

The Emperor does not appear to have been so confident himself as he made it appear to others, for on the 7th of August he wrote to Marshal Bessières for reinforcements. The grenadiers and chasseurs of the Guard, as also the Italian regiments, and the foot "gendarmérie d'élite," as well as the marshal himself, were all to come to Boulogne.

On the 8th of August, the very next day, he received news of Sir Robert Calder's action off Ferrol. He wrote then, as follows, to Cambacérès:

**MON COUSIN,**—The combined fleet has had an engagement off Ferrol; it has fulfilled the object of its mission, which was to effect a junction with the squadron at Ferrol. It has given chase to the enemy's fleet, and remained for four days mistress of the field of battle; but there are fears that two Spanish ships have been lost; they probably fighting very badly, permitted themselves to be turned in the fog, which was frightful during the engagement. It appears that an English ship of the line was sunk, and two English three-deckers were dismasted. The French fleet seems to have suffered very little. I think we may consider this affair as a success. You will see the first details of it in the *Moniteur* of to-day.

This curious document demands a word of explanation. Napoleon's designs, as previously shown in his letters, had not been penetrated by the English government. Our great naval commander, Nelson, had been purposely decoyed to the West Indies, while the French admiral, Villeneuve, was returning to Europe with twenty sail of the line, eighteen days in advance of him. It was only on his arrival at Antigua, on the 13th of June, that Nelson had reason to believe that his opponent had sailed from Martinique on the 28th of May previously; and he then, for the first time, felt convinced that the combined fleet had returned to Europe. With the rapid intuition of his nature, he at once suspected some ulterior combination, and he therefore at once despatched several fast-sailing vessels to Lisbon and Portsmouth, to warn our government of the probable return of the enemy's fleets. "To this sagacious step the safety of the British Empire is mainly to be attributed." (*"Alison's Europe,"* 7th ed., vol. ix. p. 59.)

It is, however, shown by the same historian that Admiral Collingwood, who was despatched with a squadron of five ships of the line to reinforce Nelson on his return to Gibraltar, and which place, without allowing his sailors a moment's rest, he reached on the 18th of July,

but with a fleet only half the strength of the enemy's, also discovered the real designs of Napoleon, and communicated them in a letter to Nelson, dated July 21st:

Napoleon's designs, profound as they have been called (but which once known scarcely appear to be so, for we cannot possibly imagine with such a vast army and flotillas assembled in the Straits why the fleets should have been despatched on fools' errands to the West Indies), were, however, thrown out by a most providential circumstance. One of the fast-sailing vessels despatched by Nelson to warn the Admiralty of the French fleet's return to Europe—the *Ourieu* brig—caught a glimpse of the fleet on the 19th of June, in a latitude which suggested that they were making for some port north of the Mediterranean. The captain continued his course with the utmost rapidity to England, and arrived at London on the 9th of July, having made the passage from Antigua in twenty-five days. The Admiralty, feeling the critical danger of the moment, gave immediate orders to Admiral Stirling to raise the blockade of Rochefort; join Sir Robert Calder off Ferrol, and with their united force intercept the allied squadrons on their homeward passage towards Brest.

The junction was effected on the 15th of July, when Sir Robert Calder, with his fleet thus reinforced to fifteen line-of-battle ships; stood out to sea on the look-out for the enemy, whom he soon fell in with off Cape Finistère, the combined fleet consisting of twenty line-of-battle ships, a fifty-gun ship, and seven frigates. The weather being hazy, the fleets approached so closely that they almost encountered before they were aware of each other's vicinity. An action immediately ensued, by the British admiral making the signal as soon as he descried the hostile fleet; and it is now generally admitted to have been fought by him with skill, intrepidity, and judgment, although some confusion was caused through the English squadron being obliged to tack before they could get at the enemy, and by the fog, which prevented the ships taking up the most advantageous positions.

The engagement was broken off after four hours' cannonading; the weather continuing so foggy that the English ships could not discern the vessels ahead or astern of them. The British fleet suffered severely, particularly in the instance of the *Windsor Castle*, which was so crippled in the action that she had to be taken in tow by a line-of-battle ship; whence the first report conveyed to Napoleon of a line-of-battle ship having been sunk. On the side of the enemy, they lost two Spanish ships of the line, the *St. Raphael* and the *Firme*, and the English fleet kept up such a course as would best protect the injured ship and the two prizes. Villeneuve, on his part, although he seemed disposed to renew the action, and had the advantage of the wind in his favour, never approached nearer to the British line than four leagues. More than this, the French admiral appears to have been thoroughly convinced of the impossibility of sailing with his battered fleet to the Straits, and holding possession of them even for the three days demanded by Napoleon; and thus Sir Robert Calder's action in reality staved off, and ultimately brought about, the final abandonment of the grand project of an invasion! It is said that General Lauriston, Na-

pooleon's aide-de-camp, remonstrated vehemently against this abandonment of their imperial master's plans; but nothing would prevent Villeneuve seeking shelter in Vigo Bay, whence he sailed for Ferrol, where his fleet was strengthened by the junction of five French and ten Spanish ships; and it was not till the 10th of August, by which time Nelson and Collingwood had come up, that his ships, which required to be refitted, were again ready for sea.

It is a grave stigma on our national character that Sir Robert Calder, who had by his successful combat defeated the most perfectly concocted scheme for our destruction, became the mark of public detraction and contumely; instead of a vote from both Houses of Parliament, the only reward the gallant admiral got for his services was a court-martial and a severe reprimand. Great Britain was, indeed, at that time spoiled by the astounding successes of Jervis and Duncan, and the daring exploits of Nelson. It was decided that Sir Robert Calder ought to have renewed the engagement at all risks, and with a crippled and inferior fleet.

A French writer, Dupin, in his "*Voyages dans la Grande Bretagne*" (vol. ii. p. 17), remarks with exquisite irony upon this incident:

"Admiral Calder, with an inferior force, meets the Franco-Spanish fleet; in the chase of it he brings on a partial engagement, and captures two ships. He is tried and reprimanded, because it is believed that had he renewed the action he would have obtained a more decisive victory. What would they have done in England if he had commanded the superior fleet, and had lost two ships in avoiding an engagement which presented so favourable a chance to skill and valour?"

Sir Archibald Alison also observes: "Such in its first and hasty fits is public opinion! History would indeed be useless if the justice of posterity did not often reverse its iniquitous decrees."

On the 9th of August the Emperor wrote to M. Barbé-Marbois, to reassure the monetary circles:

MONSIEUR BARBÉ-MARBOIS,—You will have seen the account of the engagement that has taken place in the *Moniteur*. The results were satisfactory, and would, indeed, have been splendid, but for the unskilfulness of the Spaniards. Nevertheless, we remained two days masters of the field of battle; the English withdrew, and we have effected our junction. You know how little dependence can be placed upon the Spaniards; unfortunately, although placed in the rear, they made a manœuvre which brought them first under fire. The English appear to be weak, not only in ships but in men. Reassure the moneyed men; let them understand that nothing will be hazarded without certainty; that my proceedings are too well planned that anything can be risked to place the happiness and prosperity of my people in danger. Most undoubtedly I shall in my own person disembark with my army; every one must feel the necessity for that; but I and my army shall only disembark with all the chances in our favour.

To Fouché he wrote at the same date:

The 3rd Thermidor, thirty leagues from Ferrol an engagement took place between Admiral Villeneuve and an English squadron, composed of fourteen vessels, of which three were three-deckers. It would have resulted to our advantage, if two Spanish three-deckers had not been lost. It is feared that they are captured or sunk. Make it known and understood that the affair is advantageous to us.



Villeneuve accomplished his object : a junction. The English squadron kept to the open, and for three days refused to re-engage. The advantage of three vessels, three-deckers, against a squadron that had none, is equivalent to a difference of eight ships, all accustomed to the sea, and in thorough condition. Besides, the French squadron suffered very little ; it is all right now, and ready to take to sea again.

As all this will be very disagreeable to the Spaniards ; extol Gravina, and venture a thousand conjectures as to the fate of their ships, and it is not yet known if they are really taken. I myself, however, believe that they have allowed themselves to be captured.

The squadron has, besides, inflicted a loss in damages of at least twenty millions. Three English ships are certainly dismantled. One has been sent to the bottom.

To M. Talleyrand he wrote, under date of the 10th of August :

The affair of the 3rd Thermidor was not advantageous to the English. If we lost two Spanish ships, they have also had two so severely maltreated—the *Malta* and the *Windsor Castle*—that they arrived sinking at Plymouth. The two Spanish ships were only taken because they fell to the windward.

It has been supposed by many (see the authorities cited in Alison's "Europe," vol ix. p. 64) that Napoleon at once saw, as a result of this engagement, that the English expedition was blown up, and the immense expenditure of the flotilla lost for a time—perhaps for ever ! His private secretary, Count Daru, described the Emperor as transported with rage, walking up and down the room with hurried steps, and only breaking a stern silence by broken exclamations : "What a navy ! What sacrifices for nothing ! What an admiral ! All hope is gone ! That Villeneuve, instead of entering the Channel, has taken refuge in Ferrol ! It is all over ; he will be blockaded there." The correspondence does not substantiate this view of the case, or what is more likely, if such were his real feelings, he knew admirably how to disguise them. On the 10th of August he wrote to the minister of marine :

MONSIEUR DÉCRÈS,—I sent you a letter that I have received from the Hague. You will see by it that, independently of the *Windsor Castle*, the *Malta* has also been obliged to seek refuge in the English ports ; and as we know that our squadrons are in a good condition, if Villeneuve has another engagement with Calder he will have only twelve ships to encounter. It appears that on the 12th Thermidor he had not yet arrived at Ferrol. Send off an extraordinary courier, the day you receive this, to Ferrol. Inform Vice-Admiral Villeneuve of the news from London ; tell him that I hope he will have continued his mission, and that it would be too humiliating to the imperial squadrons that a brush of three hours and an engagement with fourteen ships should cause such great projects to fail ; that the enemy's squadron is weakened by two ships, and that by its own admission it appears that it has suffered grievously.

To M. Schimmelpenninck he wrote, on the 11th of August, to the effect that the bragging of the English would soon cease, for it was certain that the English fleet was beaten, since it declined battle three times, and allowed Admiral Villeneuve to fulfil his mission. "We have now thirty-five ships at Ferrol. It may be useful," he adds, "that you let it be known upon 'Change at Amsterdam, in the form of a note, that Admiral Villeneuve has beaten Admiral Calder, and entered Ferrol."

By the same date he wrote, in the highest spirits, to Admiral Decrès :

You will see that the squadrons have anchored at Corunna. Lauriston writes to me that they will proceed ; that the captains and sailors are everything that can be wished ; that Villeneuve, who has some talent, is too long in coming to a decision ; that if he had manœuvred, as you say, he would have saved the Spanish ships and taken the dismasted English vessels, and the victory would have been complete ; that that fool of a Gravina is, on the contrary, all genius and decision in a fight. If Villeneuve had these qualities the affair would have been the most brilliant possible.

I have received the English papers. They feel like us, and praise the manœuvre made by Villeneuve, who tacked to the windward. They follow up with bragging, and say that Calder ought to have attacked the next day. He has sent the *Malta* to England, so that he has only thirteen ships. The English think that Villeneuve is at Cadiz, or even at the Texel. Nevertheless, Calder protests that if the combined squadrons go to Ferrol he will attack and destroy them. So much for that. Villeneuve's arrival at Corunna will do justice to these braggings, and will give us the appearance of victory in the eyes of Europe ; that is a great deal.

To M. Cambacérès he wrote, on the 18th of August :

MON COUSIN,—I have received your letter of the 24th Thermidor. I have had the English cruisers attacked. I was well satisfied with the flotilla ; it accomplished everything that I wished. I have good news from my squadron at Ferrol, and from that of Rochefort, which has accomplished its mission. By news that I receive from England, it appears that it has been seen off the coast of Ireland, taking everything that it met, and spreading alarm in every direction.

The same day, however, he wrote a long letter to M. Talleyrand, in which he said that he had made up his mind to attack Austria, and to be at Vienna before the next November. He was determined that Austria should let him fight it out quietly with England. He (M. Talleyrand) was to send for M. de Cobenzl, to lay before him all the documents that referred to the armaments of Austria, and he was then to say to him :

SIR,—You have just read a great number of letters. I do not know what may be the real impression they have made upon you ; but what impression do you think that they made upon his Majesty the Emperor of the French, when he read them at Boulogne in the midst of his camp, and absorbed in his operations beyond the sea ? Already he has suspended the execution of his projects of hostility, and he has felt that he could not go to England with 150,000 men at a time when his frontiers were threatened in the south. Thus, then, has the Emperor of Germany already effected a diversion in favour of the English ! Well, you shall have war in a month ; yes, in a month. It pains me to tell you so. Everything in Austria must re-enter into the same condition it was three months ago, or you will have war in a month. The Emperor is not such a fool as to give time to the Russians to come to your assistance.

There was a certain amount of reality in this, but a far greater extent of dissimulation. Napoleon hoped that the threat would have its effect with the Austrians, for he evidently still had his heart upon the invasion of England, and he wrote, indeed, the very same day to his minister of marine :

AMIRAL DECRÈS,—Despatch an extraordinary courier to Ferrol. Testify to Admiral Villeneuve my annoyance at his losing so much important time ; tell him that Allemand, having appeared off the coast of Ireland, has drawn a detach-

ment of the English squadron after him; that Admiral Calder's thirteen ships are much injured; and that I hope as soon as the wind will permit him to set sail, he will do so, and that he will so manœuvre as to effect a junction with Allemand, either at one or the other of the points of rendezvous. With eighteen French men-of-war, and twelve, or at least ten, Spanish ships, will he allow himself to be blockaded by thirteen, or even twenty, English ships? My positive instructions are, that if he has fewer than twenty-three of the enemy's ships opposed to him, and has eighteen French ships and at least ten Spanish ships, he shall attack the English; it is not impossible also that Allemand, who was to send to Vigo for further instructions before the end of Thermidor, will have got there himself. My instructions are, that united they shall attack the enemy, if their fleet does not exceed twenty-nine ships of the line. Villeneuve will see in my calculations that I wish him to attack whenever he is superior in number, reckoning two Spanish ships as one, and taking into consideration the difference of a few three-deckers which the enemy possesses more than the French fleet. Having been obliged, after the combat, to send two ships to England, the enemy had only thirteen remaining. With his own and the fifteen Spanish ships, Villeneuve ought to have driven them away from before Ferrol. The English are threatened in every direction. They have ships at Ferrol, at Carthageua, at the Texel, and at the Antilles; and even if Nelson has joined Calder, they would not have more than twenty ships. I leave Admiral Villeneuve at liberty to arm *La Guerrière* and *La Revanche* with the crew of the *Atlas*—anything, so that our flag is saved from the disgrace of being blockaded in the Ferrol by a fleet of inferior force. The sailors are brave, the captains zealous, the equipment perfect, wherefore allow themselves to perish of inaction and discouragement!

To Admiral Villeneuve, he wrote himself by the same date :

MONSIEUR VICE-AMIRAL VILLENEUVE,—I saw with pleasure that several of my ships fought on the occasion of the engagement of 3rd Thermidor, with the gallantry that I expected from them. I do justice to you for the skilful manœuvre carried out at the commencement of the action, and which marred the enemy's projects. I should have wished that you had used the greater number of your frigates in giving succour to the Spanish ships, which, being the first engaged, must naturally have most wanted it. I should also have wished that you had not given the enemy time to place the ships *Windsor Castle* and *Malta* in a place of safety, and the two Spanish ships, which, being maltreated, impeded their movements. That would have given to my arms the splendour of a great victory. The slowness of your manœuvres gave the English time to send them into their harbours. But I am bound to suppose that the victory remained with my arms, since you have entered Corunna. I hope this despatch will not reach you there, that you will have driven back the cruisers and effected your junction with Captain Allemand, and that then, sweeping all before you, you will come into the Channel, where we anxiously await your presence. If you have not done so, do it; advance boldly against the enemy. The order of battle that appears to me to be preferable, is to mix the Spanish with the French ships, and to place frigates near each Spanish ship to assist them in the combat, and thus utilise the great number of frigates that you possess. You can further increase the number by means of *La Guerrière* and *La Revanche*, by manning them from the *Atlas*, without retarding your operations.

You have at this moment under your command eighteen of my ships, and twelve, or at least ten, of those of the King of Spain. My instructions are that, wherever the enemy shall present himself before you with less than twenty-four ships, you shall attack him.

By the return of the frigate *Le Président*, and of several others that I had despatched to you at the Martinique, I have learnt that, instead of disembarking troops in my two islands of Martinique and Guadeloupe, they were actually weaker than before. Yet Nelson had only nine ships. The English are not so numerous as you fancy; they are everywhere kept under. If you could only be

here for three days, nay, could you only come for twenty-four hours, your mission would be accomplished. Let Admiral Ganteaume know of your departure by an extraordinary courier. Never, let me tell you, would a fleet have run a few chances for a greater object, and never could my soldiers by land and by sea have shed their blood for a greater or a nobler result. *For the great object of favouring a descent upon a Power which, for six centuries, oppresses France, we could all die without regretting life.* Such are the sentiments that should animate us, and that should animate all my soldiers. The English have not more than four ships of the line at the Downs, and these we harass every day with our cruisers and our flotillas.

So much in earnest was Napoleon, even at this last moment, that he wrote the next day (August 14th) to General Lauriston, his aide-de-camp on board the fleet, a letter in which we find the following paragraphs: "Help and push the admiral as much as you possibly can." "We are everywhere in readiness. To put in an appearance for twenty-four hours would suffice."

The same day he wrote, in greater detail to his minister of marine:

MONSIEUR DECRÈS,—I have received your letter of yesterday. With thirty ships my admirals ought not to be afraid of twenty-four English, or we may as well give up having a navy. Even if an event should happen by which I should lose a ship, it would be such a one as I must expect. I ought to place more confidence in my navy; it would have a right to complain if I acted otherwise. The English papers of the 8th say that a Portuguese vessel saw Captain Allemand's squadron off Finistère on the 4th Thermidor—that is to say, the day after the engagement; they also say that Admiral Calder has sent four ships to blockade Rochefort, keeping only ten before Ferrol. If Admiral Villeneuve remains the 13th, 14th, 15th, and 16th at Ferrol, I shall not complain, but if he remains a day more, and having a favourable wind, and only twenty-four English ships before him, he is the last of men.

According to London reports, Nelson is still far away. If Villeneuve issues forth with his thirty ships, he is certain to join Allemand. Nelson and Collingwood are out of the field, so also are the squadrons of Cochrane and of India; twelve ships are at the Texel, two have just placed themselves opposite Helvoet Sluys. If Villeneuve does not go out he exposes Captain Allemand's squadron; and the fact that he did not find Calder before Ferrol, and that Allemand's squadron had been there eight days previously, makes me fear that Calder has already given chase to that squadron. What an opportunity he will then lose! Most assuredly Allemand's squadron can give Calder a race of many days' duration. What chances of success, if I had only a man there!

If Nelson has joined Calder, it is possible that he may be inferior in strength to the enemy, but if the latter succeeded in raising its combined squadrons up to a fleet of twenty-four ships, it would not have them long. The necessity for re-equipping and repairing must be felt both in Nelson's squadron and in Calder's, which, having suffered in the engagement, must of necessity be weakened. Villeneuve is one of those men who rather want the spur than the bridle. The rear-admirals that I have made are Emériau, Savary, &c., men who cannot render me great services; I want men of superior merit. I do not know who he is, this Cosmao, captain of the *Pluto*. Would it not be possible to find in the navy an enterprising man who sees coolly and as one ought to see, whether in battle or in the different combinations of squadrons?

I suppose that my despatch to Admiral Villeneuve went by the courier who passed here this morning. I repeat to you what I have already said: I will not submit to thirty French ships being blockaded at Ferrol by less than twenty-four English ships; and once Villeneuve united to Allemand, I will not submit to the combined fleet being blockaded by less than twenty-nine English ships.

The same letter further contains a project for seizing one of the

English establishments upon the coast of Africa, so that the English might be diverted from other objects, and send an expedition to recover it. Also, another project for getting together three ships of the line and three frigates to capture the single English ship that lay at Naples!

On the 15th of August the Emperor again addressed Admiral Decrès on the subject of Villeneuve's inaptitude. "He has weakened my colonies as much as possible, and lastly, with thirty ships, he has not the sense to move to the help of five which he knows are in the same seas, to sweep the English fleet before him: and notwithstanding the inconceivable chances of a navigation of fifty-five days, and the successful manœuvre of Nelson, who has got back in thirty days, Nelson is hors de combat, as is also Collingwood."

Napoleon's anxiety regarding Allemand's squadron was increased by news derived from the English papers of the 14th of August, to the effect that Lord Cornwallis was in pursuit of the said squadron, and that two frigates had been engaged by the *Diana*, "but by the superiority of her sailing she (the *Diana*) had escaped."

On the 20th of August he wrote to Cambacérès:

MON COUSIN,—the weather is very inconstant. It rains a good deal here. The combined squadrons have sailed from Ferrol thirty-four strong. A division of the flotilla has doubled Cape Grisnez at the moment I am writing, and is engaged with the English. Their cruisers have been severely handled.

By the same date he wrote to Decrès and Ganteaume to prepare for an engagement at Brest, the blockading fleet of which he supposed to be weakened by the squadrons sent in pursuit of Allemand off Ouessant. On the 22nd, he wrote in the deepest spirit of vexation to his minister of marine, soliciting a memoir upon the question: "In the present aspect of affairs, if Admiral Villeneuve remains at Cadiz, what must be done? Raise yourself up to the height of circumstances and the situation in which France and England find themselves. Write me no more letters such as you have written; they have no meaning. As to me, I have only one wish: it is to succeed."

It does not appear, however, that he had any positive information that Admiral Villeneuve had gone to Cadiz; on the contrary, he was most inclined to believe him on his way to Brest, and he wrote to the admiral by the same date:

MONSIEUR VICE-AMIRAL VILLENEUVE,—I hope that you have arrived at Brest. Start, do not lose a moment, and enter the Channel with my combined fleet. England is ours. We are all ready, everything is embarked. Appear for twenty-four hours, and all is over.

He was at this very time, and on the same day, writing in a very different strain concerning Monsieur the Admiral, to his minister, taking precautions that he should not delay at Brest, and that, if necessary, he should be superseded in his command by Admiral Ganteaume, in command of that port:

MONSIEUR DECRÈS,—I send back your courier. I consider that Villeneuve has not character enough to command a frigate. He is a man without resolution and without moral courage. Two Spanish ships got entangled; some men have fallen ill on board his ships; add to this two days of contrary winds, one of the enemy's ships coming to observe him, a report that Nelson has joined

Calder, and his projects are changed; when taken singly, these objects are nothing, compared the one with the other. What is most impertinent of all, is that in an expedition of so compound a character, he gives no details, does not say what he will do and what he will not do. He is a man who has no experience, and does not know how to make war. If Nelson had joined Calder, and he deemed himself to be sufficiently strong, he would have presented himself off Ferrol; that is simple enough. You know that the English papers say that Nelson has been at the Canary Islands. In this position of affairs you must despatch an extraordinary courier to Brest to instruct Admiral Ganteaume, and to order him, if Villeneuve appears off Brest, he must not let him come in; he must take command of the fleet and sail for Boulogne.

He did not, however, write in so decisive a tone to Admiral Ganteaume himself:

**MONSIEUR LE VICE-AMIRAL GANTEAUME**.—M. le Vice-Amiral Villeneuve prepared to leave Ferrol on the 22nd Thermidor, but it does not appear that he really sailed till the 26th, in order to join you at Brest. From what I can gather from his despatches, it appears to be his intention to pass a few days at Brest in revictualling. I have already made known to you by telegraph that it is my intention that you do not allow him to lose a single day; so that, taking advantage of the superiority given to me by fifty ships of the line, you immediately put to sea to fulfil your destination, and to enter the Channel with your whole forces. I rely upon your talents, your firmness, and your character, in so important an affair. Start and come here. *We shall have avenged six centuries of insults and shame. Never will my soldiers by land or by sea have exposed their lives for a greater object.*

On the 23rd he wrote to Talleyrand, to the effect that if the squadrons obeyed his orders, that Villeneuve joined Ganteaume, and they sailed up the Channel, "there is still time: I am master of England." But if they failed, he must attack Austria this autumn, leaving only the third battalions at Boulogne. Yet, although the crisis appeared so imminent, he actually wrote the very next day long and studied instructions to Marshal Berthier for the movement of the army of Boulogne, and the troops at Calais, Saint Omer, and other neighbouring places, to the Rhine; and on the 25th he reiterated the orders for the immediate movement of his troops on Spire. He would start with the whole army, he said, on the 27th. "Austria," he added, "no longer contains herself; she thinks, no doubt, that we are all drowned in the ocean." Further and more detailed orders for the counter-march were given on the 28th. On the 28th orders were issued to Marshal Berthier to leave Boulogne with the foot and horse guard, and the artillery on the 31st, on the way to Strasburg. On the 29th the organisation of the land forces and flotilla at Boulogne was decided upon, ten to eleven thousand men were to be left with the flotilla, and twenty-five battalions on shore. A sufficiency of artillery was also to be provided, so that the English could do nothing without, it was supposed, a force of at least forty thousand men.

The same day he wrote to Admiral Decrès, and after noticing the capture of the English frigate *Blanche* by the *Topaze*, and two brigs, he continues:

Admiral Nelson was in London; his squadron had joined, with that of Calder, the fleet of Brest, and Cornwallis had committed the monstrous absurdity of sending twenty ships to blockade the French squadron at Ferrol. It appears that on the 15th Thermidor the brig *Iris* had recognised our fleet, twenty-eight ships in number, at the entrance of Ferrol, and that on the 17th of August, three days after the departure of our fleet from Ferrol, Admiral Calder left for Brest

with a north wind. The English conjecture that there will be an engagement on the 19th. Nelson's squadron constitutes a part of Calder's fleet, but Nelson and his flag-ship are not there. What a chance Villeneuve has allowed to escape him! He could, on arriving at Brest, have manœuvred with Calder's fleet, and have fallen upon Cornwallis, or, with his thirty ships, he could have beat the English and obtained a decided preponderance. Yet these are the English whose manœuvres and combinations are so much extolled! When France shall have two or three admirals who are ready to sacrifice their lives, they will sing very small.

On the 30th of August final instructions were issued for assembling all the flotillas at Boulogne, with the exception of small flotillas at Calais, Wimereux, and Ambleteuse; and finally, on the 2nd of September, the Emperor writes to Admiral Decrès: "Monsieur the Minister of the Marine,—I leave in an hour for Paris. I desire that you remain all to-morrow in Boulogne, and that you give all the necessary orders for the disposition of the flotilla. You will pass all the crews in review in their formation as battalions on land; you will have them armed with muskets; you will summons all the officers of the navy before you, and make them feel the importance of defending the flotilla and the territory."

Thus terminated this great and menacing project. It leaves much to reflect upon, and still more open to discussion. Whatever may be the opinions of Bourrienne and of others who participate in his paradoxical views of the affair, it must be clear to all persons of common sense that Napoleon would have most assuredly carried out his project, as far as the setting sail is concerned, if the French fleet had only enabled him to obtain possession of the Straits of Dover for three days. His annoyance and irritation against Admiral Villeneuve that he did not break the blockades of Cadiz, Ferrol, Rochefort, and Brest, sweep the Channel of the obnoxious British squadrons, and occupy the Straits (with the shattered remnant of his fleet under the most favourable circumstances), never ceased. No sooner had he got to Malmaison than he wrote (September 4) to his minister of marine:

MONSIEUR DECRES,—I return you your letters. Admiral Villeneuve has filled the cup of his disgrace; he gives, at his departure from Vigo, orders to Captain Allemand to go to Brest, and writes to you that it is his intention to go to Cadiz. This is most assuredly treacherous on his part. There is Allemand's squadron seriously compromised, and about to wander for months at sea. The thing really will not bear thinking about. Send me in a report on the whole expedition. Villeneuve is a wretch, who must be ignominiously dismissed. Without combinations, without courage, without general interest, he would sacrifice everything, so long as he saved his skin. On the 26th Thermidor he was still at anchor at Ferrol; he knew that Allemand ought to be on the 25th at Vigo; he ought then to have considered the junction as accomplished. So far from that, he writes to you on the 26th that he is going to Cadiz, and, the 26th, he lets the despatches that he had written, in which he says that he is going to Brest, go off, thereby compromising the safety of a squadron so considerable as that of Captain Allemand, as he lost by his fault and by his cowardice the poor *Didon*. I am obliged to admit, after that, that Missiessy is a hero. Nothing can be compared to the incapacity of Villeneuve. I request a report upon all his operations. 1st. He was seized with a panic, and did not disembark at Martinique and Gaudaloupe the troops that Admiral Magon had on board. 2ndly. He exposed our colonies in sending back by four frigates twelve hundred men, the élite of the garrisons. 3rdly. He behaved himself in a cowardly manner in the combat of the 3rd in not attacking a second time a fleet

that was maltreated, and had two disabled ships in tow. 4thly. Arrived at Ferrol, he left Admiral Calder at sea while he awaited the arrival of a squadron of five ships, and he did not cruise off Ferrol till that squadron had arrived. 5thly. He was informed by the squadron that they had seen the enemy's ships towing away the frigate the *Didon*, and he made no effort to give chase and recapture her. 6thly. He set sail on the 26th, and, instead of coming to Brest, he went to Cadiz, thus violating his most positive instructions. Lastly, he knew that the squadron of Captain Allemand was to arrive on the 25th Thermidor at Vigo to receive instructions, and the 26th he sailed from Ferrol, without giving any new instructions to that squadron, and having, on the contrary, caused instructions of a totally opposed nature to be transmitted from Ferrol, which compromise the squadron, since it had orders to proceed to Brest, whilst he, Villeneuve, went to Cadiz.

On the 6th of September the Emperor wrote again to his minister upon what he termed "the infamous conduct of Villeneuve." He says he cannot explain it to himself, except that "the cowardice which prevented his (Admiral Villeneuve's) going to Brest made him think that he ought not to unite with the squadron of Rochefort, as he would then have only been the more guilty." Napoleon was a master of irony.

It appears that the minister of marine did his best to excuse Admiral Villeneuve, for we find a letter dated Saint Cloud, September 8, evidently written in reply to such excuses, and saying that while he (the Emperor) wished to see Villeneuve justified, he begged him (the minister), until he had found something more plausible, not to write to him concerning so humiliating an affair, and not to remind him of so arrant a coward.

On the 15th of September, Napoleon wrote to the minister ordering Villeneuve, who had not effected his junction with the squadron of Carthagena, and was blockaded in Cadiz by eleven English ships, to sail for Naples (where he could take an English and Russian ship), and thence proceed to Toulon. "But," he added, "as his excessive cowardice may prevent his moving, send Admiral Rosily to take his place." On the 17th he wrote personally to Admiral Rosily instructions of a similar tendency.

It would be surprising, except for the well-known egotism of the man, to see how quietly he took the news of the battle that ensued upon the carrying out of these very instructions off Trafalgar.

"I have received," he says, writing to the minister, "your letter relating to the combat off Cadiz. I await the ulterior details which you promise me before I form a decisive opinion as to the nature of this affair."

The end of Villeneuve, as related by the Honourable Sir Edward Cust, in his "Annals of the Wars of the Nineteenth Century," was very melancholy:

"Admiral Villeneuve was sent prisoner to England; and having, after a short interval, obtained leave from the Emperor to return to France, he was released upon his parole. It was his intention to proceed straight to Paris to justify himself in the estimation of his country, but he had only attained the town of Rennes, where he was desired to await further orders, when he was found in the morning dead in his bed, in his apartment at the hotel, stabbed in several places. It has been made an accusation against Napoleon that it could have been only under his knowledge, and even under his very orders, that such



a catastrophe could have happened to such a man under such circumstances." The fate of Villeneuve is, however, involved in mystery. The story of the stabbing "in several places"—some say "six wounds"—has been contradicted, and the greater number of testimonies are in favour of suicide. O'Meara's statements, on the authority of Napoleon at St. Helena, cannot be well admitted as elements in the discussion. Sir Gardner Wilkinson has lately raked up an old letter attributed to the admiral, in which he threatens the Emperor. The letter is manifestly apocryphal; but if so, it must have been written for the purpose of defaming Villeneuve's character, or as an apology for suicide, or something worse.

Superficial writers, even since this correspondence has been published, still indite such criticisms as the following: "It may soothe imperial vanity, and tickle French history into good humour, to lay the burden of failure upon Villeneuve's shoulders; but the battles of the Nile and Trafalgar were the true events that upset Napoleon's schemes, and saved the soil of Albion from violation." The battle of the Nile had little to do with the matter, beyond the weakening of the French fleet; and we have seen that at the time when Nelson was taken off to the West Indies on a wrong scent, Napoleon was making arrangements by which his fleet should have presented a front of thirty-five ships of the line. What effect could the battle of Trafalgar have had if Villeneuve, instead of sailing to Cadiz, where he got forced into a fatal engagement, had moved up to Brest, united with the squadrons of Rochefort and of the latter place, and sailed up the Channel, leaving Nelson in the Atlantic? Napoleon would most assuredly have attempted to cross the Straits. But it may be said another Trafalgar would have been fought, under another name, in the Channel or in the Straits. It is doubtful if a sufficient fleet could have been collected, unless all the blockading fleets had moved up in pursuit of Villeneuve (and we have seen that Cornwallis sent twenty ships to blockade Ferrol after the French fleet had left that place, whilst Calder advanced with Nelson's fleet, minus the flag-ship, to Brest), to have engaged thirty-five ships of the line and the flotillas successfully, especially if they, the enemy, had moved up at once after the combat of the 3rd. But it appears that Villeneuve by no means relished a second encounter of the same description, and it is to the blow struck by Calder, however partial it may have been, that we must attribute, under Providence, the preservation of the soil of Albion from the invader. It is to be hoped that all danger of the kind is past, for the present Emperor is too wise to risk the future of France upon an enterprise so peculiarly hazardous as that of landing a large force upon a foreign soil, with the liability of being isolated by any reverse at sea. It is fearful to think of what might have become of the French army had it landed off Deal or Sandwich, and of Napoleon I. himself, had Providence really vouchsafed him the three days he so ardently desired!

# NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

## SEVEN GENERATIONS OF EXECUTIONERS.\*

WHO has not heard of the Sansons? It was a Sanson who, "ancien exécuteur des hautes œuvres," broke the celebrated bandit Cartouche on the wheel, and tore the regicide Damiens into four quarters; it was a Sanson who beheaded an amiable and innocent monarch, and a beautiful and intellectual queen; and at the mere mention of the name of the genius who presided over the Reign of Terror, the image arises before us of a monster to whom the exhausted epithets of antique poetry would fail to convey to the full the fearful ideas suggested by picturing the individual to our imagination. We see literature and science, birth and dignity, religion and virtue, immolated at the sanguinary shrine of impious orgies. We see the gifted Madame Roland lifting up her eyes to heaven upon the steps of the scaffold, and exclaiming: "O Liberty! what crimes are committed in thy name!" as the Chevalier de la Barre had before said in respect to religion to itself; and we see pitiless fate, in the shape of the executioner, awaiting his victim.

The attempt of the last male representative of the race to rehabilitate his family, as of honourable origin, and of feelings as quick and as sensitive as those of any other human beings, will be received with a strange feeling of mingled doubt and wonder in the face of their hereditary and lugubrious duties. But why should it not be so? Is there not a good corner in the heart of the greatest culprit? May not a murderer love his mother, his wife, or children, as warmly as the most honest among us? Is there not a point that is vulnerable in the most hardened conscience? There is something, indeed, positively touching in the present Henry Sanson's narrative of his "révocation," and how it was hailed by himself and by his aged mother:

"Blessed be this day, my son!" she said; "it will draw you at last from the bad part of the inheritance of your fathers; you will enjoy the remainder of your days in peace, and perhaps Providence will not stay in his gifts there. You are the last of your race. Heaven has only given you daughters, and I have always thanked it."

The said two daughters are married, and Henry Sanson alludes with infinite delicacy to the fact that they have now legally changed the name

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\* *Mémoires des Sanson, suis en ordre, rédigés et publiés.* Par H. Sanson, Ancien Exécuteur des Hautes Œuvres de la Cour de Paris. Paris: Dupray de la Mahérie et C<sup>ie</sup>.

of their unfortunate father ; as to himself, he hastened, he says, to sell the old hotel in which seven generations of executioners had lived in opprobrium and ignominy, his horses and carriage (for the duties of *maître des hautes œuvres* were, till within recent times, very lucrative), and upon which were the family arms—a cracked bell (*sans son*) upon a crusader's shield—and he buried himself, under an assumed name, in a remote part of the country, where, in the leisure thus afforded him, he put on record the eventful and mournful incidents of the past, with which his mind and the family papers at his disposal were alike replete.

As to the crusader's shield which the family arrogated to itself in its palmy days of disagreeable notoriety, it was handed down from one Sanson who accompanied Robert Duke of Normandy as *seneschal* and knight-banneret to the Holy Land. In the fifteenth century the family was established at Abbeville, where it constituted a part, we are told, of the "*haute bourgeoisie*," some of its members having served as sheriffs for the county of Ponthieu. Nicolas Sanson, who lived in the first half of the seventeenth century, was a distinguished geographer, and received Louis XIII. in his house at Abbeville in 1638.

"A king of France, a Bourbon, slept two nights under the humble roof of a family whose descendant was, one day, in the name of a barbarous and sacrilegious law, to raise his hand upon another Bourbon, upon another king of France.

"No changes are more fantastic than those of fate!"

In 1624, two orphans of the family, Charles and Jean Baptiste Sanson, were left under the charge of Pierre Brossier, an uncle by their mother's side, who had a charming daughter with the captivating name of Colombe. Charles and Colombe, who were nearly of an age, grew up in mutual love; but Colombe was intended for the eldest, who, of studious habits, had become a member of the bar of Abbeville. Charles withdrew, upon this check to his youthful hopes, to Paris; but, unable to conquer his passion, he determined to try what distance would accomplish, and he engaged himself as a mariner. One day, on his return to Toulon, he found a letter from Colombe summoning him to Abbeville. Charles rode day and night, and arrived there in twelve days. Brossier had lost his property and died of grief; Jean Baptiste was likewise sorely afflicted with debt, blindness, and other ailments; Colombe alone remained as fair as ever. Charles devoted himself for a brief time to comforting his afflicted brother and sister, but finding his passion too strong for him, he once more withdrew, and purchased a lieutenancy in the regiment *de la Boissière*, under the name of Charles Sanson de Longval. One day, at an old hostelry at Dieppe, "*l'Ancre Dérapée*," a mysterious personage prognosticated that he would not only put his cousin and best friend to death, but would also become an executioner.

"I! I!" exclaimed the melancholy and bereaved Charles; "I become the assassin of my only friend, Paul Bertaut!"

"One may kill a man without being an assassin, sir," quietly observed the stranger.

"I do not understand you."

"An executioner is not even a homicide; don't you know that?"

The words of the old soothsayer preyed upon the mind of the

impressionable young man, haunting him even amid his duties. He became more and more misanthropic. In the mean time Jean Baptiste died, his creditors seized upon the little property he had, and Colombe, driven out upon the wide world, sought refuge with Charles. It was her intention, with his assistance, to withdraw into one of those religious establishments called "*Béguinages*," the members of which have not to take any irrevocable vows. Charles went out to meet her, but by an extraordinary incident (which partakes far more of romance than we have a right to expect in what are given forth as the veracious annals of the Sanson family) the two lovers were, on the first day of their meeting, caught in a storm. Colombe was killed by lightning, and Charles himself was removed senseless to the house of the old soothsayer of "*l'Ancre Dérivée*," where he was tended by a maiden the memory of whose comeliness and kindness were ever afterwards destined to interpose between him and the miserable Colombe. The name of the place affords a heading to the chapter in which these stirring events are congregated. It is that of the "*Clos-Maudit*." What follows is supposed to be written by Charles Sanson himself, and is stated to have been preserved among other family documents.

It appears from these chronicles that Charles Sanson, on recovering his health and rejoining his companions in arms, made the disagreeable discovery that his friend and cousin, Paul Bertaut, wore the flower called in French "*Marguerite*," in honour of the fair maid of the "*Clos-Maudit*," whose name was Marguerite. The reason why the place had received that strange designation next comes to light. The father of Marguerite, and the soothsayer of the "*Ancre Dérivée*," was Pierre Jouanne, "*maître des hautes œuvres de la ville de Rouen et vicomté de Dieppe*" (the chronicles are written in the orthography of the period), but this fact was not known to Charles until, meeting his cousin one night beneath the walls of the "*accursed dwelling*," a fierce combat ensued between the two, Paul being further backed by a Gascon adventurer of the old school, *Sieur Valoins de Blignac*—a profligate, gambler, and duelist.

The report of these events soon spread in the small garrison town of Dieppe. The Marquis de Boissière, colonel of the regiment, summoned his lieutenant to his presence, and charged him with dishonouring the regiment by a connexion with the daughter of an executioner. Charles only replied to his colonel's reprimands by insults, and the colonel placed him under arrest. The impetuous and irritated lover added to the mischief done by breaking his sword and resigning his commission; but fearing that he would be made a prisoner for contempt of his commanding officer, he took refuge in the "*Clos-Maudit*," where he declared to the old executioner his intention of marrying his daughter and quitting the country; but the daughter would not leave her father, so he proposed that both should accompany him. The father observed, however, that his son-in-law would not despise him the less for what he had been, and the only way to win his daughter was to become assistant "*maître des hautes œuvres*!" So all-absorbing was the young man's passion, that he accepted the alternative rather than lose Marguerite, and thus it was that Charles Sanson de Longval became an executioner, and the family fell at one blow to the lowest grade in the social scale.

Charles Sanson's manuscript ends at this point, but Henry Sanson says

that he found among the papers a record that the ferocious Master Jouanne made his son-in-law carry out his agreement to the letter. "Having to break one Martin Esiau upon the wheel, Master Pierre Jouanne, 'exécuteur des hautes œuvres,' obliged his son-in-law, newly married, to strike the patient with a bar of iron, whereupon the said son-in-law fainted away, and was hooted by the crowd."

The happiness that Charles Sanson had purchased so dearly passed away like a dream. Marguerite died of consumption a year after her marriage, after having given birth to a son.

Charles Sanson de Longval removed to Paris in 1685, at the epoch of Louis XIV.'s greatest error, committed at the instigation of Madame de Maintenon, the repeal of the Edict of Nantes. There were not only dragonnades, massacres in the Cevennes, and other persecutions upon a large scale; private individuals were persecuted if they refused to partake of the host, and were condemned, according to circumstances, to fines, the pillory, the galères, to the confiscation of their property, and to death—their bodies being cast away like offal. These were thriving times for a public executioner, but Henry Sanson hastens to tell us that they occurred after Charles's removal from Rouen, and not before it, or he would have remained at Rouen; and further, that he finds no papers testifying to the first of seven generations of executioners having taken an active part in carrying out these religious persecutions.

Charles's residence on arriving at Paris was at the "Pilon des Halles."

This so-called "Pilon" was a gloomy octagonal tower, built of wood, and surmounted by a wooden lantern, with a weather-cock. The lantern turned round on a pivot, like the head of a windmill, and criminals condemned to the pillory were thus moved round like the wax figures seen in modern hairdressers' shops. In front of this interesting edifice was a great cross, where bankrupts had to come and declare that they ceded all their goods, and then they received a green cap from the hands of the executioner. Around were shops, which the latter had also the benefit of letting out. There were also attached to the tower a stable and a shed, in the latter of which the bodies of the victims were placed previous to their burial, or their being cast away in the shambles, as we have seen in the account of the Protestant church at Metz.

A strange fancy is said to have taken hold of the gloomy, fanatic, and monomaniacal mind of Charles Sanson de Longval, from his intimacy with these scenes of death. He conceived the notion of endeavouring to restore life to these livid corpses. Like Vesalius of old, he carried on his researches by night, and in fear and trembling—the very vibration of the weather-cock at the top of the tower often making him pause. Charles, if he did not by this proceeding learn the secret of restoring animation, is said to have discovered others, next in value, for curing many of the evils that distress the human organism. Considering that such cures are rather the result of the study of the action of minerals, plants, and other substances upon the human frame than of the study of the complex structure of the frame itself, most important in a surgical point of view, we may be permitted to doubt the connexion here attempted to be established between cause and effect. Be this as it may, Henry Sanson tells us :

"We sold these remedies very dear, I confess it, to the aristocracy and to rich persons; but we made a present of them to the poor. That was a compensation."

The secret of these remedies was evidently handed down in the family, and they were indebted for their renown, no doubt, to the same feeling that caused the witches of times previous to dig up the mandragora root from beneath the scaffold and the gibbet. An executioner, if denied communion with his fellow-creatures, and repelled on all sides, had, like the Jews of old, an indemnification in the power of enriching himself at the expense of those who despised him. Among other perquisites of the "bourreau" in the times of Charles Sanson were the rights called of "havage," a small tax raised upon all goods brought into the market, in the centre of which stood his ominous stronghold. These taxes were levied by certain people employed for the purpose, and they used to mark those who had paid with a piece of white chalk—as sheep are marked with ruddle; but as the dealers sometimes anticipated this process by marking themselves, quarrels would arise, and the proverb, "Insolent comme un valet de bourreau." A man who has to collect an unpopular tax is invariably ill treated, and so, with the progress of time, he naturally becomes rude and uncompromising. These quarrels sometimes rose to such a height, that one of the executioners, Laurent Bazard, having ascended the tower to fix a patient to the pillory, the people surrounded the base with fagots, and burnt the edifice and the executioner. One man only, Lestière, was hung by Bazard's successor for this crime.

Charles Sanson, disgusted with these perpetually renewed quarrels, obtained permission to dwell away from the "Pilon des Halles," in the quarter now called the "Faubourg Poissonnière," which was at that epoch very thinly inhabited, and was called "La Nouvelle France." He let the tower for six hundred livres—a large sum at that epoch—and took a house near the church of Sainte-Anne. The family afterwards established itself in this quarter.

Condemnations to death were at that epoch finally issued by a chamber of parliament, called that of "Tournelle." This chamber received all appeals made from others. The judicial forms were few and perspicuous. The chief was "the preparatory question;" and even if the accused pleaded guilty, he had still to undergo the ordinary and extraordinary "question," that is to say, the most frightful tortures, in order to extract the knowledge of all accomplices. The torturer's duties did not fall upon the executioner, there were especial "officers" appointed to carry out these terrible duties. As, however, one of the family—a "great-uncle"—was thus engaged, Henry Sanson is enabled to give us some insight into their nature. The chamber for questioning was spacious and dark, so that the expression of agony should not be clearly distinguished; and hermetically closed, so that the cries should not be heard. At each question a new torture was inflicted, the limbs were squeezed in a vice, or between planks, with wedges (brodequin), the bones were smashed, and the flesh torn off them. It was of no importance what was done to a body which must necessarily be a corpse in the evening! The strongest gave way under such barbarous trials. What remained of the human creature was handed over in the evening to the executioner. It was his duty to make the mutilated being fast to a wheel, his face

turned towards an outraged heaven, and he then broke the articulations of his joints, until death finally relieved the victim from inexpressible agony. Henry Sanson assures us—to the credit of humanity—that the actual records of these questionings under torture bear generally traces of febrile convulsions on the part of those who were present to place them on record.

Madame Tiquet—a young lady in whose fate all Paris was interested about the end of the seventeenth century—was the first remarkable personage who was finally disposed of by Charles Sanson, after he became “maistre des hautes œuvres” in the metropolis.

Angélique Nicole Carlier (Madame Tiquet) was born in Metz in 1657. Her father—a wealthy publisher of that city—had left upwards of a million of francs to herself and an elder brother. Brought up in a convent, she entered the world with every possible advantage in her favour. She was young, beautiful, highly gifted, accomplished, and wealthy. Among the many pretenders to her hand, she selected M. Tiquet, counsellor of parliament. It was, however, said that the plebeian and austere old counsellor was much influenced in his suit by worldly considerations, and, on the other hand, that Angélique was dictated to by her brother and aunt.

The birth of two children—a boy and a girl—tended for a time to cement those domestic ties, which were somewhat loosened by the different habits of Monsieur and of Madame Tiquet, the latter being just as extravagant as the former was parsimonious—a parsimony all the more unaffected, as he had gone into debt to carry out his matrimonial projects. The results were, however, at first indifference, and afterwards aversion. The latter feeling was not a little augmented by a criminal passion entertained by the lady for a certain young captain of the Guards—a M. de Montgeorges. Madame Tiquet became finally so absorbed in her passion, that she did not even take ordinary precautions to conceal it, and, as is usual in such cases, after it had become the conversation of all Paris, it finally reached her husband's ears.

The recriminations that ensued, and the expulsion of the gallant captain from the house, served only to increase madame's aversion for her husband. She sought to shake off the abhorred yoke, and was seconded, strange to say, by her brother and her aunt. The creditors of M. Tiquet, alarmed at this state of things, came down upon him in a host, and it became a question of selling his hotel. Madame thereupon demanded a separation. But M. Tiquet obtained a “lettre de cachet” against his wife, and, armed with the means of depriving her at any moment of her liberty, he kept her for a brief space under control; but ultimately she succeeded in getting possession of the paper, and threw it into the fire.

This adventure only made M. Tiquet a butt for ridicule. As to Angélique, she had gone too far to stop at the threshold. She resolved to get rid of her husband at any cost. She consulted fortune-tellers, and tried poison; but the compunction of a servant saved M. Tiquet. She then suborned a whole bevy of domestics and other persons, among whom we find one Jeanne Bonnefond, designated as “maitresse du conseiller Tiquet.” Fourteen persons were implicated in the conspiracy, besides

three others who managed to evade justice. It was doing the thing upon a large scale.

One evening M. Tiquet having been on a visit to the Countess de Villemur, a neighbour, was on his way home, when he was fired at from various directions, and fell, struck in five different places. His valet came out to his assistance; but although fainting from loss of blood, M. Tiquet would not allow himself to be taken to his hotel, but insisted upon being removed to that of Madame de Villemur. When his wife hurried to his assistance, she was refused admission.

A week elapsed before Madame Tiquet was arrested. A monk offered to lend her his garments, in order that she might effect her escape to England; but she declined the offer. She fancied that no one would suspect so great a lady as she was.

But one fine day the lieutenant-criminal made his appearance with his archers, and she was only allowed time to embrace her children before she was removed, first to the Petit Châtelet, and thence to the Grand. The preliminary proceedings were unusually rapid. One of the conspirators had denounced the whole plot. As to Sanson, we are told he was already in agonies, for he foresaw at once that work was being laid out for his terrible office. Madame Tiquet was condemned on the 3rd of June, 1699, to have her head cut off on the Place de Grève; Jacques Moura, the porter of the hotel, to be hung; and even her denouncer was condemned to the galères for life. It was in vain that M. Tiquet, who had recovered from his wounds, supplicated with his children for her life at the feet of Louis XIV. It was in vain that powerful friends, moved by sympathy for a young woman wedded to an old counsellor, interposed in her favour. Cardinal de Noailles, Archbishop of Paris, strengthened the king in his resolutions to give a salutary example.

The criminal-lieutenant, Deffita, had been in his time one of the most humble worshippers at the shrine of Angélique's beauty, and it was not without much perturbation that he had to read to her her sentence. He acquitted himself of his duty, however, with the addition of many consolatory and pious reflections, which came strangely enough from such lips. Angélique was sensible of the fact. She could not help contrasting the actual moment with the days when the magistrate had sighed at her feet, and she reminded him of the circumstance with a touch of irony not uncommon with spoilt beauties. She declared, however, that she was not afraid of death; she did not brave punishment, but she hoped to submit to it with resignation. She at first refused to make any confessions, but the first quart of cold water, and the preparations for more formidable tortures, shook her constancy, and she avowed all. When asked if Montgeorges was an accomplice,

"No, by Heaven!" she exclaimed. "I would never have taken him into my confidence; it would have made me lose his esteem, which was dearer to me than life."

She was placed in a cart, with the Abbé de la Chétardie, her confessor; and in the same vehicle was the porter, Jacques Moura, also accompanied by a priest.

The melancholy procession had great difficulty in making its way



through the dense crowd that obstructed the streets. Madame Tiquet was dressed entirely in white, which only served to set off her resplendent beauty to advantage; her colour was also heightened by seeing the prodigious crowds that had accumulated to witness her last moments. Just as the cart reached the Place de la Grève, a violent storm burst overhead. It thundered, lightened, and poured in torrents, but no one thought of giving up their places. The execution was delayed for half an hour, and Angélique sat all that time contemplating the scaffold and the black hearse which was to carry away her mortal remains.

Charles Sanson declares that this half hour was to him one of horrible suspense. Looking at the beautiful penitent before him, thoughts of Colombe and Marguerite rushed upon his brain, and he became utterly unnerved. Jacques Moura, after bidding his mistress an eternal farewell, was hung first by the master's assistants. Angélique then stepped up, bowing gracefully to the "*maître des hautes œuvres*," and holding out her hand that he might help her up. Arrived on the platform, she went down on her knees, said a short prayer, and thanked her confessor. She then arranged her hair, and, after having kissed the block, she fixed her beautiful eyes on Maître Sanson, and said:

"Sir, will you have the goodness to tell me in what position I am to place myself?"

The master had scarcely presence of mind to intimate that she had simply to place her head on the block. Angélique followed out the instructions of her own good will, and when she had done so, she said:

"Am I all right so?"

The *maître des hautes œuvres* replied by lifting up his heavy sword, and, making it describe a circle in the air, he brought it down with its full weight upon the neck of the fair victim.

The blood burst forth, but the head did not fall.

A cry of horror arose in the crowd.

Sanson de Longval struck again. This time, as before, a whistling sound was heard in the air, followed by the crash of the weapon upon the block; but still the head was not detached.

The hurling of the spectators assumed an almost threatening character.

Almost blinded by the blood that spurted up from the sufferer, Charles brandished his sword a third time, and struck almost with frenzy.

This time the head of Angélique rolled at his feet.

The assistants had to take up the head, for as to the executioner, we are told that he took flight in that state of delirious exasperation into which he was thrown by all executions.

The same evening, an officer of the Guards was devouring his grief in the most gloomy and least frequented avenues of the park of Versailles, when he was surprised at meeting the king in person.

"Captain Montgeorges," said Louis XIV., "I never suspected you, but I am not the less pleased that the unfortunate woman, upon whom justice was done this morning, has sealed your innocence with her blood; what do you ask?"

"Leave for eight months, sire, to travel out of the kingdom."

"Granted," said the king, withdrawing, and making signs to his attendants to follow him and to leave Montgeorges to his sorrow.

We have before remarked that it was in the time of Charles Sanson that the Edict of Nantes had been revoked under the influence of "la vieille" and "la veuve quinquagénaire du cul de jatte Scarron," as Madame de Maintenon was designated, and France was covered with those dragooning apostles, whom Louvois called his "missionnaires bottés." It is a remarkable proof of the progress of religious toleration in France, that no one now-a-days—not even the last of seven generations of executioners—writes of these sanguinary persecutions except in terms of overt reprobation. We hope it is the dawn of a better state of things, and of the final overthrow of the last of the mediæval incubuses that lays like a nightmare upon the heart of Europe.

The persecuted Huguenots revenged themselves upon the king and his bigoted mistress by pamphlets and poetic libels. In a country where ridicule is fatal, the frailties of royalty furnished his enemies with a terrible weapon, of which they did not fail to avail themselves. One of these pamphlets, called "*L'Ombre de M. Scarron*," gave particular annoyance to the monarch, for it was preceded by an engraving in which the monument erected in the Place des Victoires was parodied, and the king, instead of having four statues (the four quarters of the globe) chained at his feet, was represented as himself chained by four women, La Vallière, Fontanges, Montespan, and Maintenon. The author was never detected, although many were sent on suspicion to the Bastille, and no small number had to undergo the pleasantries of the "question." Among others who were more particularly victimised, was one Jean Larcher, a bookbinder, on whose premises a number of copies of the annoying pamphlet were discovered by a curious concatenation of circumstances. Suffice it, that Jean Larcher was subjected to the last penalty of the law, leaving a document testifying to his innocence in the hands of Charles Sanson, his executioner.

Charles Sanson had taken to wife, on the 11th of July, 1699, when he was sixty-four years of age, one Jeanne-Renée Dubut, who is said to have been a great comfort to him in his old age. It was not, however, till the year 1700 that he was enabled to hand over Jean Larcher's last bequest to his son, Nicholas Larcher, who had been a Protestant refugee in England. This document laid the whole blame of the circumstances which led to the said Jean's ignominious death upon one Chavannes, who had since wedded Jean's widow (who was also implicated in the conspiracy), and had taken the business. Nicholas, expelled from his father's house, without resources, and excited to madness by religious persecutions and the thirst for revenge, slew the guilty pair with his own hand; but he escaped being broken on the wheel by dying of brain fever a few days afterwards, and before he could be removed from his dungeon in the Châtelet.

So certain it is that man was created to struggle against troubles and difficulties, that, as the strength of the muscles is increased by exercise, so is the mind often strengthened and life prolonged by those very sufferings which are by many supposed to abbreviate it. Notwithstanding the trials which Charles Sanson had undergone in his youth, and the peculiarity of his subsequent career, he was a hale, and even vigorous, old man at sixty-seven years of age. He was, as we have seen was fore-

told to him by the old soothsayer of the "*Ancre Dérivée*," to meet some of the friends of his youth—when he was the young and reckless Lieutenant de Longval—ere he passed from this world. He had become in his old age very attentive to his religious duties. He was also very charitable, and had always a few halfpence for the beggars who crowd the porches of French churches. This led him to notice particularly an old man with a long grey beard, who was attended by a little girl of great beauty. But when he attempted to establish friendly relations with the old beggar and his child, he was repulsed with even more than indifference. Some months afterwards the strange couple disappeared from their customary station, and Charles Sanson did not meet with them again till one day the pillorying of three distinguished persons—a king's counsel, a provost, and an assessor—had attracted half Paris to the Halles. The little girl had grown up a handsome young woman, and the fate that Sanson had foreseen for her had manifestly been realised, as he could judge by the company she was in. Sanson was rarely out late at night, but it so happened, shortly after this, that he was kept out later than usual, and on his way home he was attacked by six men, who shot his attendant, and garrotted himself (not in the modern acceptation of the word, but bound him with cords), and then, putting him on the back of a gigantic fellow disguised as a pilgrim, and hence from his shell, called "*Coquillard*," he was carried off to one of the "*Tapis Francais*" of the eighteenth century, which Eugène Sue has depicted in the nineteenth—a place of meeting for beggars, thieves, bandits, and assassins, and who were presided over by a broken-down old man in rags, but with a sword by his side, and who turned out to be no less a personage than the Gascon officer, De Blignac. When Sanson had been unbound in the presence of this crowd of malefactors, he was informed by their "*coesre*," or chief, that he had been sent for (in a rather unceremonious manner) to carry out the extreme penalties of the law in the case of one of their own band. It was in vain that he objected; the criminal was brought forth, and it was the very old man who used to stand beneath the porch of his own parish church. The "*coesre*" then approached the executioner, and calling him by his old name—Monsieur de Longval—asked him if he did not recognise the parties; it was only then that Sanson, suddenly struck with the fact, exclaimed:

"Blignac! and thou, too, Paul; thou here among these——"

The Gascon did not allow him to conclude. "We have followed different courses," he ironically observed, "and we have all three nothing much to boast of."

Paul Bertaut was to be put to death for having cheated the brotherhood, but it was strongly suspected by the "*ancien gentilhomme*," M. de Blignac, now their "*coesre*," that it was in reality his daughter, "*Belle-Mirette*," or "*Pretty-Eyes*," as she was called by the fraternity, who had robbed her aged father; but Paul would not admit this, and declared that he would rather die. Sanson endeavoured to support this view of the case by declaring what he had seen on the day of the pillorying. But the mob of Bohemians and bandits were furious, and would hear of no postponement. The unfortunate Paul was subjected to frightful tortures in order to induce him to avow what had become of the missing money. The bandits knew, we are told, how to refine upon the practices

of the law and the Inquisition. Paul allowed the flesh to be burnt off his feet without betraying his daughter. They then tried to hang him, but the rope broke. They then placed his head on a billet, and struck at it, but so unscientifically as only to open a gaping wound, and Paul rose up and ran about the den shrieking with agony. At length the aged Sanson put an end to the horrible scene by hastily drawing M. de Blignac's sword from its sheath and thus ending the sufferings of his miserable cousin.

The next day the "*maître des hautes œuvres*" was found by some peasants lying senseless in a ditch; he was taken home and attended to by his wife and by a doctor; but it was a long time before he so far recovered himself as to be able to relate the horrors of his nocturnal adventure. He never resumed his official duties; but, handing these over to his son and successor, called Charles, after himself, he withdrew to a cottage at Condé, in Brie, where the only repose common to us all came at length to him, in the shape of death. In his last days the sight of a drop of blood, we are told, would throw him into convulsions. As to M. de Blignac, the end of the Gascon adventurer was as original as his career. He had planned a scheme for robbing a rich ecclesiastic by the band, disguised as archers, taking one of the fraternity, as a captured highwayman, to receive the last consolations of the prebend, before he should be suspended to the nearest tree. The farce of a hanging-match was then to be gone through, and while the spectators were assembled to witness the proceedings, another portion of the band were to pillage the priest's house. The only difficulty was to find the man who would play the part of the criminal; and M. de Blignac having resolved that it should be determined by dice, it fell to himself to enact the part. All went on well up to the time when the old Gascon adventurer was mounted on a barrel, and the cord adjusted to his neck; when suddenly the proceedings were interrupted by the appearance of a strong body of real archers. The bandits, terrified at the appearance of the eternal enemies of their race, fled in all directions, and the one who was acting the part of executioner, in his haste to get away, kicked the barrel from beneath him, and M. de Blignac was thus saved from dying by the hands of the son and successor of his old friend and brother-officer, Monsieur Charles Sanson de Longval.

Charles Sanson succeeded to his father, Charles Sanson de Longval, on the 8th of September, 1703. He is described as having been of "a mild and melancholy disposition." He wedded, on the 30th of April, 1707, Martha Dubut, sister to his stepmother, and, consequently, in a certain sense, his aunt. But the sphere wherein executioners had to find wives was, according to Henry Sanson, very limited. The profits of the office, however, compensated, to a certain extent, the opprobrium attached to it. The rights of "havage," before alluded to, alone brought in 60,000 francs, or 2400*l.* a year, and Charles removed from "*La Nouvelle France*" to a splendid hotel in the Faubourg Poissonnière, with a yard in front and a spacious garden in the rear, and which remained in the family till the year 1778, when it sold for upwards of 100,000 francs, having cost Charles Sanson only 6000 francs.

From 1703 to 1716, the list of executions carried out by the second Sanson comprised nothing but obscure names associated with vulgar crimes. But after the death of Louis XIV. (1715), and the establish-

ment of the Regency, the creation of a "chambre ardente," in order to make the rich disgorge their ill-gotten wealth, brought many a distinguished name to the scaffold—still more to the torture. The public did not profit by this proceeding; it was simply that confiscation and robbery of one thief by another which is said to afford a great amount of amusement to Satan.

Charles Sanson figured in another character, in the so-called conspiracy of Cellamare, got up by Philip V. of Spain, Cardinal Alberoni, his minister, the Prince of Cellamare, his ambassador, and the Duchess of Maine, in favour of the duke her husband. The Abbé Dubois first detected the plot, but the parties persisted not the less in attempting to carry off the Regent. A first attempt was made by Colonel la Jonquière, in the Bois de Boulogne, which ended in the colonel's immolation in the Bastille. A second was to be made in the quarries of Vanves, where the Regent had the weakness to promise his attendance to see an Italian evoke the devil, but it was frustrated by Charles Sanson, who detected a valuable ring, with armorial bearings, on the finger of one of his valets, who had been employed in fustigating a lady of doubtful virtue, and who being, in consequence of this discovery, put to the question, admitted that she was the mistress of M. de Schlieben, the very man who had concocted the plot in the quarries—the nature of which she at the same time fully revealed.

On the evening of the 23rd of March, 1720, Charles Sanson was walking in his garden, when a valet came to say that a lady wished particularly to speak to him. The lady in question was the young and beautiful Marchioness of Parabère, the mistress of the Regent, and she came to solicit the interest of the "maître des hautes œuvres" in favour of the youthful Count Antoine de Horn, condemned to death for the murder of a Jew, and which she declared had been committed by a Piedmontese. It was in vain that she supplicated, abused the Regent, the Abbé Dubois, and the "great fool of a Scotchman," Law; Charles Sanson could only reply that he was neither prince nor minister, not even a man—an arm, a sword, moved only by the law, and neither to be bribed or to be seduced. But after a long interview, he went so far as to say that if an attempt at rescue was made, as propounded by the half-frantic marchioness, he would neither assist nor oppose it. It was the duty of the *maréchaussées* to see to the safety of the criminal; his offices only came into play on the scaffold. Further, if the young count perished by his hand, he promised to bring a reminiscence from the victim.

Count Antoine Joseph de Horn was allied to a princely family, and to the highest nobility of Europe. He was accused (at a moment when the innovations of Law, who was one of the first to inaugurate the system of public credit in France, had excited that passionate desire for rapid fortunes which some have supposed to be peculiar to the existing epoch in Paris) of having, in conjunction with a Piedmontese, the Chevalier de Milhe, and another, murdered and robbed a wealthy Jew stockbroker, in a tavern of the Rue Quincampoix, and who had been inveigled there under pretence of purchasing stock. The count was further accused of having given the first blow. The affair created an immense sensation in Paris, and many of the chief persons of the realm interfered in his favour,

but with no greater success than the Marchioness of Parabère, whose influence was supposed to be unbounded. A petition, signed by fifty-six of the chief nobility of the land, princes, dukes, archbishops, marshals, princesses, abbesses, and others, was presented to the regent, praying for remission of the sentence of death, upon the plea that the count—the legitimate son of Philippe V. and of the Princess of Ligne—was in a state of mental alienation, as were several other members of the family, notoriously Count Ambrose de Horn, Grand Forester of Flanders and of Artois, who had slain two Capucin friars with his own hand; as also the Prince Ferdinand de Ligne and d'Amblise, and the father of the late Princess of Horn and Ovérisque. The regent only consented to commute the sentence, to be broken on the wheel, to simple decapitation. He bore no affection for the descendants of Philippe V., although he himself was allied to the culprit through his mother the Princess Palatine. It was also generally reported that the regent was influenced by other motives. He is said to have found the count in the company of the Marchioness de Parabère under very equivocal circumstances, and he was further said to have shown the count the door upon that occasion, with the stern command, "Go out!" To which the young count is said to have replied: "Our ancestors would have said, 'Let us go out!'" Law and Dubois are also said to have been inimical to the count. The credit of the shares in the Royal Bank and the Mississippi scheme was beginning to fluctuate, and they fancied that they would raise them in public estimation by visiting with the last severity a crime committed in order to obtain shares in those very schemes.

The Marchioness of Parabère was not the only visitor whom Charles Sanson received upon this occasion. The Marquis de Créquy, the organiser of the attempt made to rescue the unfortunate young man, also went to his hotel. The motive of his visit was, however, simply in reference to the commutation of the sentence to decapitation. He exhibited a letter to that effect from the Duke of Saint Simon, in which it was also said that the execution should take place in the court-yard of the Conciergerie, to spare publicity. The marquis at the same time requested to see the sword of justice—on one side of which the word *Justitia* was engraved, on the other a wheel, or the Cross of Saint Andrew. After further suggesting a variety of little details in the execution, the marquis also claimed the body for the family. He further offered on his departure a roll of Louis, but they were declined, in the same respectful terms as in the instance of the Marchioness of Parabère.

The regent failed in his promise, for the very same day the "*maître des hautes œuvres*" received orders to carry out the sentence without any commutation. The executioner and his wife are said to have passed that night in prayer. Early next morning Charles Sanson was introduced to the prisoners in the Conciergerie. They were horribly mutilated, having undergone the most agonising and prolonged tortures; notwithstanding which, the count was apostrophising the chevalier with a febrile excitement that betokened mental alienation. He at the same time repelled all offers of religious consolation. Charles Sanson spoke, on the way to the scaffold, to the young man of what the marchioness had said concerning an attempt at rescue.

"If they had intended to save me," he observed, bitterly, "they would

not have let me be thus lamed for ever." And he looked down pitifully at his mutilated limbs.

"A bold stroke may do it, and I have promised not to oppose it," continued the executioner.

But they had crossed the Pont Notre Dame, and were reaching the end of their painful pilgrimage, and no sign had been made.

"You see that you were only deceiving me," observed the young man.

"My lord, I swear to you that the marchioness had given me reason to hope."

"Tell the marchioness that I pardon her, and that on the wheel or on the scaffold I shall die as a gentleman."

They had arrived. The victims were so mutilated that they had to be carried up the scaffold. The count was there attacked by one of his fits of frenzy, and asked for arms with which to defend himself. A new resolve had in the mean time entered into the head of the executioner. Bidding his assistants fasten the young man to the Cross of Saint Andrew, and handing over the bar of iron to one Nicolas Gros, with which to break his limbs, he prepared a bit of rope, called the "*rétentum*," and while the doctor of the Sorbonne had left the chevalier for a moment to address a few final words of consolation to the count, he passed it quickly round his neck, and pulling it at the very moment that the said Nicolas Gros was raising the bar, he spared him "the most atrocious sufferings that human cruelty ever invented." The priest understood what had been done, and bowed his head in silent acquiescence. In the mean time the poor chevalier was howling under the infliction of the bar. Nothing could stand such frightful tortures; the cold perspiration damped his agonised forehead, and Sanson hastened to order the blow of extermination, which was dealt on the chest, but not without a glance of dread towards the balcony of the Hôtel de Ville, where the authorities sat; but they did not seem to notice what was going forward.

An extraordinary scene ensued after the execution. It had not been over many minutes when several equipages with six horses, outriders, and servants in livery, drove into the "Place." The first that came was the Prince de Ligne; he was followed by the Dukes of Rohan and Croty, and by the Marquis of Créquy. The latter stepped down from his carriage and ascended the scaffold, in the full uniform of inspector-general of the king's armies, and with all his orders.

"And you, sir," he said, addressing Charles Sanson with a threatening tone, "what have become of your promises?"

"My lord," replied the executioner, "at eight o'clock this morning the Count of Horn was no longer in existence, and the bar only struck a body."

The priest whispered his confirmation of what the executioner had said.

"It is well," observed the marquis, as if relieved of a great weight. "Our house will remember that if it could obtain nothing from the regent, nor from the justice of parliament, it is at least indebted for something to the humanity of the executioner."

The body of the unfortunate youth was then placed in a hearse and removed to the hotel of the Countess de Montmorency—Logny née de Horn—and placed in a "*chapelle ardente*," where it remained forty-

eight hours, surrounded by a numerous clergy. It was then taken to the château of Bausigny, in the Low Countries, where the head of the house, the Prince of Horn, resided. Charles Sanson had cut off a lock of the victim's hair, which he transmitted to the Marchioness of Parabère, with only two words, "*Souvenir promis.*" It was generally reported, after this young nobleman's death, that he had not made an appointment with the Jew with the view of either robbing him or assassinating him, but simply to claim a considerable sum in shares that had been entrusted to him, and which the Jew had not only refused to give up, but had insulted and struck the count in the face, and that it was only then that, in a moment of passion, the count had seized a knife lying close by on a table, and, having wounded the Jew, the Chevalier de Milhe had completed the murder and carried off the portfolio. The sad affair only irritated the greatest persons in the state against the regent, and did no good to the system of Law, the catastrophe of which was inevitable. The Duke of Saint Simon attributed the whole event to the "false policy, the '*fiscalité*' (cupidity), and the '*rouerie*' (libertinism), as well also as to the jealousy, of M. the Duke of Orleans."

There was great excitement in Paris on the 15th of October, 1721. Every one had gone forth, and all who met in the wine-shops, coffee-houses, and streets, repeated the same thing, "*Cartouche is taken!*" The renowned bandit—more renowned for his humour and cleverness than even for his daring predatory exploits—and whose career has furnished matter for biographies, romances, and plays without number—nay, have even been immortalised in verse\*—had been betrayed by one of his band, threatened with torture. He was sleeping, the night of his capture, in a public-house in the Courtille, with six pistols on his table. His arrest was effected by no less a personage than M. le Blanc, secretary of state in the war department, and who took with him for the purpose forty of the most determined soldiers he could lay his hand upon, and a whole posse of "*sergents de ville.*" A whole battalion to capture a single man! The house was invested, with muskets loaded and fixed bayonets. Luckily, one of his band going in first, Cartouche was captured in bed, and was bound fast with cords before he could do any mischief. He was led off on foot to the Châtelet, so that the public might know of his capture; but he boasted that they would not keep him long. The crowd that accompanied him was immense. Arrived at the Grand Châtelet, he was made fast to a pillar, so that he should not break his head against the walls, and four men were placed at the door of his cell.

Charles Sanson first saw the renowned highwayman, housebreaker, and thief, whose power, audacity, wondrous intelligence, numerous escapes, and strange adventures, with a certain courtesy of manner and playfulness of disposition, had imparted greater popularity than any of his most notorious predecessors, on the 27th of October. The public still crowded the doors—every one wanted to be able to say that he had seen the notorious bandit. Some believed him to be a sorcerer. Even the nobility solicited permission to see him as the greatest favour; and it is said that the Marchioness of Parabère visited him, disguised as a

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\* "*Le Vice Punì ou Cartouche.*" Poème. Nicolas Rafot de Grandval. Anvers, 1752.



grisette. Charles Sanson describes Cartouche as a thin man, of medium height, and looking about forty, which was more than his age. He was wrinkled and ugly, with a large mouth, small eyes, the flat bull-dog nose, "le nez épaté d'un degue," still to be seen in gentlemen of predatory habits, accompanied with violence. His hair was short and wiry, but his forehead was open and capacious, indicative of his great characteristics—intelligence, a sense of humour, and unbounded audacity.

The bandit recognised his formidable visitor, and shuddered for a moment; but, as quickly recovering himself, he began to joke, and asked the "maître des hautes œuvres," who had a walking-stick in his hand, if he came to measure him. He had, however, matured a plan for escape, which was so nearly successful that he had to be removed to the Conciergerie. He had boasted that he would personally attend the performances which were already being enacted in his honour. Only five days after his arrest the Comédie Italienne had produced a piece called "Arlequin-Cartouche;" and this was followed by Legrand's play of "Cartouche;" produced at the Comédie Française; and which is still popular in the provinces. To carry out this project, he, with the help of another prisoner, made a hole in the pipe of the closet, by which the two made their way into a greengrocer's cellar. Thence they ascended into the shop, which was under an arcade; but where there was, unfortunately for Cartouche, a little dog that barked ferociously. A servant hearing the noise, threw up the window, and shouted out, "Thieves! thieves!" The master came down with a light, and a great was the popularity of Cartouche, that, finding whom he had to do with, he would not have opposed his evasion had it not been for four archers who were drinking brandy close by; and who, attracted by the noise, entered the shop, and recognised the bandit by the chains on his hands and feet.

Cartouche, once more a prisoner, was transferred to the Tour de Montgomery, in the Conciergerie, and his trial was proceeded with, with all possible expedition. He was condemned, with three of the band, on the 26th of November, to be broken on the wheel, after being subjected to the ordinary and extraordinary question. Two others were sentenced to be hanged. Cartouche was put to the question the very next day, and is said to have stood the trial with extraordinary firmness. He was afterwards removed on a mattress—for the patients could not walk after the brodequin—to the chapel of the Conciergerie, where he was attended by the priest of Saint Bartholomew.

Five wheels and two gibbets had been erected on the Place de la Grève, which was filled to suffocation. Windows commanding a view of the scene let at fabulous prices. The crowd was, however, destined to be disappointed. It was four o'clock in the afternoon before Cartouche, or rather his mutilated body, was laid in the cart. The others were too much exhausted to bear removal. On his way he tried to turn round, but, not being able to do so, he asked Charles Sanson if the other carts were in front. He was much disappointed on hearing that he was alone. When, on arriving at the Grève, he saw only one wheel, his cheeks blanched, and great drops of perspiration bedewed his clammy brows. He had expected to perish like a hero at the head of his band, and the solitary fate that awaited him altogether discomposed his anticipations. He was so utterly prostrated that he murmured his wish to make revelations, and he was accordingly conveyed to the Hôtel de Ville; the

scaffold remaining erect all the night. The crowd, however, did not withdraw either from the "Place," or from the windows; fires were lit, and the houses were illuminated, as if upon the occasion of some great festival.

The revelations that Cartouche had to make were of trifling importance, but the night and the tortures to which he had been subjected had a great effect in mollifying his hardened nature; and he became repentant and resigned. At one o'clock the next day, when he was for the last time consigned to the charge of the executioner, he was an altered man. His odious cynicism, his boastful firmness and indifference, had left him, and tears stood in his unaccustomed eyes. Once, when tied to the Cross of Saint Andrew, his spirit of old revived; and as the iron bar was raised up to smash his joints, he exclaimed, like a gambler who is reckoning his stakes, "One!" But it was his last effort; his spirit quailed before the tremendous agony. The saving clause of the "*réten-tum*" had been reserved for the bandit, but, by some untoward accident, the fact had not been communicated to the executioner; and, notwithstanding his delicate appearance, Charles Sanson says, "Cartouche was so vigorously constituted, that it took eleven blows with the bar 'to break him;' and in opposition to the report of the greffier, I can affirm that he lived more than twenty minutes after being attached to the wheel."

Although the fate of the accomplices of the bandit chief had been delayed, they did not escape. Some were executed four days afterwards, and as each group made new revelations, the number of accused ultimately exceeded one hundred and fifty. Among these were several wealthy jewellers, high in repute, two officers of police, and several women, among whom two mistresses of Cartouche, known as the "*filie Néron*" and "*la Grande Jeanneton*," both of whom suffered the last penalty of the law; and involved some sixty more of their own sex.

The last execution carried out by Charles Sanson was in the case of Etienne Benjamin des Chauffeurs, a gentleman of Lorraine, condemned to be burnt alive for unnatural crimes—but he was in reality spared by the secret use of the "*réten-tum*." Charles did not long survive this last execution. He died on the 12th of September, 1726, not quite forty-five years of age. He was succeeded in his office by his oldest son, Charles Jean Baptiste, who, being only seven years of age, was replaced by others, but still, although a mere child, he had to legalise executions by his presence. Thus it was that he was present at the breaking on the wheel of Nivet, a much more cruel bandit than Cartouche, and who seldom spared the lives of those whom he robbed; as also of Poulailleur, who closed the list of the celebrated bandits of the first half of the eighteenth century.

A criminal of a different stamp appeared next in the list. This was Robert François Damiens, who had been arrested immediately upon his attempt upon the life of Louis XV. Damiens had been a bad man—a thief and a vagabond; he was also subject to paroxysms of violence, which partook considerably of the character of mental alienation. When removed to the post of the Gardes du Corps and of the Cent Suisses, immediately upon the attempt, he was at once subjected to all kinds of irregular tortures, in order to extract from him the names of his accomplices.

He was only saved from being roasted alive by the lieutenant of the provost, who claimed the prisoner in order that justice might be allowed to take its usual course. Louis XV. had, it is well known, received a severe flesh-wound, and was indebted for his life to his wearing two reading-coats, of which the French made "*redingotes*," one of which was lined with fur.

Damiens was taken from Versailles, where he had made his foul attempt upon the life of the king, to Paris. He was removed on a mattress; his legs had been so badly burnt that he could not stand upright, and the carriage in which he was placed was protected by a very strong escort. Other troops were disposed at distances the whole length of the road. The renowned "*Tour de Montgomery*" was selected as his prison, and was strongly barricaded. Four men never left his side, except when relieved by four others. His food was tasted before he was permitted to partake of it, for fear that his accomplices might anticipate the course of justice by means of poison. After many useless interrogatories, which only served to prove the maniacal fanaticism of the criminal, Damiens was condemned to the death of a regicide, after undergoing the question.

Charles Jean Baptiste Sanson had been struck down by paralysis, and his younger brother, Nicolas Gabriel Sanson, was called upon to officiate. His first duty comprised the purchase of four horses, which he did at an expense of four hundred and thirty-two francs—a large sum for the period. An old torturer, whose father had operated upon Ravallac, undertook that part of the business. Charles Henry Sanson, son of Charles Jean Baptiste, at that time seventeen years of age, had to be present to legalise the proceedings.

When Damiens was submitted to the torture, there occurred—what Henry Sanson tells us he has himself remarked with the most resolute—an involuntary anguish, which was more particularly signalised by spasms, and irregular contraction of the muscles of the neck. He could not partake of some wine that was offered him. When told that he would require all his strength for that terrible day, he replied, with a wild look,

"My strength is in God! My strength is in God!"

Subjected to the torture, Damiens screamed at the top of his voice. He incriminated various persons, and then as readily withdrew his charges. He accused a witch with having placed him under a ban. He said God punished him for his pride, and that he had held communication with Satan. He prayed for mercy, and that he might be put to death. After two hours and a half of agony the surgeons declared he could stand no more. The judges rose up, almost as much relieved as the victim by the conclusion of this horrible scene. Damiens only lifted up his head once to contemplate his mutilated limbs. He was then borne off on a mattress to the chapel.

Arrived on the scaffold, his arm was made fast to a bar of iron, as far as the wrist, and a brazier was lifted up to his hand. When the flames first caught the flesh he uttered a fearful shriek, but after that he lifted up his head and watched the progress of the flames. His teeth were alone heard to shake in his head. An assistant, who had been bribed by the Sansons, next proceeded to tear off large pieces of flesh, while boiling oil, burning rosin, molten sulphur and lead were poured into the open wounds. Damiens was in what the experienced "*maitre des hautes*

*œuvres*" designates as the very delirium of agony. His eyes were starting from his head, his hair stood on end, and he seemed to deride his torturers. His voice, which had nothing human in it, ejaculated "Encore ! encore ! encore !"

The miserable being was at length taken down and placed upon the Cross of Saint Andrew, and then each limb was separately made fast to a horse. He kept his eyes steadily closed whilst these preparations were going on. All that he was heard to mutter was "*Jésus ! Marie ! à moi, à moi !*" The horses were then led out, each in an opposite direction, and whipped from behind. At the first pull one of the animals fell on its knees. This was repeated three times ; but so wonderfully is the human being constructed, that the muscles and the tendons still held good. All present, even to the executioners, were in a state of consternation. The patient was not dead ; his breathing, on the contrary, was unnaturally distinct. The attendant priest had fainted away. Boyer, the surgeon, hastened to the authorities at the Hôtel de Ville, and asked that the muscles should be divided. The permission was granted ; but there was no knife, and one of the assistants had to set the limbs free by repeated blows of an axe. It was only then that the horses were enabled to drag off the palpitating members. As the last went, Damiens opened his eyes, looked up to heaven, and breathed his last. His hair, which was brown when he arrived upon the Place de la Grève, was then as white as driven snow. It is to be hoped that Providence, in his infinite kindness, rendered his sufferings, from the very excess of the tortures inflicted, less poignant than would appear to the spectators of so horrible a scene. It was, at all events, the last time that a mode of punishment so repulsive to the commonest instincts of humanity was had recourse to. As to Gabriel Sanson, he was so upset by it that he hastened to give in his resignation, and he ceded his fearful duties to his nephew, Charles Henry Sanson, upon consideration of an annuity of two thousand four hundred francs.

Charles Henry's services were required, among others, in a case of painful historical interest. The loss of Pondicherry, and of the other French possessions in India, had exasperated that feeling of national pride which is always so excessive with the French, and it found an outlet in the persecution of Thomas Arthur de Lally-Tollendal, who had been in unsuccessful command of the colonies. Lally-Tollendal was of Irish descent, his family having gone over to France with the Stuarts.

He was at once an able and courageous commander, and if he had faults they were not such as should have been punished by the French. By his skill and bravery he for a time recovered all that had been lost by the incompetency of Dupleix ; but the frightful excesses which he permitted to his soldiers at St. David's and at Madras more than tarnish—they sully ineffaceably—the good points of his character. It was not for these, however, that the proud and gallant Indian officer was put upon his trial—it was "for having betrayed the king's interests." The French cast the memory of Byng and Calder in our teeth ; they have as victims of national vanity Biron, Lally-Tollendal, Villeneuve, and a host of others. Lally-Tollendal was condemned to death upon charges of treachery which time has utterly disproved. M. de Choiseul is said to have interfered in his favour, but Louis XV., for whom the lunatic Damiens was slowly burnt and torn to pieces, was inflexible. The old

man—for Lally-Tollendal was at that epoch considerably advanced in years—tried to save himself from a public execution by suicide, but he was too carefully tended to have been able to carry his intentions into effect.

A curious circumstance had established a remote connexion between Lally-Tollendal and the Sansons, which was only to end on the scaffold. The night of Jean Baptiste's wedding, he (Lally-Tollendal) and some other young men, being out on a frolic, saw that a dance was going on, and requested to be permitted to join the party. Their request was acceded to, and it was not till they were going away that they were informed of the Parisian caste of their entertainers. Lally-Tollendal only laughed, and asked, as the Marquis de Créquy had done, to see the sword used in decapitation. While contemplating the formidable weapon, he also asked Sanson if he was sure of striking off the head at one blow. Sanson replied in the affirmative, and added, jokingly, that if ever the fate of a Boutevette, a Cinq Mars, or a Rohan awaited him, he would not entrust the head of a gentleman to his valet, but would promise him that he himself would carry out the sentence.

When the news arrived at Jean Baptiste's, in the little town of Brim-Comte-Robert, that Lally-Tollendal was condemned to death, the memory of the past strange engagement made with him came back to his mind, and he started for Paris, determined to carry it out. His son, Charles Henry, represented to him, however, that he was paralysed, that he could no longer wield the heavy weapon with effect, and that he might be present, but he must leave to younger and stronger arms to carry out the behests of the law. It was so arranged, and the two king's officers, as they were called, went together to the Bastille, where a tremendous scene had just been enacted: the authorities, dreading, from the violent and haughty temper of their victim, that he would commit them by his loud asseverations on the scaffold and on the way to it, had resolved that he should be gagged, and the veteran had fought against the indignity till he was knocked about and bruised in almost every portion of his body.

Lally-Tollendal, recognising Jean Baptiste Sanson, became more tranquil, and better resigned to his fate. Supported by the father and son, he ascended the scaffold with a firm step. Jean Baptiste showed him his arm struck down by palsy, and, expressing his regret that he could not officiate as he had promised, introduced his son as his *locum tenens*. Lally-Tollendal smiled, and then resigned himself to prayer. Jean Baptiste then took off his gag, that he might pray at his ease—he was sole master, he said, on the scaffold. Lally-Tollendal alluded in his prayers to the strange incident that had thrown Sanson in his way before, and he afterwards gave him his waistcoat of rich Indian stuff, with buttons each of which was a valuable ruby.

A still stranger scene was destined yet to occur. The old man, after requesting that his hands might be set free, which was not conceded, as instinct (whatever might have been his control over himself) would have made him lift them up, called out with a loud voice:

"Now strike!"

Charles Henry Sanson lifted up the great sword of justice and brought it down upon the old man's neck, but the blade caught the hair, and only

opened a great gaping wound. The blow had, however, been dealt with such force, that it threw Lally-Tollendal down upon the platform. Rising up again, he cast a look of reproach at Charles Henry, as if to say he had not carried out the promise of his parent. Seeing this, Jean Baptiste stepped forward, tore the bloody weapon from his son's hands, and, as if suddenly endowed with all the vigour of his youth, struck so effectually, that before another moment had elapsed the head of the victim rolled upon the scaffold.

The unjust sacrifice of Lally-Tollendal was followed, some years afterwards, by that of another young gentleman, whose punishment is generally admitted to have been totally incommensurate with his crime. This was the young Chevalier de la Barre, who was condemned at the age of twenty to be burnt, after being decapitated, for having with some other boys (for they were nothing better—one of them, Meisnel, was only fourteen years of age) broken up and derided a great Italian Calvary erected upon the Pont-Neuf at Abbeville.

Charles Henry Sanson was sent for in this instance to carry out the fearful penalties of a bigoted persecution, and when first introduced to the unfortunate youth, the latter asked him if it was not he who had beheaded Lally-Tollendal. Upon receiving an answer in the affirmative, he continued, "You managed that affair very badly; now I hope you will be more skilful in my case. I must admit that I have been somewhat conceited" (the young chevalier was of almost feminine beauty, of handsome appearance, and with graceful manners), "and I should not like my poor head to terrify, at the last moment, those who will see it." Charles Sanson explained at length to the young man that if decapitation was permitted to a gentleman, it was because a person of good birth was supposed to have firmness to stand the trial, but that in the case of M. Lally-Tollendal, the old man's passions were so uncontrollable, that they imparted convulsive movements to his neck and whole body, which led to the disaster, but he would undertake to assure the Chevalier de la Barre, from the cool way in which he confronted his fate, that everything would go off to his perfect satisfaction!

The chevalier must have been a facetious gentleman, and a loss to society. He had summoned Sanson to his prison the next morning after his arrival, before he had awoken from his sleep, and he apologised by saying that "the perspective of the long sleep to which he should shortly be indebted to him had rendered him egotistical." And he added to his injunctions in regard to quickness and despatch, "The dead are more formidable than is generally supposed, so do not make an enemy for yourself in the tomb."

When he was placed in the fatal car, with a great placard on his chest taxing him with being "impious, a blasphemer, an abominable, execrable, and sacrilegious man," a Dominican monk took his place on his right, and Sanson on his left.

"That is right," he said; "between the doctor for the soul and the doctor for the body, what evil can betide me?"

He was instructed to ask pardon for having given offence to religion in front of the porch of Saint Wulfranc, but he persistently refused.

"To admit myself to be guilty," he exclaimed, "would be to offend God by a lie; I will not do it."

There was a great depth of religious philosophy, as well as of superficial facetiousness, in so young a man, nor did his strength of mind fail him to the last. At the foot of the scaffold, he for a moment changed colour. Sanson's eyes were down upon him in a moment. Imagine being tutored even to the scaffold! The young man saw it, and recovering himself, he observed :

"Do not be afraid ; I shall not play the child." Upon the platform he examined the blade, and then, turning round to Sanson, he said, "Now, master, strike with a firm hand ; as to me, I do not tremble."

"But, monsieur le chevalier," said the executioner, utterly confounded with the young man's impassibility, "it is customary to kneel down."

"The custom, then, will not be observed in this instance ; it is for criminals to kneel down. I shall remain upright." And then turning round, the executioner hesitating to strike a man on his feet, he said in a tone of slight impatience, "Why don't you strike?"

A most surprising result ensued. Sanson struck under such peculiar circumstances, which demanded all his skill and all his strength, so effectually, that the sword traversed the neck and vertebral column at once, and that so neatly, that the head did not fall, but remained poised on the shoulders for more than a second of time. It was only when the body gave way that the head rolled off, to the infinite surprise and astonishment of the spectators.

All sorts of strange versions have been given of this extraordinary incident, which has been related in legends, chronicles, and stories, both in prose and verse. One of the best is that given by the—in his way—incomparable author of the "*Petites Causes Célèbres*."

"In the time of Louis XI. and Louis XIII.," the author relates, "the executioners had reduced their office to that of one of the most difficult arts and one of the most refined sciences. One of them carried his dexterity so far, that he had rendered the story of the scaffold, that I am about to relate, almost possible :

"A gentleman whom he was about to decapitate requested him only to strike at a certain signal.

"Things being thus arranged, the execution took place.

"The gentleman then repeated the signal, thinking that the executioner had not noticed it.

"'The thing is done, my lord ; shake yourself a little.' And the gentleman having shaken himself, his head fell off.

"Maudit bourreau, faut-il que tu demeures

Aussi long-tems à mesurer tes coups ?

—Eh ! par la mort, c'est fait depuis deux heures,

Dit le bourreau, monsieur, secouez-vous."

## THE SHADOW OF ASHLYDYAT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "EAST LYNN."

## PART THE EIGHTEENTH.

## I.

## MARGERY'S TONGUE LET LOOSE.

THE streets were lighted in Prior's Ash, and people passed to and fro in them on their evening occupations. Two, there were, walking together; a lady, and a young man dressed in a sailor's jacket; who seemed by their pace to be in a hurry. The lady appeared to wish to shun observation, for she bent her face underneath her veil, and kept, so far as might be, in the shade. You need not be told that they were Maria Godolphin and Reginald Hastings. *He* swung along, nodding to everybody he knew. Recent events reflected no shame on him. And if they had reflected it, Reginald Hastings was not one to take the shame to himself.

"What's the matter?" cried he freely to a group, through whom they had to push their way along the pavement. "Anybody down in a fit?"

"Old Byles is a shutting up of his shop for good," came the answer. "Mr. George Godolphin have had his money, so he says it's of no use for him to try to keep open; he may as well go right off into the workus."

Pleasant hearing for Maria! This Byles kept a general shop, and they did owe him something considerable, for the servants were in the habit of running there when stores ran short at home. The man's savings, also, had been in the bank. He was accustomed to get tipsy every night; and, when in that state, would hold forth at his door upon the subject of his grievances to the listeners who collected round it. It was long since he had had such a grievance as this.

"Bah!" cried Reginald. "He'll be all right in the morning."

"Come along, Reginald," whispered Maria, in fear lest the crowd should recognise, perhaps insult her. And they walked on; her head bent lower; Reginald's turned back with a laugh.

When they arrived at the bank, Reginald gave a flourish on the knocker enough to knock it flat, pulled the bell with a peal that alarmed the servants, and then made off with a hasty good night, leaving Maria standing there alone, in his careless fashion. Possibly he was anticipating some fun with old Byles. At the same moment there advanced from the opposite direction, a woman carrying a brown-paper parcel.

It was Margery. Detained at the place where she had gone to meet her sister by that sister's sudden illness, she had been unable to return until now. It had put Margery out considerably, and altogether she had come home in anything but a genial humour.

"I knowed there'd be nothing lucky in the journey," she grumblingly cried, in reply to Maria's salutation of welcome. "The night afore I



started I was stuck in the midst of a muddy pool all night in my dream, and couldn't get out of it."

"Is your sister better?" asked Maria.

"She's better; and gone on into Wales. But she's the poorest creature I ever saw. ~~Small, well at home, and am I?~~"

"All well," replied Maria, the tone of her voice a subdued one, as she thought how different it was in one sense from "well."

"And how has Harriet managed with the child?" continued Margery, in a tart tone, meant for the unconscious Harriet.

"Very well indeed," answered Maria. "Quite well."

The door had been opened, and they were then crossing the hall. Maria turned into the dining-room, and Margery continued her way up-stairs, grunting as she did so. To believe that Harriet, or anybody else, herself excepted, could do "quite well" by Meta, was a stretch of credulity utterly inadmissible to Margery's biased mind. In the nursery sat Harriet, a damsel in a smart cap with flying pink ribbons.

"What, is it you?" was her salutation to Margery. "We thought you had taken up your abode yonder for good."

"Did you?" said Margery. "What else did you think?"

"And your sister, poor dear!" continued Harriet, passing by the retort and speaking in a sympathising tone, for she generally found it to her interest to keep friends with Margery. "Is she got well?"

"As well as she ever will get, I suppose," was Margery's crusty answer.

She sat down, untied her bonnet-strings and threw it off, and unpinned her shawl. Harriet snuffed the candle and resumed her work, which appeared to be the sewing of tapes on a pinafore of Meta's.

"Has she tore 'em off again?" asked Margery, her eyes following the progress of the needle.

"She's always tearing them off," responded Harriet, biting the end of her thread.

"And how's things going on here?" demanded Margery, her voice assuming a confidential tone, as she drew her chair nearer to Harriet's. "The bank's not opened again, I find, for I asked so much at the station."

"Things couldn't be worse," said Harriet. "It's all a smash together. The house is bankrupt."

"Lord help us!" ejaculated Margery.

Harriet let her work fall on the table, and leaned her head towards Margery's, her voice dropping to a whisper.

"I say! We have got a man in here?"

"In here!" breathlessly rejoined Margery.

Harriet nodded. "Since last Tuesday. There's one stopping here, and there's another at Ashlydyat. Margery, I declare to you when they were going through the house, them creatures, I felt that sick, that I could have heaved my inside right out. If I had dared, I'd have upset a bucket of boiling water over the lot as they came up the stairs."

Margery sat, revolving the news, a terribly blank look upon her face. Harriet resumed:

"We shall all have to leave, every soul of us: and soon, too, we

suspect. I don't know about you, you know. I am so sorry for my mistress!"

"Well!" burst forth Margery, giving vent to her indignation, "he has brought matters to a fine pass!"

"Meaning master?" asked Harriet.

"Meaning nobody else," was the tart rejoinder.

"He just has," said Harriet. "Prior's Ash is saying such things that it raises one's hair to hear it. We don't like to repeat them again, only just among ourselves."

"What's the drift of 'em?" inquired Margery.

"There's all sorts of drifts. About his having took and made away with the money in the tills: and those bonds of Lord Averil's, that there was so much looking after—it was he took them. Who'd have believed it, Margery, of Mr. George Godolphin, with his gay laugh and his handsome face?"

"Better for him if his laugh had been a bit less gay and his face less handsome," was the sharp remark of Margery. "He might have been steadier then."

"Folks talk of the Verralls, and that set up at Lady Godolphin's Folly," rejoined Harriet, her voice falling still lower. "Prior's Ash says he has had too much to do with them, and——"

"I don't want that scandal repeated over to me," angrily reprimanded Margery. "Perhaps other people knew as much about it as Prior's Ash; they have got eyes, I suppose. There's no need for you to bring it up to one's face."

"But they talk chiefly about Mr. Verrall," persisted Harriet, with a stress upon the name. "It's said that he and master have had business dealings together of some sort, and that that's where the money's gone. I was not going to bring up anything else. The man down stairs—and upon my word, Margery, he's a decent man enough, if you can only forget who he is—says that there are thousands and thousands gone into Verrall's pockets, which ought to be in master's."

"They'd ruin a saint, and I have always said it," was Margery's angry remark. "See her tearing about with her horns and her carriages, in her feathers and her brass; and master at her tail, after her! Many's the time I've wondered that Mr. Godolphin has put up with it. I'd have given him a word of a sort, if I had been his brother."

"I should if I had been his wife——" Harriet was beginning, but Margery fiercely arrested her. Her own tongue might be guilty of as many slips as it chose in the forgetful heat of argument; but it was high treason for Harriet's to lapse into one.

"You hold your sauce, will you, girl! How dare you bring your mistress's name up in any such thing? I don't know what you mean, for my part. When she complains of her husband, it'll be time enough then for you to take up the chorus. Could you wish to see a better husband, pray?"

"He's quite a model husband—to her face," replied saucy Harriet. "And the old saying's a true one: What the eye don't see the heart won't rue. Where's the need for us to quarrel over it," she added, picking up her work again. "You have got your opinion and I have

got mine, and if they were laid naked side by side it's likely they'd not be far apart from each other. Let them be bad or good, opposite or favourable, it can't make any change in the past. What's done is done, and the house is broken up."

Margery flung her shawl off her shoulders, something like Charlotte Pain had flung off hers, the previous Monday morning, in the breakfast-room, and a silence ensued.

"Perhaps the house may go on again?" said Margery, presently, in a dreamy tone.

"Why, how can it?" returned Harriet, looking up from her work at the pinafore, which she had resumed. "All the money's gone. A bank can't go on without money."

"What does he say to it?" very sharply asked Margery.

"What does who say to it?"

"Master. Does *he* say how the money comes to be gone? How does he like facing the creditors?"

"He is not here," said Harriet. "He has not been home since he left last Saturday. It's said he is in London."

"And Mr. Godolphin?"

"Mr. Godolphin's here. And a nice task of it he has every day, with the angry creditors. If we have had one of the bank creditors bothering at the hall-door for Mr. George, we have had fifty. At first, they'd not believe he was away, and wouldn't be got rid of. Creditors of the house, too, have come, worrying my mistress out of her life."

"Why need they worry her?" wrathfully asked Margery.

"They must see somebody: and Mr. George is not here to be seen."

"Then he ought to be," snapped Margery.

"So he ought. There's a sight of money owing in the town. Cook says she'd not have believed there was a quarter of the amount, only just for household things, till it came to be summed up. Some of them down stairs are wondering if they will get their wages. And—I say, Margery, have you heard about Mr. Hastings?"

"What about him?" asked Margery.

"He has lost every shilling he had. It was in the bank, and——"

"He couldn't have had so very much to lose," interposed Margery, who was in the humour to contradict everything. "What can a parson save? Not much."

"But it is not that—*his* money. The week before the bank went, he had lodged between nine and ten thousand pounds in it for safety. He was left trustee, you know, to Mr. Chisholm's children, and their money was paid to him, it turns out, and he brought it to the bank. It's all gone."

Margery lifted her hands in dismay. "I have heard say that failures is like nothing but a devouring fire, for the money they swallow up," she remarked. "It seems it's true."

"My mistress has looked so ill ever since! And she can eat nothing. Pierce says it would melt the heart of a stone to see her make believe to eat before him and them, waiting at dinner, trying to get a morsel down her throat, and can't. My belief is, that she's thinking of her father's ruin night and day. Report is, that master

took the money from the rector, knowing it would never be paid back again."

"It ought to have been paid when the bank went," said Margery.

"But master has used it, they say. That man down stairs seems to know everything. We wonder where he gathers all his news from."

Margery got up with a jerk. "If I stop here I shall be hearing worse and worse," she remarked. "This will be enough to kill Miss Janet. That awful Shadow hasn't been on the Dark Plain this year for nothing. We might well notice that it never was so black!"

Perching her bonnet on her head hind part before, to save the trouble of carrying it, and throwing her shawl over her arm, Margery lighted a candle and opened a door leading from the room into a bed-chamber. Her own bed stood opposite to her, and in a corner at the opposite end was the little bed of Miss Meta. She laid her shawl and bonnet on the drawers, and advanced on tiptoe, shading the light with her hand.

Intending to take a fond look at her darling. But, like many more of us who advance confidently on some pleasure, Margery arrived at nothing but disappointment. The place where Meta ought to have been was empty. Nothing to be seen but the smooth white bed-clothes, laid ready open for the young lady's reception. Did a fear dart over Margery's mind that she must be lost? She certainly flew back as if some such idea occurred to her.

"Where's the child?" she burst out.

"She has not come home yet," replied Harriet, with composure.

"I was waiting here for her."

"Come home from where? Where is she?"

"At Lady Godolphin's Folly. But Mrs. Pain has never kept her so late as this before."

"She's *there*! With Mrs. Pain?" shrieked Margery.

"She has been there every day this week. Mrs. Pain has either come or sent for her. Look there," added Harriet, pointing to a collection of toys in a corner of the nursery. "She has brought home all those things. Mrs. Pain loads her with them."

Margery answered not a word. She blew out the candle, leaving it under Harriet's nose for her benefit, and went down stairs to the dining-room. Maria, her things never taken off, was sitting just as she had come in, apparently lost in thought. She rose up when Margery entered, and began untying her bonnet.

"Harriet says that the child's at Mrs. Pain's; that she has been let go there all the week," began Margery, without circumlocution.

"Yes," replied Maria. "I cannot think why she has not come home. Mrs. Pain——"

"And you could let her go there, ma'am!" interrupted Margery's indignant voice, paying little heed or deference to what her mistress might be saying. "*There*! If anybody had come and told it to me before this night, I'd not have believed it."

"But, Margery, it has done her no harm. There's a pinafore or two torn, I believe, and that's the worst. Mrs. Pain has been exceedingly kind. She has kept her dogs shut up all the week."

Margery's face was working ominously. It bore the signs of a brewing storm.

"Kind! She!" repeated Margery, almost beside herself: "Why, then, if it's come to this pass, you had better have your eyes opened, ma'am, if nothing else will stop the child's going there. Your child at Mrs. Charlotte Pain's! Prior's Ash will talk more than it has talked."

"What has Prior's Ash said?" asked Mariz, an uncomfortable feeling stealing over her.

"It has wondered whether Mrs. George Godolphin has been wholly blind or only partially so; that's what it has done, ma'am," returned Margery, quite forgetting herself in her irritation. "And the woman coming here continually with her bold face! I'd rather see Meta——"

Margery's eloquence was brought to a summary end. A noise in the hall was followed by the boisterous entrance of the ladies in question, Meta and Mrs. Charlotte Pain. Charlotte—really she was wild at times—had brought Meta home on horseback. Late as it was, she had mounted her horse to give the child pleasure, had mounted the child on the saddle before her, and so they had rode down, attended by a groom. Charlotte wore her habit, and held her whip in her hand. She came in pretending to beat an imaginary horse, for the delectation of Meta. Meta was furnished with a boy's whip, a whistle at one end and a sweeping cord and lash at the other. She was beating an imaginary horse, too, varying the play with an occasional whistle. What with the noise, the laughing, the lashes, and the whistle, it was as if Bedlam had broken loose. To crown the whole, Meta's brown Holland dress had a woful rent in it, and the brim of her straw hat was nearly torn from the crown. Margery, in her scandalised feelings, rather wished the floor would come asunder and let everybody into the opening: as the trap-doors swallow up the devils and other bad characters at the play. Margery began to think they were all bad together: herself, her mistress, Mrs. Pain, and Meta.

Meta caught sight of Margery and flew to her. But not before Margery had made a sort of grab at the child. Claspng her in her arms, she held her there, as if she would protect her from some infection. To be clasped in arms, however, and thus deprived of the delights of whip-smacking and whistling, did not accord with the ideas of Miss Meta, and she struggled to get free.

"You'd best stop here, and hide yourself, poor child!" cried Margery, in a voice uncommonly pointed.

"It's not much," said Charlotte, supposing the remark applied to the damages. "The brim is only unsewn, and the blouse is an old one. She did it with the swing."

"Who's talking of that?" fiercely responded Margery to Mrs. Pain. "If folks had to hide their faces for nothing worse than clothes, it wouldn't be of much account."

Charlotte did not like the tone. "Perhaps you will wait until your opinion's asked for," said she, turning haughtily on Margery. There had been incipient warfare between those two for years: and they both were innately conscious of it.

A shrill whistle from Meta interrupted the contest. She had escaped, and was standing in the middle of the room; her legs astride, her damaged hat set rakishly on the side of her head; her attitude altogether not unlike that of a man standing to see a horse through his paces. It was precisely what the young lady was imitating: she had been taken by Charlotte to the stable-yard that day, to witness the performance.

Clack, clack! "Heave your feet up, you lazy brute!" Clack, clack, clack! "Mamma, I am making a horse canter."

Charlotte looked on with admiring ecstasy, and clapped her hands to show it. Maria seemed somewhat bewildered, and Margery stood with dilating eyes and open mouth. There was little doubt that Miss Meta, under the able tuition of Mrs. Pain, might become an exceedingly fast young lady in time.

"You have been teaching her that!" burst forth Margery to Mrs. Pain in her uncontrollable anger. "What else might you have been teaching her? It's fit; it is, for you to be let have the companionship of Miss Maria Godolphin!"

Charlotte laughed in her face defiantly—contemptuously—with a gleeful, merry accent. Margery, perhaps distrustful of what she might be further tempted to say, herself, put an end to the scene, by catching up Meta and forcibly carrying her off, in spite of rebellious kicks and screams. In her temper, she flung the whip to the other end of the hall as she passed through it. "They'd make you into a boy, and worse, if they had their way! I wish Miss Janet had been here to-night!"

"What an idiotic old maid she is, that Margery!" exclaimed Charlotte, laughing still. "When did she get home?"

"To-night, not a quarter of an hour ago," replied Maria. "Will you not sit down, Mrs. Pain?"

"I can't; my horse is waiting," replied Charlotte. "I suppose there's nothing fresh to-day?"

"Not that I have heard of. But I think they perhaps keep news from me."

"Well, don't get down-hearted. Worse affairs than these have been battled out, and nobody been much the worse. Good night. I shall come or send for Meta to-morrow."

"Not to-morrow," dissented Maria, feeling that the struggle with Margery would be too formidable. "I thank you very much for your kindness, Mrs. Pain," she heartily added: "but now that Margery has returned she will not like to part with Meta."

"As you will," said Charlotte, with a laugh. "Margery would not let her come, you think. Good night. Dormez bien."

Before the sound of the closing of the hall-door had ceased its echoes through the house, Margery was in the dining-room again, her face white with anger. Her mistress, a thing she very rarely did, ventured on a reproof.

"You forget yourself, Margery, when you spoke just now to Mrs. Pain. I felt inclined to apologise to her for you."

This was the climax. "Forgot myself!" echoed Margery, her white face growing whiter. "No, ma'am, it's because I did not forget myself that she's gone out of the house without her ears tingling. I

should have made 'em tingle if I had spoke out. Not that some folks's ears can tingle," added Margery, amending her proposition. "Here is of the number, so I should have spent my words for nothing. If Mr. George had spent his words upon somebody else, it might be the better for us all now."

"Margery!"

"I can't help it, ma'am, I must have my say. Heaven knows I'd not have opened my mouth to you; I'd have kept it closed for ever, though I burst over it—and it's not five minutes ago that I pretty well snapped Harriet's nose off for daring to give out hints and to bring up your name—but it's time you did know a little of what has been going on, to the scandal of Prior's Ash. Meta up at Lady Godolphin's Folly with that woman!"

"Margery!" again interrupted her mistress. But Margery's words were as a torrent that bears down all before it.

"It has been the talk of the town, it has been the talk of the servants here, it has been the talk among the servants of Ashlydyat. If I thought you'd let the child go out with her in public again, I'd pray that I might first follow her in her coffin."

Maria's face had turned as white as Margery's. She sat something like a statue, gazing at the woman with eyes in which there shone a strange kind of fear.

"I—don't—know—what—it—is—you—mean," she gasped, the words coming out in gasps.

"It means, ma'am, that you have lived with a curtain before your eyes. You have thought my master a saint and a paragon, and he was neither the one nor the other. And now I hope you'll pardon me for saying to your face what others have been long saying behind your back."

Maria made no reply. She passed her handkerchief over her brow, where the drops had gathered.

"Master has been upon the wrong tack this long while," went on Margery, her manner growing somewhat more composed, her tone more in accordance with reason. "There was her, and there was Verrall, and there was—but it's no good going over it," she broke off. "If we had only had our wits about us, we might have told what it would end in."

She turned sharply off as she concluded, and quitted the room abruptly as she had entered it. Leaving Maria motionless, her breath coming in gasps, and the dewdrops cold on her brow.

The substance of what Margery had spoken out so broadly had sometimes passed through her mind as a dim shadow. But never to rest there.

## II.

### ANOTHER NAIL IN THE COFFIN OF THOMAS GODOLPHIN.

THERE went on the progress of a few days, and another week was in. Every hour brought to light more—what are we to call it—imprudence?—of Mr. George Godolphin's. His friends termed it imprudence; his enemies villany. Thomas called it nothing: he never cast re-

proach to George by a single word; he would have taken the whole odium upon himself, had it been possible to take it. George's conduct was breaking his heart, was driving him to his grave somewhat before his time; but Thomas never said in the hearing of others—he has been a bad brother to me.

George Godolphin was not yet home. It could not be said that he was in concealment, as he was sometimes met in London by people visiting it. Perhaps he carried his habitual carelessness so far as the perilling of his own safety; and his absence from Prior's Ash may have been the result only of his distaste to meet that ill-used community. Had he been the sole partner, he must have been there, to answer to his bankruptcy; as it was, Thomas, hitherto, had answered all in his own person.

But there came a day when Thomas could not answer it. Ill or well, he rose now to the early breakfast-table; he had to hasten to the bank betimes, for there was much work there with the accounts; and one morning when they were at breakfast, Bexley, his own servant, entered with one or two post letters.

But, before the old man could reach his master, whose back was to the door, Janet made him a sign, and Bexley laid the letters silently down on a remote table. Thomas Godolphin's letters had not latterly been of a soothing or composing nature, whether addressed to the bank or to Ashlydyat; and Janet deemed it just as well that he should at least sit to his breakfast in peace.

The circumstances of the letters being there passed from Janet's mind. Thomas was silent, but she, Bessy, and Cecil were discussing certain news which they had received the previous day from Lady Godolphin. News which had surprised them. My lady was showing herself to be a true friend. She had announced to them that it was her intention to resume her residence at the Folly, that they "might not be separated from Prior's Ash, the place of their birth and home." Of course it was an intimation, really delicately put, that their future home must be with her. "Never for me," Janet remarked: *her* future residence would not be at Prior's Ash; as far removed from it as might be. Bessy thought she should rather like it: it would grieve her to quit Prior's Ash. Cecil said nothing.

Busy talking, they did not particularly notice that Thomas had risen from his chair, and was seated at the distant table, opening his letters; until a faint sound, something like a moan, startled them. He was leaning back in his chair, seemingly unconscious; his hands had fallen, his face was the hue of the grave. Surely those dews upon it were not the dews of death?

Cecil screamed; Bessy flung open the door and called out for help; Janet only turned to them, her hands lifted, to enjoin silence, a warning word upon her lips. Bexley came running in, and looked at his master.

"He'll be better presently," he whispered.

"Yes, he will be better presently," assented Janet. "But I should like Mr. Snow to be here."

Bexley was the only man-servant left at Ashlydyat. Short work is generally made of the dispersion of a household when the means come

*March*—VOL. CXXVII. NO. DVII.

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to a summary end, as they had with the Godolphins: and there had been no difficulty in finding places for the valuable servants of Ashlydyat. Bexley had stoutly refused to go. He didn't want wages, he said, but he was not going to leave his master, so long as—— Bexley did not say so long as what, but they had understood him. So long as his master was in life.

Thomas began to revive. He slowly opened his eyes, and raised his hand to wipe the moisture from his white face. On the table before him lay one of the letters open. Janet recognised the handwriting to be that of George.

She spurned the letter from her. With a gesture of grievous vexation, her hand pushed it across the table. "It is that which has affected you!" she cried out, with a wail.

"Not so," breathed Thomas. "It was the pain here."

He touched himself below the chest; considerably lower; in the same place where the pain had come before. *Which* pain had taken him? the mental agony arising from George's conduct, or the physical agony of his disease? Probably somewhat of both.

He stretched out his hand towards the letter, making a motion that it should be folded. Bexley, who could not have read a word without his glasses, had it been to save his life, took up the letter, folded it, and placed it in its envelope. Thomas's mind then seemed at rest, and he closed his eyes again.

"I'll step for Mr. Snow now, ma'am," whispered Bexley to Janet. "I shall catch him before he goes out on his round."

Bexley got his hat and went down to Prior's Ash the nearest way, putting out his quickest step. When he reached the surgery, Mr. Snow's assistant was the centre of a whole lot of patients. It was the morning for the poor. Mr. Snow was out.

"Will he be long?" asked Bexley.

"I don't know," was the assistant's reply. "He was called out at six this morning."

"He is wanted at Ashlydyat particularly," said Bexley. "Mr. Godolphin's worse."

"Is he?" returned the assistant, his quick tone indicating concern. And the poor patients looked round, concerned also. Thomas Godolphin had always been their friend. And they were not creditors of the bank, or the fresh grievance might have blotted out the good remembrance of long years.

"I can tell you where he is; and that's at Major Meersom's," continued the assistant. "You might call and speak to him if you like: it is on your road home."

Bexley hastened away to Major Meersom's, and succeeded in seeing the surgeon. He informed him that his master was worse; was very ill.

"One of the old attacks of pain, I suppose?" said Mr. Snow.

"Yes, sir," answered Bexley. "He was taken while he was reading his letters. Miss Janet thought it might be some ill news or other that put him out."

"Ah," said Mr. Snow, and there was a world of emphasis on the monosyllable. "Well, I shan't be detained above half an hour longer here, Bexley, and I'll come straight up."

He reached Ashlydyat within the half hour after Bexley, rather than over it: doctors' legs get over the ground quick. Janet saw his approach, and came into the hall to meet him. She was looking very sad and pale.

"Another attack, I hear," began Mr. Snow, in his unceremonious mode of salutation. "Bothered into it, no doubt. Bexley says it came on when he was reading letters."

"Yea," answered Janet in acquiescence, her tone a resentful one. "The handwriting of the letter was George's, I saw: and nothing pleasant could come from him."

Mr. Snow gave a grunt as he turned towards the stairs. "Not there," interposed Janet. "He is in the breakfast-room."

With the wan white look upon his face, with the moisture of pain still upon his brow, lay Thomas Godolphin. He was on the sofa now; but he partially rose from it and assumed a sitting posture when the surgeon entered.

A few professional questions and answers, and then Mr. Snow began to grumble. "Did I not warn you that you must have perfect tranquillity?" cried he. "Rest of body and of mind?"

"You did. But how am I to get it? Even now, I ought to be at the bank, facing the trouble there."

"Where's George?" sharply asked Mr. Snow.

"In London," replied Thomas Godolphin. But he said it in no complaining accent: neither did his tone invite further comment.

Mr. Snow was one who did not wait for an invitation in such a cause, ere he spoke. "It is just one of two things, Mr. Godolphin. Either George must come back and face this worry, or else you'll die."

"I shall die, however it may be, Snow," was the reply of Thomas Godolphin.

"So will most of us, I expect," returned the doctor. "But there's no necessity for our being helped on to it by others, ages before death would come of itself. What's your brother at, in London?"

"I really do not know."

"Amusing himself, of course. What's his address?"

"That I do not know."

"Who does know it? His wife?"

"I think it likely that she does now. I have not made the inquiry of her."

"Well, he must be got here."

Thomas shook his head. The action, as implying a negative, aroused the wrath of Mr. Snow. "Do you want to die?" he asked. "One would think it, by your keeping your brother away."

"There is no person would be more glad to see my brother here than I," returned Thomas Godolphin. "If—if it were expedient that he should come."

"Need there be affected concealment between us, Mr. Godolphin?" resumed the surgeon, after a pause. "You must be aware that I have heard the rumours afloat. A doctor hears everything, you know. You are uncertain whether it would be safe for George to come back to Prior's Ash."

"It is something of that, Snow."

"But now, what is there against him—it is of no use to mince the matter—besides those bonds of Lord Averil's?"

"There's nothing else against him. At least, in—in—" He did not go on. He could not bring his lips to say of his brother—"in a criminal point of view."

"Nothing else of which unpleasant legal cognisance can be taken," freely interposed Mr. Snow. "Well, now, it is my opinion that there's not a shadow of fear to be entertained from Lord Averil. He is your old and firm friend, Mr. Godolphin."

"He has been mine; yes. Not much of George's. Most men in such a case of—of loss, would resent it, without reference to former friendship. I am not at any certainty, you see: and therefore I cannot take the responsibility of saying to my brother 'It is safe for you to return.' Lord Averil has never been near me since. I argue ill from it."

"He has not been with you for the best of all possible reasons—that he has been away from Prior's Ash," explained Mr. Snow.

"He has been away? I did not know it."

"He has, then. He was called away unexpectedly by some relative's illness, a day or two after your house was declared bankrupt. He may have refrained from calling on you just at the time of that happening, from motives of delicacy."

"True," replied Thomas Godolphin. But his tone was not a hopeful one. "When does he return?"

"He has returned. He came back last night."

There was a pause. Thomas Godolphin broke it. "I wish you could give me something to avert or mitigate these sharp attacks of pain, Snow," he said. "It is agony, in fact; not pain."

"I know it," replied Mr. Snow. "Where's the use of my attempting to give you anything? You don't take my prescription."

Thomas lifted his eyes in some surprise. "I have taken all that you have desired me."

"No you have not. I prescribe tranquillity of mind and body. You take neither."

Thomas Godolphin leaned a little nearer to the doctor, and paused before he answered. "Tranquillity of mind, for me, has passed. I can never know it again. Were my life to be prolonged, the great healer of all things, Time, might bring it to me in a degree: but, for that, I shall not live. Snow, you must know this to be the case, under the calamity which has fallen upon my head."

"It ought to have fallen upon your brother's head, not upon yours," was the rejoinder of the surgeon, spoken crossly, in his inability to contradict Mr. Godolphin's words. "At any rate, you cannot go on any longer, facing this business in person."

"I must indeed. There is no help for it."

"And suppose it kills you?" was the retort.

"If I could help going, I would," said Thomas. "But there is no help. One of us must be there; and George cannot. You are not ignorant of the laws of bankruptcy."

"It is another nail in your coffin," grunted Mr. Snow, as he took his leave.

He went direct to the bank. He asked to see Mrs. George Godolphin. Maria, in her pretty morning dress of lavender-spotted muslin, was seated with Meta on her knees. She had been reading the child a Bible story, and was now talking to her in a low voice, her own face, so gentle, so pure, and so sad, bent towards the little one, up-turned to it.

"Well, young lady, and how are all the dolls?" was the surgeon's greeting. "Will you send her away to play with them, Mrs. George?"

Meta ran on the errand. She intended to come bustling down with her arms full. Mr. Snow took his seat opposite Maria.

"Why does your husband not come back?" he abruptly asked.

The question seemed to turn Maria's heart to sickness. She opened her lips to answer, but stopped in hesitation. Mr. Snow resumed:

"His staying away is killing Thomas Godolphin. I prescribe tranquillity for him; total rest: instead of which, he is obliged to come here day after day, and be in a continuous scene of turmoil. Your husband must return, Mrs. George Godolphin."

"Y—es," she faintly answered, lacking the courage to say that considerations for his personal security might forbid it.

"Murder will not mend these unhappy matters, Mrs. George Godolphin; nor would it be a desirable ending to them. And it will be nothing less than murder, if he does not come back, for Mr. Godolphin will surely die."

All Maria's pulses seemed to beat the quicker. "Is Mr. Godolphin worse?" she asked.

"He is considerably worse. I have been called in to him this morning. My last orders to him were, not to attempt to come to the bank. His answer was, that he must come: that there was no help for it. I believe there is no help for it, George being away. You must get him home, Mrs. George."

She looked sadly blank, sadly perplexed. Mr. Snow read it correctly. "My dear, I think there would be no hazard, Lord Averil being a personal friend of Mr. Godolphin's. I think there's none for another reason—that if the viscount's intention had been to stir unpleasantly in the affair, he would have done it ere this."

"Yes—I have thought of that," she answered.

"And now I must go again," he said, rising. "I wish to-day was twenty-four hours long for the work I have to do in it; but I spared a few minutes to call in and tell you this. Get your husband here, for the sake of his good brother."

The tears were in Maria's eyes. She could scarcely think of Thomas Godolphin and his unmerited troubles, without their rising. Mr. Snow saw the wet eyelashes, and laid his hand on the smoothly-parted hair.

"You have your share of sorrow just now, child," he said; "more than you ought to have. It is making you look like a ghost. Why does he leave you to battle it out alone?" added Mr. Snow, his anger overmastering him, as he gazed at her pale face, her rising sobs. "Prior's Ash is crying shame upon him. Are you and his brother of less account than he, in his own eyes, that he should abandon you to it?"

She strove to excuse her husband—he was her husband, in spite of that cruel calumny divulged by Margery—but Mr. Snow would not listen. He was in a hurry, he said, and went bustling out of the door, nearly upsetting Meta, with her dolls, who was bustling in.

Maria sent the child to the nursery again after Mr. Snow's departure, and stood, her head pressed against the frame of the open window, looking unconsciously on to the terrace, and revolving the words recently spoken. "It is killing Thomas Godolphin. It will be nothing less than murder, if George does not come back."

Every fibre of her frame was thrilling to it in answer; every generous impulse of her heart was stirred to its depths. He *ought* to be back. She had long thought so. For her sake—but she was nothing; for Thomas Godolphin's; for her husband's own reputation. Down deep in her heart she thrust that dreadful revelation of his falsity, and strove to bury it as an English wife and gentlewoman has no resource but to do. Ay! to bury it; and to keep it buried! though the concealment eat away her life—as that scarlet letter A, you have read of, eat into the bosom of another woman renowned in story. It seemed to Maria that the time was come when she must inquire a little into the actual state of affairs, instead of hiding her head and spending her days in the indulgence of her fear and grief. If the whole world spoke against him,—if the whole world had cause to speak,—she was his wife still, and his interests and welfare were hers. Were it possible that any effort she could make would bring him back, she must make it.

The words of Mr. Snow still rang in her ears. How was she to set about it? A few minutes given to reflection, her aching brow pressed on the cold window-frame, and she turned and rang the bell. When the servant appeared, she sent him into the bank with a request that Mr. Hurde would come and speak with her for five minutes.

Mr. Hurde was not long in obeying the summons. He appeared with a pen behind his ear, and his spectacles pushed up on his brow.

It was not a pleasant task, and Maria had to swallow a good many lumps in her throat before she could make known precisely what she wanted. "Would Mr. Hurde tell her the exact state of things? What there was, or was not, against her husband?"

Mr. Hurde gave no very satisfactory reply. He took off his glasses and wiped them. Maria had invited him to a chair, and sat near him, her elbow leaning on the table, and her face slightly bent. Mr. Hurde did not know what Mrs. George Godolphin had or had not heard, or how far it would be expedient for him to speak. She guessed at his dilemma.

"Tell me all, Mr. Hurde," she said, lifting her face to his with imploring eagerness. "It is well that you should, for nothing can be more cruel than the uncertainty and suspense I am in. I know about Lord Avenil's bonds."

"Ay?" he replied. But he said no more.

"I'll tell you why I ask," said Maria. "Mr. Snow has been here, and he informs me that the coming to the bank daily, the worry, is killing Mr. Godolphin. He says Mr. George ought to be back in his brother's place. I think if he can come, he ought."

"I wish he could," returned Mr. Hurde, more quickly and impressively than he usually spoke. "It is killing Mr. Godolphin—that, and the bankruptcy together. But I don't know that it would be safe for him, on account of these very bonds—Lord Averil's."

"What else is there against him?" breathed Maria.

"There's nothing else."

"Nothing else?" she echoed, a shade of hope lighting up her face and her heart.

"Nothing else. That is, nothing that he can be made criminally responsible for," added the old clerk, with marked emphasis, as if he thought that there was a great deal more, had the law but taken cognisance of it. If Lord Averil should decline to prosecute, he might come back to-morrow. He must be back soon, whether or not, to answer to his bankruptcy; or else——"

"Or else—what?" asked Maria, falteringly, for Mr. Hurde had stopped.

"Or else never come back at all; never be seen, in fact, in England. That's how it is, me'am."

"Would it not be well to ascertain Lord Averil's feelings upon the subject, Mr. Hurde?" she rejoined, breaking a silence.

"It would be very well, if it could be done. But who is to do it?"

Maria was beginning to think that she would. "You are sure there is nothing else against him?" she reiterated.

"Nothing that need prevent his returning to Prior's Ash."

There was no more to be answered, and Mr. Hurde withdrew. Maria lost herself in thought. Could she dare to go to Lord Averil and beseech his clemency? Her brow flushed at the thought. But she had been inured to humiliation of late, and it would be, but another drop in the cup of pain. Oh, the relief it would be could the dreadful suspense, the uncertainty, end! The suspense was awful. Even if it ended in the worst, it would be almost a relief. If Lord Averil should be intending to prosecute, who knew but he might forego the intention at her prayers? If so—if so—why, she should ever say that God had sent her to him.

There was the reverse side of the picture. A haughty reception of her—for was she not the wife of the man who had wronged him?—and a cold refusal. How she should bear that, she did not like to think. Should she go? Could she go? Even now her heart was failing her——

What noise was that? A sort of commotion in the hall. She opened the dining-room door and glanced out. Thomas Godolphin, leaning on his servant Bexley's arm, had come, and was entering the bank, there to go through his day's work, looking more fit to be in his coffin. It was the turning of the scale.

"I *will* go to him!" murmured Maria to herself. "I will go to Lord Averil and hear all there may be to hear. Let me do it! Let me do it!—for the sake of Thomas Godolphin!"

## SIEYÈS.

BY SIR NATHANIEL.

EMMANUEL-JOSEPH SIEYÈS had completed his fortieth year when the Revolution of '89 broke out—having been born at Fréjus in 1748, which makes him older by one year than Goethe and Charles James Fox. He was the fifth child of an honest bourgeois family, and received his schooling partly at home and partly at an institution of the Jesuits in his native town—being “finished off,” however, at Draguignan, by the Doctrinaires. He had a fancy for a military life; but his weakly health was pronounced an obstacle, and the ecclesiastical profession, for which he felt no kind of vocation, but the reverse, was fixed upon as the puny lad's destiny. So at fifteen he was packed off to Paris to study philosophy and theology at Saint-Sulpice. Here he took the liberty of enlarging the curriculum of orthodox study, and expatiated in free inquiry, and batten on forbidden-fruits of extra-academical culture. Not that he seems to have identified himself with any one leader of free thought, or to have cast in his lot with any particular clique or coterie of sceptics. He called no man master, nor owned allegiance to any distinct party—ranging himself neither with Rousseau, nor with Condillac, nor with the encyclopædists. For, as Sainte-Beuve accounts of him, Sieyès was *né maître*, and revised and corrected, pen in hand, whatever work in metaphysics or political economy he chanced to read. All the manuscripts of his Saint-Sulpice and subsequent career are in existence, and amply warrant the belief that his spiritual pastors and masters must have been more than a little ruffled by the subject-matter and pervading spirit of these *ébauches hardies*. Refraining, however, from so severe an act as absolute expulsion, they “invited” Emmanuel-Joseph to betake himself to some other establishment—with which invitation he complied by removing to the *séminaire* of Saint-Firmin, until he should have kept terms enough to get his *licence de Sorbonne*, or theological degree. This secured, in 1772, he entered the world at four-and-twenty, if one can be said to enter the world who led so retired and studious a life. Now and then, indeed, he shook off his secluded habits, and is said to have shone in witty converse and social tact. He had learnt music at Saint-Sulpice, and was endowed with a charming voice, somewhat low and feeble in conversation, but in singing full of sweetness and expression.\* There are extant numerous reflections of his upon matters musical, besides airs of his transcribing, and a catalogue of all the ariettes, ambigus or romances, then popular in the opéras-comiques of the day. If this catalogue indicates only that *jeune abbé virtuose* of whom a woman was one day to say, “What a pity that so *aimable* a man was bent on being profound!” on the other hand his reflections on music bewray the philosopher. He is discovered in quest of a “universal philosophical language, melodious, harmonious, and instrumental.” He is seen, even thus early in his course, to be referring everything, music itself, to his ideas of reform and

\* Notice de M. Portoul.

social perfectibility; and a *grand rôle* he promises it in public fêtes, when the ideal society he loves to imagine shall have become an established fact. Sainte-Beuve remarks that the *Constitution finale* of Sieyès was not a whit less complex than the Machine de Marly, or again than Pascal's Machine arithmétique.\*

The same critic has elsewhere characterised Sieyès as "*si timide, si fier et si ombrageux.*" Romilly's impression of him quite accords with the spirit of two at least of these epithets. Sir Samuel met the abbé several times in 1789, at the Bishop of Chartres's, and thus refers to him in a personal narrative of those stirring times: "He was the Bishop's *aumônier*, and a person of whose talents he [the Bishop] entertained the highest opinion. Sieyès was of a morose disposition, said little in company, and appeared to have a full sense of his superiority, and great contempt for the opinions of others. He was, however, when I saw him, greatly out of humour with the Assembly, and with everybody who had concurred in its decree for the abolition of tithes, and seemed to augur very ill of the revolution. While I was at Versailles, he published his defence of the tithes, with this motto prefixed to it—'*Ils veulent être libres, et ils ne savent pas être justes.*'"<sup>†</sup>

But, *si timide, si fier et si ombrageux qu'il fût*, Sieyès had, years before, as a *jeune abbé*, exerted himself strenuously enough to secure a footing in the world he accounted so out of joint, and which he believed himself born to set right, rather by election of grace and favour than by any sort of cursed spite. In 1775 his well-recognised faculties had been honoured with a canonry; and during the interval of years that preceded the Revolution, Sieyès assisted as deputy of his diocese—which was that of the Bishop of Tréguier—at the Etats de Bretagne, whence he brought back a profound horror of the privileged class whom he there saw in full power in that rude province. At a later period he was nominated the commission of the diocese to the upper chamber of the French clergy, and so came to reside in Paris, where he is said to have been highly esteemed by the cloth for his administrative capacity—frequenting the best society without dissipating his powers or squandering his time, and pursuing those speculative researches to which events were so soon to give very prominent importance.

Between the dissolution of the Assembly of Notables and the meeting of the Constituent Assembly, he published three *brochures capitales*—the third being the world-famous Query as to the Third Estate, to which the Revolution was professedly a practical answer.

*Qu'est-ce que le Tiers-Etat?* The question was put in the first month of that most critical of years, 1789; and anon it was in everybody's mouth, and weighing on everybody's brain and heart.

According [to the Comte de Lauraguais, not Sieyès, but Chamfort, conceived the epigrammatic, pregnant title of this portentous pamphlet. One morning Chamfort said to the Count, "I have just composed a work." "How? a book do you mean?" "No, not a book, I'm not such a fool as that,—but the title for a book, and this title is all in all. I've already made a present of it to the puritan Sieyès, who can expand it

\* Canseries du Lundi, t. v.

† Life of Romilly, vol. i. p. 78. Third edit.



into a commentary at his leisure. But all the filling-up part will be just so much labour lost, people will remember nothing but the title." "What is the title, then?" "Just this: *Qu'est-ce que le Tiers-Etat? Tout. Qu'a-t-il? Rien.*"\* Such a catechism it did not take France long to learn by heart.

Mr. Carlyle's picture of the gathering of the Notables in the autumn of 1788, includes a sketch of the Abb   Sis  y  s, who has left Chartres Cathedral, and canonry and book-shelves there; has let his tonsure grow, and come to Paris with a secular head, of the most irrefragable sort, to ask three questions, and answer them: What is the Third Estate? All. —What has it hitherto been in our form of government? Nothing. —What does it want? To become something.†

In the Procession of Deputies, May 4th, 1789, we have a full-length portrait of Sis  y  s, from the same master-hand in graphic art. Behold him, the light thin man; cold, but elastic, wiry; instinct with the pride of logic; passionless, or with but one passion, that of self-conceit. If, indeed, is Carlyle's qualification, "that can be called a passion, which, in its independent concentrated greatness, seems to have soared into transcendentalism; and to sit there with a kind of god-like indifference, and look down on passion! He is the man, and wisdom shall die with him. This is the Sis  y  s who shall be System-builder, Constitution-builder General; and build Constitutions (as many as wanted) sky-high,—which shall all unfortunately fall before he get the scaffolding away.

"*La Politique*," said he to Dumont, "Polity is a science I think I have completed (*achev  e*).‡ What things, O Sis  y  s, with thy clear assiduous eyes, art thou to see! But were it not curious to know how Sis  y  s, now in these days (for he is said to be still alive)§ looks out on all that Constitution masonry, through the rheumy soberness of extreme age? Might we hope, with the old, irrefragable transcendentalism? The victorious cause pleased the gods, the vanquished one pleased Sis  y  s (*victus Cato*)."

The Girondists, Lamartine tells us, listened to Sis  y  s with respect: the prestige of the Constituent Assembly, and the friendship of Mirabeau, was thrown around him; "inflexible as a principle, he reeled not of the daily obstacles, the difficulties and dangers, which his plans would arouse. Abstracted as an oracle, he issued his axioms, and disdained to discuss them."¶ Had he not exhausted statesmanship? Was not polity a science he had completed?

There are other glimpses of him in Carlyle, hardly to be foregone,

\* See Ara. Houssaye, *Portr. du 18<sup>me</sup> Si  cle*, II. 192.

† Carlyle, *French Revolution*, book iv. ch. I.

‡ Dumont, *Souvenirs sur Mirabeau*, p. 64.

§ This was written in 1834.

Sis  y  s died on the twentieth of June, 1836, aged eighty-eight years.

M. Jules Janin, writing in 1837, refers to him as "an obscure thinker, with an emphatic style, who had not strength enough to sustain the reputation of his first pamphlet, and who [continues the dashing J. J.] died amongst us, about a year since, to the great surprise of the public, who thought he had been dead and buried an age ago."—Jules Janin, *Literature in France of the Eighteenth Century*.

¶ Carlyle, *Fr. Revolution*, book iv. ch. iv.

¶ *Histoire des Girondins*, I. xxxi. § 21.

despite their determined iteration and perhaps their almost tautology. In the Salle de Manège, for instance, where, "With ineffable serenity, sniffs great Sieyès, aloft, alone; his Constitution ye may babble over, ye may mar, but can by no possibility mend: is not Polity a science he has exhausted?"\* At the spadework on the Field of Mars again, "Abbé Sieyès is seen pulling, wiry, vehement, if too light for draught; by the side of Beauharnais," &c.† Then again in the September Convention of 1792, "Sieyès Old-Constituent comes; to make new Constitutions as many as wanted: for the rest, peering out of his clear, cautious eyes, he will cower low in many an emergency, and find silence safest."‡ Mark the man too, and the manner of the man too, at the Regicide votings in January, 1793: "Men see the figure of shrill Sieyès ascend [the tribune-steps]; hardly pausing, passing merely, this figure says, '*La Mort sans phrase*, Death without phrases;' and fares onward and downward. Most spectral, pandemonial!"§

The October following witnessed the execution of Marie Antoinette; and it was in November that Samuel Romilly, with all his hopeful prognostications and liberal sympathies, was fain to ask Dumont, in a letter of that date, "Are you not astonished to see Sieyès in all this standing up in the midst of his fellow-murderers, and claiming applause for his having so long ago thought like a philosopher? If as I have long thought of him, I did not imagine him capable of such degradation."||

But what has Sieyès to do with flesh-and-blood? His Constitutions require and reward his whole attention. In pigeon-holes he lives and moves and has his being. His paper-fabrics are all the world to him, and the next world too. They may come like shadows, so depart. But he, the Constitution-Creator, abideth—and to him a Constitution more or less is but a drop in the bucket. Burst is the bubble of his Utopias of to-day; to-morrow to a fresh world and a new Atlantis. One world is well lost, for the sake of creating a stark fresh one, by patient strokes of his pen, and reasortment of his pigeon-holes. Exhausting worlds, he then imagined new; and so would have gone on, had they but let him, till panting Time should toil after him in vain. He was not the man to keep time or tide waiting. But the tide turned against him, none too soon, and the last of his paper-fabrics and card-castles was whirled away nowhither, on the bosom of the vasty deep.

Edmund Burke, in a memorable epistle, told his Grace of Bedford in particular and all England in general, what "whole nests of pigeon-holes" the Abbé Sieyès had, full of constitutions ready-made, ticketed, sorted, and numbered, suited to every season and every fancy; some with the top of the pattern at the bottom, and some with the bottom at the top; some of blood-colour, some of *boue de Paris*; some with directories, others without; some with councils of elders, some with councils of youngsters, some without any council at all; some where the electors choose the representatives, some where the representatives choose the electors; some in long coats, some in short; some in pantaloons; some without breeches; some with five-shilling qualifications, some totally un-

\* Carlyle, part II. book i. ch. III.

† Id. *ibid.* part III. book i. ch. VII.

‡ Romilly to Dumont, Nov. 22, 1793.

† *Id.* *ibid.* ch. XI.

§ Book II. ch. VII.

qualified; so that no constitution-fancier may go unsuited from his shop, provided he loves a pattern of pillage, oppression, arbitrary imprisonment, exile, confiscation, revolutionary judgment, and legalised premeditated murder, in any shapes into which they can be put.\*

I hold a mouses hert not worth a leek,  
That hath but oon hole to sterte to,  
And if that faile, than is al i-do,†

quoth the Wife of Bath. And much of the same mind was our abbé, in his fertile devices, his inexhaustible resources.

There are those, among political thinkers, with whom in Saint-Marc Girardin's words, "fonder un gouvernement, c'est faire une constitution." Now what can be simpler than to make a constitution? M. de Tracy relates how a certain authority in 1792 wrote to one of his friends, "I am charged with the duty of preparing a constitution; send me the laws of Numa and Lycurgus." And the man in question drew up his constitution accordingly, regulating and organising, after his mere fancy, assemblies, elections, tribunals, &c. &c.,—and believing himself to be, in perfect good faith, founding a government.‡ Whereas it seems to be an ascertained fact, of some practical moment, that *les gouvernements ne se font pas en cette façon expéditive*.

People forget, as Mr. Helps observes, when they talk of government as a thing apart from themselves, how large a portion of the motive force of government they are themselves, and what duties, therefore, are incumbent upon them. Now he, we are reminded, who does not bring into government, whether as governor or subject, some religious feeling,—that is to say, who does not fulfil his duties to his fellow-man from some higher motive than expediency or the intention to fulfil the conditions of some imaginary social contract, is likely to make but an indifferent governor or an indifferent subject. "It is from the absence of this pious feeling that all systems of government which are merely the creations of logic (of which an Abbé Siegès can perhaps make two in a morning) are so liable to be upset, perhaps as speedily as they are made. You talk of rights, duties, powers, checks, counter-checks, citizenship, patriotism, and get up all the apparatus of government, and yet it breaks down with next to no weight upon it."§

Of lawgivers in whom the speculative element has prevailed to the exclusion of the practical, the world, says Lord Macanlay, has, during the last eighty years, been singularly fruitful:—to their wisdom Europe and America have owed scores of abortive constitutions, which have lived just long enough to make a miserable noise, and have then gone off in convulsions.||

So fares the system-building sage,  
Who, plodding on from youth to age,  
At last on some foundation-dream  
Has rear'd aloft his goodly scheme,

\* Burke's Letter to the Duke of Bedford.

† Chaucer, Prologue of the Wyf of Bath.

‡ See St. M. Girardin's *Essais sur Washington*, 1839-40.

§ Friends in Council, vol. ii. book ii. ch. v.

|| Macanlay, *Hist. of England*, vol. iii. ch. xi.

And proved his predecessors fools,  
And bound all nature by his rules;  
So fares he in that dreadful hour,  
When injured Truth exerts her power,  
Some new phenomenon to raise,  
Which, bursting on his 'frighted gaze,  
From its proud summit to the ground  
Proves the whole edifice unsound.\*

M. Lieber informs us that within the last half century three hundred Constitutions have successively perished throughout the world.

What sound mind among the French, Mr. Carlyle has asked, now fancies that man can be governed by "Constitutions"? Were they not all burnt up, like paper as they were, in the molten eddies of the Revolution; and still the fire-sea raged fiercer than before?† In another of his essays the same caustic philosopher girds at "innumerable barren Sieyèses and Constitution-pedants," building, with much hammering and trowelling, their august Paper-Constitution, which shall endure eleven months.‡ And again and again in his great epic history, this historian shows up Abbé Sieyès busy with mere Constitutional work; wherein, unluckily, fellow-workmen are less pliable than, with one who has completed the Science of Polity, they ought to be.§ "Courage, Sieyès, nevertheless! Some twenty months of heroic travail, of contradiction from the stupid, and the Constitution shall be built: the top-stone of it brought out with shouting,—say rather, the top-paper, for it is all Paper; and *thou* hast done in it what the Earth or the Heaven could require, thy utmost."|| And three years later, in Revolutionary annals, the historian is still harping on that jarring string. "For that the Constitution can be made, who doubts? . . . True, our last Constitution did tumble within the year, so lamentably. But what then; except sort the rubbish and boulders, and build them up again better? . . . In brief, *build*, O unspeakable Sieyès and Company, unwearied! Frequent perilous downrushing of scaffolding and rubblework, be that an irritation, no discouragement. Start ye always again, clearing away aside the wreck; if with broken limbs yet with whole hearts; and build, we say, in the name of Heaven,—till either the work do stand; or else mankind abandon it, and the Constitution-builders be paid off, with laughter and tears!"¶

Archdeacon Hare pronounces Frankenstein's man-monster an apt type of the numerous new-fangled hop-skip-and-jump Constitutions which have been circulating about Europe since Sieyès's times. Quoting Mrs. Shelley's description of the monster's physical aspect, the Venerable critic adds: "So it is with abstract Constitutions. Their fabricators try to make their parts proportionate, and to pick out the most beautiful fea-

\* Beattie, *Fable of the Hares*.

† Carlyle's *Essays*, *Characteristics*.

‡ *Id. ibid.* Mirabeau (1837).

§ To the same effect is M. de Barante's remark on the fact that "les vingt-trois articles de M. Sieyès ne semblèrent pas suffisamment clairs, ni démontrés à ses collègues." Namely, that "en rendant hommage à son génie, on ne se conforma point à ses leçons: c'est ce qui lui est advenu dans tout le cours de sa vie politique."—Barante, *Études Historiques*, III. 257.

|| Carlyle, *Hist. of Fr. Rev.* book vi. ch. ii.

¶ *Id. ibid.* part iii. book ii. ch. i.

tures for them : but there are muscular and arterial workings ever going on in the body of a nation, there is such an intermingling and convolution of passions, and feelings, and consciousnesses, and thoughts, and desires, and regrets, and sorrows, that no yellow parchment, which man can draw over, will cover or hide them. And though the more external and lifeless parts, the hair and teeth, which are often artificial, may be bright and dashing—though the teeth especially may be well fitted for doing their work of destruction—no art can give a living eye: ἀνδρῶν δὲ τὸ ἀγρίαιον ἔρπον πᾶσι\* Ἀφροδίτα.”

Sydney Smith, with all his advanced liberalism, complained, in one of his Reform-speeches at Taunton, that men seemed to suppose that a minister can sit down and make a plan of reform with as much ease and as much exactness, and with as complete a gratification of his own will, as an architect can do in building or altering a house. This is just what Sieyès might, could, would, and *did* do. But they manage these things differently in France. In England a minister of state has to go to work after quite another plan. He works, as Sydney Smith words it, “in the midst of hatred, injustice, violence, and the worst of human passions—his works are not the works of calm and unembarrassed wisdom—they are not the best that a dreamer of dreams can imagine. It is enough if they are the best plans which the passions, parties, and prejudices of the times in which he acts will permit.”† Enough, haply, for a practical Englishman; but not enough for a theorising Monsieur, with command of paper and pigeon-holes *ad lib*.

Horace Walpole in his old days found epistolary matter for mirth and malice in the Constitution fecundities of our too prolific Abbé. In the August of 1789 he writes to Lady Ossory, that, in the midst of the horrors one reads from France, he, for one, “could but smile at one paragraph. An Abbé de Sieyès [mark the indefinite article *an*] excuses himself to the *Etats* from accepting the post of speaker, as he is *busy* in forming a Bill of Rights and a new Constitution. One would think he was writing a prologue to a new play!”‡ Horace owns, some weeks later, that he shall be curious to see the new constitution of France when it shall be formed, if formed it can be—so strange a patchwork must it be, composed from sudden and unconnected motions, started in a hurly-burly of disputes, without any plan or system, and voted as fluctuating interests and passions preponderate sometimes one way, sometimes another, with no harmony in the compost, but calculated to contradict every view of the old government—or secretly to preserve enough of it to counteract the new.§ But Horace as yet knew not his man, nor guessed the Abbé’s mode of manipulation.

By the midsummer of next year, he had gained some fresh insight into the Abbé’s ways and means. Two-thirds of France, he tells another noble correspondent, “seem to think they can entirely new-model the

\* “The man-monster’s cruelty, too, was of the same sort as that of the French constitution-mongers, and of their works; and it resulted from the same cause, the utter want of sympathy with man and the world, such as they are.”—*Guineas at Truth*, First series, p. 110. Third edit.

† Works of Rev. Sydney Smith, vol. iii.; Reform Speech at Taunton.

‡ Letters of Horace Walpole, vol. ix. p. 211.

§ Sept. 26, 1789.—*Ibid*, p. 228.

world with metaphysical compasses; and hold that no injustice, no barbarity need to be counted in making the experiment. Such legislations are sublime empiricism, and in their universal benevolence have very little individual sensibility.\* And some fifteen months later he sends word to the fair Berrys that folly and confusion increase in France every hour, and absurdity and contradictions as rapidly. "Their constitution, which they voted should be immortal and unchangeable—though they deny that anything antecedent to themselves ought to have been so—they are now of opinion must be revised at the commencement of next century [eight or nine years hence]; and they are agitating a third constitution, before they have thought of a second, or finished the first! Bravo!"† These were early days yet; and the day was to come when France's chief Constitution-maker might be met with as many Constitution-failures to boast of, as Beau Brummel's gentleman had neck-tie failures, when met on his master's staircase with a mass of crumpled chokers flung over his arm. "These are our failures," with condescending complacency, or complacent condescension, the great man's great man explained. Abbé Sicys was equally complacent over the arithmetical progression of his *cups manqués*.

Lord Brougham, who speaks with almost singular respect of the "great merit of the Abbé" in his three "great measures" of the joint verification of the powers at the meeting of the States-General, the formation of the National Guards, and the establishment of the new system of provincial division and administration—and who even asserts, on the strength of these three measures, that the Abbé's mind was fertile in conceptions "not more vast than they were practical,"—Lord Brougham relates his making acquaintance in 1817 with Sicys, at that time, with Cambacérès and other regicides, residing at Brussels. His lordship was then on his way to attend his parliamentary duties at the opening of the Session; and the Abbé, it seems, finding himself in company with a party leader, who "desired to hear him discuss on matters which he understood," was led to give him, instead, at great length and with little fruit, his ideas upon a point the "most incomprehensible to a foreigner, and indeed the most difficult for any uninitiated Englishman, any Englishman out of the vortex of practical politics, to understand,"—namely, the course most fitting, in the circumstances of the moment, for the English Parliamentary Opposition to take. "I admired the unhesitating confidence with which he delivered authoritatively his opinions, scintillatingly dictating to me his crude, absurd, most ignorant notions. I marvelled at the boldness of the man who could thus lecture one necessarily well acquainted with the subject, of which the lecturer could not by possibility understand the A B C. I exceedingly lamented the loss of what might have been interviews productive of curious information. I returned to England without the least disposition to put a single one of his absurdities to the test of experience; for indeed to have mentioned even the most tolerable of them to the least experienced of my party would have been to raise a doubt of my seriousness, if not of my

\* Walpole to Lord Strafford, June 26, 1790.

† Walpole to the Miss Berrys, Sept. 11, 1791.

sanity.”\* Lord Brougham describes both himself and Lord Kinnaid as mightily struck with the contrast which Cambacérès presented to the Abbé in these interviews—a contrast not, to their practical judgment, in favour of the Abbé.

The alights which Sieyès had to endure from his unappreciating contemporaries, upon whom his Constitutions had begun to pall, and who scrupled not to show their sense of satiety, of *jam satisfaction*, at length told upon his naturally mistrustful and morose disposition. So he communed with his own heart, and was still: For he is known to have been one of those of whom Juvenal speaks, as constitutionally predisposed to a sullen sort of silence :

*Rarus sermo illis et magna libido tacendi.*

When it became plain to him that the Revolution had burst all bounds, and was careering madly beyond all control, he relaxed his hold on the now useless reins, and betook himself to the dignity and the consolations of what he called philosophic silence. From this time forth he grew very didainful indeed. In after years, when asked what he had been doing while those terrific months of the Terror lasted, he replied that he had kept alive—which was saying a good deal. *J'ai vécu.* In one of the pages penned by him may be read, and by Sainte-Beuve has been read and quoted, an indirect translation, fuller in expressiveness and emotion, of the same thought. “Maucroix,” he says, in a kind of allusion to his own precarious situation, where a morrow was so uncertain, “Maucroix, who died in 1708, wrote at upwards of fourscore years these charming lines :

Chaque jour est un bien que du Ciel je reçois;  
Jouissons aujourd'hui de celui qu'il nous donne:  
Il n'appartient pas plus aux jeunes gens qu'à moi,  
Et celui de demain n'appartient à personne.”

To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow, is a text for strange sad homilies under a Reign of Terror.

Under the Empire, Sieyès is described as “buried in silence and morose meditation”—though he caused some scandal by so easily grounding arms to Bonaparte, and allowing himself to be “gratified,” and all his aspirations after liberty to be “stified,” by the gift of a valuable estate in the park of Versailles, when the Corsican rose to the head of affairs.† At the Restoration he was exiled, and passed fifteen years in Belgium, whence he returned in 1830, the forgotten witness of a bygone age. It was like the return of Rip van Winkle. Sieyès had been an oracle; but that oracle was dumb now. *Taisons-nous!* had been his perpetual refrain for years past, before exile and oblivion: the backwardness of his colleagues and countrymen to abide by his decisions and accept his counsels, was wormwood to him, and made a misanthrope of him. All his illusions perished, and he looked upon himself as the victim of ingratitude, besotted ignorance, stupid calumny, and malignant envy. Those few who had access to him in his latter years describe him as self-

\* Remarks on the French Revolution, by Henry Lord Brougham.

† Allison, vol. i. ch. iii. sect. 117.

absorbed, reserved, *immobile*, and practising more rigidly than ever *cette opiniâtre passion de se taire*. "I can no longer see," he used to tell them, "my hearing, too, is gone, and so is my memory, and so is my speech : I am become entirely negative." Though not intending it, he thus impersonated an illustration of Shakspeare's

—last scene of all,  
That ends this strange eventful history,  
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything.

The *sans* of Shakspeare is tersely synonymous with the *entièrement négatif* of Sieyès.

Often would the octogenarian Abbé stop short in the middle of a sentence, and say, "I can no longer find the word I want—it's hiding in some dark corner."

A general desire being expressed by his colleagues of the Institute that he should resume his seat among them, Count Rœderer and others formed a deputation which sought an interview with him, in the hopes of prevailing upon him to change his resolution of a recluse life, and yield to the general wish. The attempt was vain, and "a touching scene," says Lord Brougham, "was described to me by the Count. After saying how useless a member he [Sieyès] should now be of any association, and conversing, but in a strain that bore marks of the hand of age being upon him, he said, 'Enfin, je ne sais plus parler, ni'—and after a pause he added, 'ni—me taire.'"<sup>\*</sup> *Ni—me taire*. And so his peremptory and perpetual *taisons-nous* belied itself at last. To this complexion *cette opiniâtre passion de se taire* must come at last.

He denied having uttered the celebrated words, *La mort sans phrase*, at the trial of Louis XVI. By his own account, what he did say was simply (though quite enough) *La mort*. He suggested that some one may have inquired how Sieyès had voted, and got the reply, "Il a voté la mort, sans phrase,"—and that so this possible answer, twisted and wrested into a concatenation accordingly, may have been unrighteously imputed to himself.

In 1832 he had an illness which affected his head. One day, in his wanderings, he said to his valet, "If M. de Robespierre calls, tell him I'm not at home." The valet, in his simplicity, passed on the order to a fellow-servant. Robespierre was the old man's bugbear, the nightmare of his delirious hours, and indeed of all his later years. "Keep the wretch from me!" he was heard to exclaim, with earnest reiteration.† It was a narrow escape he had had from the Jacobins, a little before the 9 Thermidor.

<sup>\*</sup> Historical Sketches, vol. v. pp. 142 sq. Edit. 1845.

† Sainte-Beuve.



## LADY MORGAN.\*

Few persons have been endowed with so many attractive qualities as Sydney Owenson: the Lady Morgan of nearly half a century. Her genuine Irish warm-heartedness; her frank and genial nature; her ready disposition to oblige; her patriotism and love of liberty; her lively fancy; her power of expression; her quickness in obtaining information, and her pleasant manner of imparting it, formed a combination of faculties and acquirements that few possess, and still fewer retain to the closing years of a protracted life. She had also other endearing gifts. She knew how "to accept kindness gracefully, so as to make it a pleasure to the bestower. She was not prone to take offence—she took benefits as they were intended, and she brightened all that surrounded her with the sunshine that emanated from herself." And what was the shadow that sometimes crossed it? Simply a woman's vanity:—In 1835—she was then, be it remembered, fifty-seven years old—it seems that Miss Jane Porter had been taken for her by a party of Americans; which greatly excited her astonishment. "*She*" (observed Lady Morgan) "is tall, lank, and lean, and lackadaisical, dressed in the deepest black, with rather a battered black gauze hat, and an air of a regular Melpomene.† I am the reverse of all this, *et sans vanité* the best dressed woman wherever I go. Last night I wore a blue satin, trimmed fully with magnificent point lace and stomacher à la *Sévigné*, light blue velvet hat and feather, with an *aigrette* of sapphires and diamonds! *Voilà!*" It was during the same season that we last met her in London; and, reminding her of some verses addressed, more than a quarter of a century previous, to the brilliant thing that was GLOEYVINA,‡ we found that with similar pardonable vanity she still dwelt with pleasure on the homage she had so long since received. Yet, blended with all this, and with occasional perversities of taste, and seeming follies, there was an amount of prudence and good sense such as is rarely combined with a temperament like hers.

Her Memoirs throw a clear and reanimating light over the authors, publishers, and fashionable society of a lengthened period. There is much in them that is very interesting, and some things that had better, on many accounts, have been omitted. For the latter who is accountable? Lady Morgan chose an able literary executor in Mr. Hepworth Dixon; but his only labour seems to have been a short preface, in which he throws off all responsibility as quietly as he might hang up his hat after declining to take a walk. In the duties he had assumed he had an able assistant in Miss Jewsbury, and he found her so efficient that he willingly gave up to her entirely the fulfilment of Lady Morgan's wishes. Even she, however, worked under a limited liability, for we are told, in the same short preface, that "much of the cor-

\* Lady Morgan's Memoirs: Autobiography, Diaries, and Correspondence. Two Vols. London: W. H. Allen and Co. 1862.

† She must have been the original of Cruikshank's sketch for *Drury's Dirge* in the "Rejected Addresses."

‡ Her own expression in a letter to Mrs. Lefann, vol. ii. p. 4.

respondence to be used had been marked," and that Lady Morgan is "left to tell her own story in her own way." We are afraid, therefore, that the faults which we may have to notice are chargeable to one upon whom we should, from old associations, be reluctant to pass a severe sentence, even if her literary offences had been of a graver kind than any which may occasionally come before us in these volumes.

Lady Morgan has a great antipathy to DATES: a feminine prejudice that is by no means unusual. She recalls the circumstances attendant upon her birth, but the year of its occurrence is studiously concealed: it is left to be one of the disputed points of literary history. Now this would be of little moment if it were not that when admiration is challenged for the early development of talent, we must not claim for sixteen what would only be surprising three or four years earlier. Biographical dictionaries tell us that she was born in 1788. But in 1812, when Sir Charles Morgan was twenty-nine, his bride was said to be five years older, and this would fix her birth in 1778: a date that we shall accordingly assume.

She tells us that her father was a gentleman: "as fine a type of the Irish gentleman as Ireland ever sent forth." Gentleman, as Charles Mathews used to say, means anything, or everything, or nothing. With the exception of the single mercantile incident of importing a cargo of claret, he comes before us chiefly as a theatrical manager: a pursuit with which the gentlemanly elements have often been combined, and which brought him into contact with many to whom they rightfully belonged.

Whatever may have been the year, we are told that his daughter was born on a Christmas-day. Upon its eve her father was surrounded by some friends, who were too full of enjoyment to admit of their separating till he had announced to them the birth "of a dear little Irish girl—the very thing I have always wished for;" and they made a compact on the spot to meet that day month to celebrate her christening. As one of them returned home, an incident occurred that had an early influence on the imagination of the newly-born. He heard a voice before him, like the wail of *infant charity*, "and he could just detect that the air, so plaintive and broken, was a Christmas carol. The snow was falling and the night was cold; he overtook the little singer, a female child, just as her song was expiring" (in words of welcome to the happy season that was not for her) . . . "and she sunk on the steps of a splendid mansion in St. Stephen's Green, brilliantly lighted up, and resounding with festive sounds. He attempted to raise her, but she was lifeless: she still grasped her little ballad in her hand." His own home was distant; but he asked the assistance of a watchman to convey her to a place of shelter; placed her by a fire, and "procured the assistance of an unfortunate woman who was passing by to attend her till morning." At an early hour he returned. She was lying where he left her, and was dead. He picked up her ballad, and had her buried in a field, "the great burial-place of the poor;" and her fate made such an impression upon him that he wove some lines of his own into the verses she had sung, which were repeated to the little Sydney from the time she was first rocked in her cradle, and they seem have become one of the deepest memories of her childhood.

From the celebration of her christening we have no further record till we find her mother and herself arriving in Dublin, from Port-arlington—the *date* of course a mystery—and taking up their abode in some “gashly” rooms attached to the theatre—formerly the Ridotto—in Fish Shamble-street: a managerial speculation in which her father had just embarked. The description of their passage, under the guidance of “Pat Brennan”—through “scenery, machinery, and decorations, mounds of sawdust and mountains of chips,” by gaping floors and under threatening roofs; assisted by workmen in brown-paper caps, with lights stuck in front; and amidst the noise of falling hammers, grinding saws, and the screwing of wheels—the banquet that awaited them, and the rooms they slept in—are sketched with the mastery of no common hand. The result of this wild enterprise is also very amusingly told.

Her earliest education was as desultory and odd as it well could have been, even in the *ménage* of an Irish manager. Some of her first lessons in writing were given to herself and a younger sister by the boy-poet Dermody, one of an unhappy race—now, we hope, extinct—who, classing themselves with Savage and Chatterton, seemed to think that genius, recklessness, and misconduct were inseparable. Before she takes us forward, in her “Autobiography,” to the period of more regular instruction, she gives us a free-hand outline, very cleverly executed, of the Story of her Father. The family name seems to have been MacOwen, softened and refined into Owenson. Her grandfather, when a wild young Irish farmer, exhibiting his skill and prowess at a wrestling-match, so captivated, by his manly beauty, a daughter of the Crofton family, who distributed the prizes, that an abduction and marriage were the first consequences, and the next was the birth of Lady Morgan’s father. He inherited—and it was his only inheritance—the personal attractions of the MacOwen, and the tastes and better qualities of his mother. His voice, described by Lady Morgan as a remarkably fine baritone, had begun to excite attention, when there arrived to take possession of a neighbouring estate, a Mr. Blake, who was also an extensive West India proprietor, and in his selfish enjoyment of music and the fine arts very much resembled the author of *Vathek*. He was struck with the musical capabilities of young Owenson, and took him to London as his *protégé*, with the intention of cultivating his peculiar talent, and of giving him the education and position of a gentleman. But, alas! with these fine prospects before him, his music lessons had brought him under the fascination of the beautiful, and then celebrated, Madame Weichsel, the mother of Mrs. Billington, and, in the midst of this *liaison*, Mr. Blake, having suddenly returned from a real or pretended absence, found that his young friend was absent also. He followed him to Vauxhall; arrived in time to see him in the orchestra finishing a duet from “*Artaxerxes*” with the fair ruler of his destiny; and after a passage of punctilious justice on one side and defiant independence on the other, the young offender left the house of his wealthy patron for that of his kinsman Goldsmith. It was by the poet’s advice that he became an actor, and from this time the stage, in one shape or another, was to be the means of his subsistence. Before leaving England

he had married. His wife, the sister of a fellow-student in the classes where, at Mr. Blake's expense, he was to have been taught "elocution, mathematics, English classics, and the rudiments of Latin," was a Miss Hill, of Shrewsbury. Her father was a respectable bourgeois of the ancient city, and its mayor. But Lady Morgan also claims a distant connexion with the more distinguished family of the same name and county; bringing, as evidence, the possession of a much-valued silver tankard which bore its crest. The mayor seems to have had an insuperable objection "to receiving an actor for a son-in-law," "and Miss Hill settled the matter by consenting to a clandestine marriage." We are afraid that (as in the case of Miss Crofton) the personal graces had prevailed more than they ought to have done. There was a difference far too wide in their pursuits and modes of thinking. The wife was a *pietist*, "a little Lady Huntingdon, in her way." Her greatest antipathies were the mass-house and the theatre, and it is difficult to ascertain whether she considered a priest or a player the more certainly doomed to perdition. To keep them as much as possible from the scene of his wicked pursuits, Mr. Owenson had engaged for his family what Lady Morgan calls "a pretty country-house at Drumcondra;" and here, while her husband at Dublin was in the green-room or on the stage, Mrs. Owenson had her own religious circle, and she also occasionally visited her saintly friends at Portarlington. "Her greatest anxiety was for the education of her little girls, and her next for the salvation of mankind through the influence of the Countess of Huntingdon." She died even before the first was accomplished; but her wishes were faithfully carried out. At Portarlington there was a school kept by a pious French lady, a Madame Terson: "The best" (says Lady Morgan) "in Ireland; I may add, in the United Kingdom." It had, about this time, been removed to Clontarf. A promise had been given to Mrs. Owenson that her daughter should be received there as a pupil when she had reached her ninth year; and, at the father's earnest request, both children—herself and Olivia—were now admitted. The following is a scene on her first day at school. Madame Terson introduces her to two little girls about her own age, and they are left together, while her father takes his lunch. They were the daughters of Grattan:

"They looked at us," she says, "sulkily and shyly; the eldest haughtily."

We said nothing, because we had nothing to say.

The eldest at length broke silence with the simple question: "What is your name?"

I answered, "Sydney Owenson."

"My name," continued my interrogator, "is Grattan—Mary Ann Grattan—and"—looking very grand—"my papa is the greatest man in Ireland. What is *your* papa?"

The question puzzled me, and I did not reply. On her reiteration of the inquiry, I replied, "My papa is free of the six and ten per cents."\*

The answer stunned her, for she understood it no more than I did myself, but probably thought it an order of unknown magnificence. We remained silent after this for some time, and then, having nothing else to do, began to cry.

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\* A mercantile privilege conceded to Mr. Owenson when he imported his cargo of claret from Bordeaux.

The scene is naturally told, if nothing else; and showed a readiness that never seemed to fail her.

She remained at Clontarf about three years, and upon the retirement of Madame Terson, her education was finished, as far as schools could finish it, at a more expensive, but inferior, school in Dublin. The house at Drumcondra had been given up.

During this time her father became bankrupt. We never expected that the cargo of claret would be paid for; and this, and a wild theatrical speculation at Kilkenny, involved him in embarrassments that were overwhelming. Too many of the friends who ordered his wine, or took his boxes, were like a German countess whom the Neapolitans used to describe as *Brava per comandare, ma non male brava per pagare*.

We have about sixty pages of letters written to him by his daughter while it was thought prudent that he should be absent from Dublin. With the exception of the first, they are all of them interesting, and some of them remarkable both for thought and style. The one in which she communicates to her father her determination to relieve him from the expenses he had been at for their education, by the produce of her pen and her employment as a governess, is an instance of reason and resolve which, in so young a person, was something extraordinary. They lead us on to the period when, after failing to place herself in the family of the secretary at war, or of the Bishop of Limerick, she is engaged by Mrs. Featherstonehaugh (more briefly Featherstone), of Bracklin Castle. Nothing can show her power of winning esteem more strikingly than the circumstances under which she arrived there. She had been recommended to Mrs. Featherstone by M. Fontaine, who was master of the ceremonies at the Dublin Castle Balls, and had been *maître de ballet* during Mr. Owenson's management at the Theatre Royal. The amiable old Frenchman determined to signalise her departure by what he called a *petit bal d'adieu*, from whence, after changing her ball dress for a travelling dress, the mail-coach was to take her to Kinigad, where the Featherstones' carriage was to meet her. But when the guard's horn was sounded at the end of the street, she was still dancing down "Money in both pockets"—one of the delights of a former generation—with an agreeable young partner. There was only time to throw over her ball dress her nurse's warm cloak, to put on her bonnet, and to reach the mail just as the guard's patience had begun to be exhausted. The needful changes were then to be made at Kinigad. She arrived there: and after a short repose, she found, to her horror, that everything belonging to her had gone on in the mail. There was no help for it. The carriage from Bracklin was waiting; the servants were impatient; and she arrived at the house of her employer on a winter's morning in a muslin frock, pink silk stockings, pink silk shoes, and, over all, her good old nurse's cloak. Ushered in this costume into the drawing-room, we may readily believe that, as she tells us herself, her "appearance excited a general titter;" Mrs. Featherstone and her girls came to her relief, and welcomed her, and kissed her; while Mr. Featherstone, "a grave, stern-looking man, who sat apart reading his newspaper, just raised his eyes above his glasses, 'and I read' (she says)

"in his glance, condemnation of his lady's indiscretion in bringing *such* a being for *such* a purpose as I had come." Her explanations amused them greatly. "Dear little thing—poor little thing!" were their only comments; and she soon became a favourite with them all.

On their removal to Dublin, she made her intended attempt at publication. Her father had had printed, some time before, a small volume of "Poems by a Young Lady between the Age of Twelve and Fourteen," and whatever may have been its merits, it had interested Mr. Lefann, one of the best preachers of the day. The Bishop of Limerick, also, to whom he had shown it, had kindly said to her of some of the verses it contained, "These are very pretty stanzas as to poetry, and charming as to feeling, which I believe is the best ingredient of all poetry." But her present undertaking was a more serious affair.

After what we have read in other memoirs of the difficulty of inducing a publisher to risk the publication of a first work, we might wonder how first works appear at all. Nothing but the immutable belief that he has *something in him* (which an idle world calls vanity) could sustain a young writer under the rebuffs that he has usually to encounter. Both authors and publishers make mistakes. The works that are rejected are not all bad; and we need not tell our "pensive public" that those which are accepted are not all good.

In Miss Owenson's case there was not so much of difficulty in finding a publisher as of strangeness in her mode of setting about it. Early one summer morning, with the MS. of "St. Clair" under her arm, and disguised in a cloak and bonnet which she had taken from the servants' hall, she commenced her quest without any previous determination, and wandered on till she was struck with the words *T. Smith, Printer and Bookseller*, inscribed over a door near St. Peter's Church. She entered it: was treated somewhat rudely by the shop-boy, and with a gallantry more offensive by the younger Smith, who was passing by the counter, in his uniform as an Irish volunteer, on his way to a muster in Phoenix Park. As soon as the operations of a rough toilet had been completed, she was received by Smith the elder, who gave her the discouraging information that he was no publisher at all. As she ties up her MS., tears come into her eyes. "Don't cry, dear—don't cry," says the good-natured bookseller; "there's money bid for you yet! But you're very young to turn author, and what's yer name, dear?" "Owenson, sir." "Owenson? Are you anything to Mr. Owenson of the Theatre Royal?" "Yes, sir, I'm his daughter." "His daughter? You amaze me!—Why, your father is the greatest friend I have in the world." His kind feelings lead to his giving a note of introduction to Mr. Brown, bookseller and publisher, Grafton-street; and thither she goes. Mr. Brown, in dress and manner, approaches her *ideal* of the Tensons and Dodsleys, of whom she has read, much more nearly than the worthy Mr. Smith. She presents to him her MS. and note. His wife, who is seated in an inner room, with a gentleman who is reading, is afraid that the tea before her will be "as cold as ice," and interrupts their colloquy. He has just told her that "his hands are full;" but Mrs. Brown sees enough in the young person before him to excite her sympathy. The book, she says, shall

be shown to the gentleman in the back parlour, who is their reader; and if its author will call in a few days, "Mr. Brown will be happy to assist her, if possible."

She leaves it, but forgets to leave any address; and as the agonising anxieties and replies which fill the second column of the *Times* had, in those days, no "local habitation," and as she left Dublin on the morrow for Bracklin, the publisher could not write to her, and she was herself too disheartened to make inquiries.

With this incident the "Autobiography" concludes. In what follows we see traces of another hand. There was a spirit and *abandon* in the style of Sydney Owenson which could not easily have been imitated; and we must frankly admit that in the passages we have ourselves abridged, we give merely the dry bones of some very lively and interesting narratives. Here, however, as in the earliest of her girlish epistles, it is the first step that fails. We may wish that there had been something better than the "prefatory" pages. It was only by finding it accidentally on the table of a lady, whom she had called upon with Mrs. Featherstone, that she learnt her novel had been published. "Seeing a book lying in the window-seat, she took it up, and found it to be her own 'St. Clair.'" Her model in writing it had been "Werther," and it was translated into the language of the master she had imitated, with a preface—a very strange one—in which the German editor informed his readers that "the authoress had strangled herself with an embroidered cambric handkerchief, in a fit of despair and disappointed love." But though the work was not unsuccessful—and had its share of the fashionable patronage of Bath—four copies of it, presented by the publisher, seem to have been her only immediate remuneration.

There was about this time a change in her plans.

Some of the finest traits in the character of Mr. Owenson were connected with his anxious affection for his daughters, and the care with which he devoted his narrow means to their education. Olivia had continued at school some time after her sister went to Bracklin. She was now staying with her father at Coleraine, and he was anxious that Sydney, from whom he had been so long separated, should give up an occupation to which he regretted that she should have had to devote herself, and that she should join them in their new home. It was thus that early in 1801—when according to *our* chronology she was three-and-twenty, or according to her own, eighteen or twenty—she "left the Featherstones; who through life continued her admirers and attached friends."

"In spite," says Miss Jewsbury, "of her romantic love for her father, and her sincere attachment to her sister, the beautiful illusion of living a domestic life with them soon wore off." She could not help placing the comforts of Bracklin Castle—her study, her bedroom, and her bath-room; fires in them all, when wanted, and a piano and plenty of books—in contrast with the "scrambling poverty and discomfort of an Irish lodging." After being accustomed to the well-ordered expenditure of the Featherstones, there was something painful in living upon her father's diminished means, or depending upon his doubtful future, and she again—and for the last time—took a situation as governess

with a family at Fort William. They seem to have liked her better than she liked them; or rather, perhaps, than she liked their place of residence, for she appears to have left them in 1803. How long she had remained with them, the continued confusion, as to *dates*, makes doubtful.

She again joined her father and sister, who were then at Inniskillin, and it was at Inniskillin that she finished her novel of the "Novice of St. Dominic," the foundation, as it proved, of a success that was to last for half a century. The choice of a publisher was this time a mere chance. Looking (she tells us) in a newspaper for a bookseller's name, she "saw R. Phillips," and wrote to him. It was the commencement of a very curious correspondence. We remember the worthy knight ourselves; his ready acceptance of the work of an unknown versifier, and his dinners at Hammersmith; and though he was pronounced by a very high judicial authority to be "the weakest man upon the face of the earth,"\* there was some talent and a good deal of shrewdness mingled with his apparent foolishness. His letters to Miss Owenson are divided between an almost passionate admiration of her charms and talents, and a tradesman's calculations as to how much he shall be able to make by her writings. On one occasion, in a letter beginning "*Dear, bewitching, and deluding Syren*" (it is not thus that Messrs. Longman and Co. would have addressed her), he goes on to say, "It will be long before I shall forgive you! at least *not till I have got back the three hundred pounds, and another three hundred with it.*" Of his great liberality "as the most enterprising of all the midwives of the Muses" he reminds her continually. Nor did he dwell upon her attractions without having seen her. When the Novice was "fairly copied out" by one of "her young and patient adorers," she determined—though it was not absolutely necessary—to brave the "sea voyage and the long coach journey from Holyhead to London," and to negotiate with her publisher personally. It was in those days a somewhat hazardous undertaking. The sailing packets were occasionally kept in the Channel by baffling winds for more than one or two days, and there were two ferries to be crossed in Wales which on dark and stormy nights were not without danger. On one occasion, if not more, both guard and passengers were drowned. She arrived, however, safely; but so fatigued that, seated on her small trunk, in the yard of the "Swan with Two Necks," she fell asleep. Mr. Quentin Dick had been her fellow-passenger, and by his friendly interposition she was better cared for.

Her negotiations with Phillips, who behaved very kindly to her, terminated in an immediate payment for her MS., but to what amount is not mentioned. The novel was successful. Amongst its other triumphs, it was a favourite with Mr. Pitt, and he read it over again in his last illness; "a piece of good fortune" (says Miss Jewsbury) "of which any author might be proud."

Sir Richard Phillips (he was not titled yet, however) claimed the merit of having suggested her next work, and considered "The Wild

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\* During the trial of Carr v. Dubois. (The author of the "Rights Merrie and Conceited Tour.")



Irish Girl" as his *own*; but a rival publisher appeared in Mr. Johnson, of St. Paul's Churchyard, to whom Miss Owenson, with a prudent belief in the value of competition, had written. Sir Richard now addresses her upbraidingly. "I did not suppose" (he says) "that a mother would deprive a father of his child." He had offered two hundred pounds for the copyright. Johnson offers three. The knight, to meet "the overture of a lady—a young and beautiful lady, one with whom he had long been *enraptured*," advances his offer another fifty, and ultimately makes it three hundred, at which he secures his prize, Mr. Johnson being very quietly dropped. Old Smith was prophetic when he said, "Don't cry, dear, there's money bid for you yet." Sir Richard growled over his bargain, like a lion over his food, and it was then he wrote to the "dear, bewitching, and deluding syren" that he should never forgive her till he had got back *his menses and his wances*: his three hundred, and three hundred more. For her volume of poems, "The Lays of an Irish Harp," he gave her a hundred pounds, without having seen them.

It was about the same period that she wrote the words for an operetta, for which Mr. Atkinson (her own good friend and Moore's) wrote the prologue, and it was the last piece in which her father appeared upon the stage. She also put forth two volumes of "Patriotic Sketches." These we do not remember; and very little is said of them. Our recollection of her poems is, that their great beauty was the feeling that had charmed the Bishop of Limerick in her earlier attempts. Like Moore, she was a passionate admirer of the music of her native land. She corresponded on the subject with the author of its "History;" and, writing to Mrs. Lefann, she expresses her opinion that "the Italians, who now give the key-note to the music of every other country," have themselves no national melodies. "Theirs is the music of science." We think she is right. The Tarantella of Naples, the Saltarello of Rome, the music of the gondoliers at Venice, are little more than monotonous accompaniments to voice or action, and very different from the melodies of Scotland, of Ireland, and of Wales.

Sydney Owenson was no longer the pleasant little governess, but the successful and popular writer. She had stayed with Sir Malby and Lady Crofton, her father's connexions through the *mésalliance* of his mother—now reconciled by her talents. She was a welcome guest at the houses of the nobility and of the best families in Ireland; and in both Ireland and England she had made valuable and distinguished friends. With the Countess of Charleville and Mrs. Lefann, and with Lady Stanley of Penrhos, she was in almost constant correspondence. In the course of her visits she had also made the acquaintance of Lord and Lady Abercorn of Baron's Court, an event that influenced her whole future life. Yet she took the homage she received at no more than it was worth. "With the consciousness that she owed everything to herself, and had earned her own position, she never relaxed her labours, but held fast to industry as her sheet anchor; she took all the rest at its true value." "To the end of her days she always thought of her position in life as a conquest." Her entrance into high society marked the distance she had placed between Miss Owenson, the distinguished authoress, and the two forlorn little girls left in

lodgings under the care of an old servant, without money to meet their expenses.\*

When not at the houses of the great, she had her establishment in Dublin; her father and sister living near. But there was soon to be a change. Olivia had taken a situation as governess in the family of General Brownrigg, whose physician was Dr. (afterwards Sir Arthur) Clarke. The Doctor saw the young governess, and felt, like Burns, that to see her was to love her. He was a clever and agreeable man; very diminutive in person; and in this respect, as well as in the qualities which made him popular in society, he was the *doppelgänger* of Moore. He was one of those who, in the words of the elder Boucicault,

*May be said to comprise  
Much talent and taste in a neat pocket size.*

He had also a good practice and a good establishment, and he kindly offered his house as a home to Mr. Owenson, and to the old servant who had been the nurse of his children. "Pleasant in countenance," says Miss Jewsbury, "and agreeable in manner, as Dr. Clarke was, he was not exactly the man to captivate the fancy of a young girl." Olivia Owenson had the good sense to know that, in a connexion for life, something more than the fancy must be satisfied; and, in 1808, she became his wife, and soon afterwards shared his honours as Lady Clarke. He was knighted for his public services.

We return to Miss Owenson. Of her earlier works, "Ida of Athens" was the next; and it was placed, like the former, in the hands of Sir Richard Phillips. The materials for it had been collected with much care; but it had been written amidst the interruptions of society, and the publisher does not seem to have had sufficient faith in its value. There is no doubt that something—though we are not told what—must have led to altered feelings towards his "deluding syren," for she described him as having "used her barbarously," and even after the book had gone to press she transferred it to Messrs. Longmans. It was ill-naturedly reviewed in the first of those articles which the *Quarterly* so mercilessly continued to launch not only against her works, but herself. In this instance, however, the critic's pen was dipped in rose-water compared with the burning fluids that were afterwards poured upon her pages. As far as they were attributable to Mr. Croker, he might have been partly influenced by Miss Owenson's cool rejection of his admiration and friendship when he was a briefless barrister and a writer of no enviable notoriety in Dublin, and partly by his natural disposition. The last time we saw our friend Dr. Croly, during Croker's severe illness, we asked the nature of his complaint. "I don't know," said Dr. Croly; "probably, *acute malignity*." Thinking of him as a critic, we could only reply "Probably!"

"Ida of Athens" was followed by the "Missionary," which was

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\* Abridged from p. 222, vol. i. The "Indians' scalps," Miss Jewsbury, do not offer to the mind a very pleasant object. "Never use an image," our old friend, Miss Seward, used to say, "without bringing distinctly before you the forms it would present."

written during her stay at Baron's Court. Notwithstanding their previous quarrel it was placed for publication with Sir Richard. Again they quarrelled. Even after a volume of it had been printed, it was taken out of his hands; and she entered into negotiations with Stockdale and with Miller. Lady Abercorn tried what she could do for her with Miller; and Lord Castlereagh—"perhaps the greatest admirer the 'Missionary' ever found"—was present while she made her bargain with Stockdale. It was the least popular of her novels. The last, also, of the earlier series. We are not told what they produced, except that in one instance the amount was "very satisfactory."

We have already seen that she had made the acquaintance of Lord and Lady Abercorn during the rounds of visits in which her celebrity had then involved her. They were charmed with her society, and wished her to live with them the greater part of the year, either at Baron's Court, in Ireland, or at Stanmore Priory, their seat near London. An unfriendly critic in the *Times* has compared her position in their household to that of the court-fool or jester of former ages. We are too stupid to see the resemblance. Though there is nothing equal in its way to the refined and subdued tone that prevails in the houses of our best nobility, it must be confessed that they are sometimes dull; and the modern expedient to relieve their dullness is to invite the most brilliant talkers and thinkers of the day. It was thus that Miss Owenson was invited by Lady Abercorn. It was not her own wish to accept the proposal of her noble friends. It involved the necessity of giving up the pleasant society which she enjoyed in Dublin, and it took her from her father and sister; but Lady Abercorn proposed that she should be her guest for a short time, before making any final arrangement;—to this she assented; and it sealed her fate.

Their mode of living was princely. At Stanmore, a hundred and twenty persons slept beneath the roof, exclusive of under-servants. It was a palace; almost a village in itself. A royal chamberlain told Miss Owenson that there was nothing like the entire establishment in England; nor, perhaps—for a subject—in Europe. "The sound of a commoner's name," she wrote to Mrs. Lefann, was "refreshment to her organs, wearied out with the thrilling vibrations of 'your Royal Highness,' 'your Grace,' and 'your Majesty.'" Amongst others, there was the exiled majesty of Sweden, who candidly admitted that he was not fit to reign; "that his people were the best judges, and they were of *his opinion*." This, she says, was *fact*.

What a brilliant *entourage*! But there was the pomp of royalty when the family were by themselves. "The marquis was a very fine gentleman, the type of a class now extinct. He was convinced that the people of the lower orders were of a different nature, and made of different stuff to himself. The groom of the chambers had orders to fumigate the rooms he occupied after liveried servants had been in them; and the chambermaids were not allowed to touch his bed except in white kid gloves. He himself always dressed *en grande tenue*, and never sat down to table except in his blue ribbon with the star and garter. He was extremely handsome; noble and courtly in his manner; witty; sarcastic; a *roué* as regarded his principles towards women; a Tory in politics; fastidious, luxurious; refined in his

habits, fascinating in his address; *blasé* upon pleasure and prosperity, yet capable of being amused by wit, and interested by a new voice and face." It was on the latter account that Miss Owenson had become their guest.

On her return to Baron's Court she found a new member of the family in the person of Dr. Morgan, who had been retained as physician. He was an Englishman; a young widower; handsome, accomplished, talented, a friend of Jenner, and his fellow-labourer in removing the prejudices against vaccination. It became a passion with Lady Abercorn that he should be the husband of her guest. The first time her name was announced, he had so little inclination to meet her, that he rose from his seat by Lady Abercorn, and leaped through the window into the garden. This determined her to win him, whether she wished to have him or not; and when she found he was fascinated, she left Baron's Court on a visit to her friends in Dublin. That the gentleman was then deeply in love there can be little doubt. His letters were as full of raptures, hopes, and apprehensions, as the most desperate collection of amatory epistles that was ever read by Mr. Huddleston in an action for Breach of Promise. Her answers were brief, and she was provokingly capricious; but there does not appear to have been any cause for the jealousy that sometimes made him miserable. Her flirtations seldom *reached her heart*, and if she had ever been really attached—as she was supposed to have been to Sir Charles Ormsby—the dream was at an end. We think that these letters should not have been printed. There can be no doubt that her father's letter to Dr. Morgan,\* as his son-in-law elect, ought to have been suppressed, out of regard to his own memory, as well as to the character of the work. Whether "marked"† or not, it should never have been published.

Both Lady Abercorn and her lord were displeased at their favourite's protracted delay in returning to Baron's Court, but at last she came; and "one cold morning in January, as she was sitting by the fire in the library, in her morning wrapper," Lady Abercorn announced to her that there must be no more trifling, and she must "come up-stairs and be married." It was as abrupt as the invitation in "Measure for Measure," "Master Barnardine, you must rise and be hanged." She was married, says Miss Jewsbury, past redemption.

To please the bride, Dr. Morgan, through his noble patron's influence, had been knighted by the Lord-Lieutenant; and she at once became Lady Morgan.‡

*The brilliant thing that was Glorvina* was now a wife. The first year of their union was rather stormy. They soon, however, became reconciled to the "sometimes smooth and sometimes rough" which a little good sense and good feeling can easily convert into the pleasant weather of married life. In the lady a vanity, flattered "to the top of its bent," a strong will, great determination of character, and the separate possession of her own literary earnings (already about five thousand pounds), were attributes difficult to be managed; but Sir Charles,

\* P. 513. (Dec. 23, 1811.)

† V. *ante*, p. 301, l. 1.

‡ A pitiful and abortive attempt was made some twelve years later, to prove that the title was illegally conferred.

it is said, was of a fine disposition, generous, affectionate, of great firmness of character, strength of mind, and integrity of principle—qualities to which a woman looks up with confidence and respect; and they in time obtained the ascendancy they deserved. "It has fallen" (writes the editor) "to the lot of very few distinguished women to be so happily mated." As might have been supposed, it soon became irksome to them to remain at Baron's Court. With the intention of practising in Dublin, he took a house in Kildare-street, and he might have practised successfully had he not published a work on the "Physiology of Life," that too plainly indicated a class of opinions which are generally as offensive to others as they are unsatisfactory even to those who maintain them. At that time, Lady Morgan, we are afraid, did not consider such opinions objectionable. They led, however, to the abandonment of his profession, with the exception of a medical appointment that he held in the Marshalsea.

As far as the continued disregard of dates enables us to judge, the twenty-one years, "or thereabouts," which elapsed before they finally settled in England, in 1838, was divided between Dublin, London, and the Continent. It was during this time that Lady Morgan published "O'Donnel," "The O'Briens and O'Flaherties," "Florence Macarthy," the "Life and Times of Salvator Rosa," and her quartos on "France," and "Italy." The latter raised her to a higher position in literature than she had previously occupied; they excited the admiration of some of the finest intellects of the age; but the opinions they contained brought down upon her a measureless mass of abuse, of which we are sorry to see that some fragments have been scattered upon her remains. To the works we have mentioned she added "Dramatic Scenes and Sketches," descriptive of the Irish peasantry, their sorrows and their grievances; and a Belgian story, called the "Princess or the Béguine."

She had now changed her publisher. Colburn commenced his ministry with "O'Donnel," for which he gave her five hundred and fifty pounds, with an additional fifty on the appearance of a third edition. For the first work on "France," after a little bargaining, she received a thousand pounds; for "Italy," two thousand; for "Florence Macarthy," weighted with a heavy work by Sir Charles (which was supposed to be included in the price), twelve hundred pounds; and, while reading the proof sheets of her last-named romance, the young publisher was wrought to such an enthusiasm of appreciation that he rushed to the purchase of a *parure* of amethysts as an offering from himself to the successful author. But Lady Morgan, we are told, "was perfectly indifferent to all flattery which did not tend to profit." She well knew the value of competition. The most estimable of publishers was the one who made her the best offer. And thus when her second work on "France"—considered by many as the best book she ever wrote—was ready for the press, she turned from Colburn, who had not shown his usual eagerness, and entered into negotiations with Saunders and Otley: which after some angry—hysterically angry—correspondence with her former worshipper, ended in their purchasing the copyright for a thousand pounds. Colburn's rage was fearful, and one of its results was the extraordinary advertisement of

LADY MORGAN AT HALF PRICE.

It announced that in consequence of the losses he had sustained by her works, he had declined her new work on "France," and that copies of *any* of her books might be had at half price. It was not only an incident in Lady Morgan's life, but a strange event in the history of literature, that an intelligent publisher should destroy the value of his own property, by what other tradesmen would call "a tremendous sacrifice," solely to revenge himself upon a successful rival, and upon the contumacy of one of his *best hands*;—or, as he usually styled them, "his authors." The second "France" was not a success. It was probably injured by this advertisement. Negotiations for a modification of the contract, and even legal proceedings, of some kind, followed; but Lady Morgan insisted upon her bond. In their days of mutual satisfaction Colburn had offered herself and Sir Charles twenty-five pounds a sheet (or, according to his evidence in Court, "whatever price they demanded") for articles contributed to the *New Monthly*. How writers in the *New Monthly* must be envied!

Lady Morgan now went much into society. That she was received into the highest classes both in England and Ireland—whether we take rank or fame as our standard—it is foolish for her enemies to deny. She is well remembered as moving in the circles she mentions by a few of those who still survive. They are not many, for she had to pay the penalty imposed by death on those he longest spares—the loss of early friends. It is one of his indirect taxes. Her father (as might naturally have been expected), her sister, her husband, her favourite niece, her kind-hearted brother-in-law, Sir Arthur Clarke, Mrs. Lefann, Lady Stanley, Moore, Rogers, Lord Melbourne, and a "troop" of other friends, died before her.

In reading her diaries and correspondence we meet with descriptions that remind us of the rough sketches of a great painter. She gives us, in little more than a dozen lines, a biography of the only actress who ever equalled Mrs. Siddons. "Lady Beecher has been very kind in coming to me: the once celebrated Miss O'Neil—the *Juliet* of admiring thousands. When she was a poor obscure actress, I saw her by chance as *Belinda*, in 'All in the Wrong,' and afterwards in a suit of armour, dressed as an Amazon, as the heroine in 'Timour the Tartar.' I sought her out, and asked her to a party the next evening, and predicted her future triumph. Shortly after I followed her triumphant success in London. She is passing through Dublin on her way to see her old mother. She comes every day to see me while she stays here. The poetry of her voice remains; it is still *Juliet's* voice in the balcony; but all else that was poetical in her beauty has gone. She is now a thin, elegant-looking lady; but no beauty, except that she has the indestructible beauty of goodness." We have a sketch of Campbell in a very different attitude. The scene is in the great dining-room of the Priory, Stanmore. He is led in by Sir Thomas Lawrence. "I was seated" (says Lady Morgan) "between Lord Aberdeen and Manners Sutton—the latter gave Campbell his seat beside me—opposite to us was (?) Lord Erskine, and the Duchess of Gordon. Campbell was awkward, but went on taking his soup, as if he was eating a haggis in the Highlands; but when he put his knife in the salt-cellar to help himself to salt, every eye-glass was up, and the first poet of the age was voted the vulgarest of men. His *coup de grace*, however, was

in the evening, when he took the *unapproachable* Marquis of Abercorn by the button-hole that joined his star! Oh my stars! I thought we should all die of it, knowing the *extreme* fastidiousness of the possessor of the star. Next morning he went about asking every one if they could 'take him into town with a wee bit of a portmanteau?' Lady Asgill (the most charming of coquettes) gave a place in her carriage to the man who, by a line, could give her immortality." We recollect, when listening to one of his glorious lectures on poetry, the bad effect of his unpinning a fragment of his MS., and carefully sticking the pin, in a very tailor-like fashion, into the lapel of his coat. A hundred years hence, the admiration he receives will be more abstract, and spiritualised.

Of Lady Morgan's letters, the best, perhaps, are the two or three in which she expresses, so naturally and beautifully, her grief on the death of her father. The letters addressed to herself, with the exception of those from Lady Caroline Lamb and Madame Patterson Bonaparte, and from her early friends, are chiefly notes of invitation, acceptance, or apology; or the usual courtesies and flatteries which pass—often with little sincerity—between the celebrities of the day. The correspondence with Lady Caroline Lamb is interesting, for she had many fine qualities. Lady Morgan seems willing to believe that she remained guiltless, even amidst the temptations she so freely courted; and it is charitable to attribute her extraordinary conduct—"her restless craving after excitement"—to insanity. She died more than thirty years before Lady Morgan, who tells us—describing her, at the time—that "She was tall and slight in figure, her countenance was grave, her eyes dark, large, bright; her complexion fair; her voice soft, low, caressing, that was at once a beauty and a charm, and worked much of that fascination that was peculiarly hers; it softened down her enemies the moment they listened to her. She was eloquent—most eloquent—full of ideas, and of graceful, gracious expression; but her subject was always herself." The letters we have before us are sufficient proof of her having been "phrensied :"

—Phrensied by disease or woe,  
To that worst pitch of all, which wears a reasoning show.\*

Those of Madame Patterson contain passages of amusing, but not very amiable, gossip from Paris. The one we most like in the second volume is Dr. Jenner's letter of the 14th of March, 1813.† He always wrote well, a faculty which eminent physicians have rarely possessed.

Others have not reviewed these volumes as leniently as ourselves; but we should be false to our trust if we did not notice *one* class of the blemishes by which they are now and then disfigured. There are forms of expression that were once tolerated amongst men, but could at no time have been pardonable in woman. We would not be too severe upon the mere bad taste of "I swore like a trooper to Livy I *would* be back by the 1st of January."—"Love to all in a lump." But when it comes to "The one is cried up to the skies, the other is cried

\* Childs Harold, canto iii.

† Vol. ii. p. 25.

down to —;” and when it is said that Lady Morgan “used to tell in a *very droll manner*” that Sir Charles, having visited the sick-bed of Moore, and having pressed him hard in some metaphysical (or sceptical?) discussion, on the poet exclaiming, “Oh, Morgan, talk no more—consider my immortal soul!” “Damn your soul!” said Sir Charles, impatiently—“attend to my argument,”—here a higher principle than taste is outraged, and we must regret that even the wishes of the deceased should have induced the publication of anything so offensive. We were told, upon high dramatic authority, that “damns had had their day.” Sir Charles seemed still to think them essential to vigour of expression, and that blasphemy threw a brilliancy upon wit. We heard him, in 1835, give an illustration of the character of O’Connell that we should be sorry to repeat.

We cannot finish a notice, already perhaps too long, without acknowledging that Miss Jewsbury—considering the instructions with which she was shackled—has fulfilled her task carefully and well. There are many instances of words misspelt—particularly in other languages than our own—but the fault, in this case, may be with herself or with the printing-office.

When Lady Morgan settled in England, Colburn, after a quarrel of eight years, propitiated his offended goddess, and became the publisher of the completed portion of her work on the superiority of woman, under the title of “Woman and her Master.” They continued, however, to squabble; and when he died, she regretted that they should not “have parted friends.” She records him in her Journal as “a strange *mélange* of meanness and munificence.”

The residence she had chosen for herself and Sir Charles in London was one of the houses in William-street, Albert-gate, the property of Mr. Cubitt, who is described as a complying landlord, and “a great little man!”

Here she lived for about twenty years; and here, after having just published her “Odd Volume,” and given a musical party on the morning of St. Patrick’s-day, she died on the 16th of April, 1859, at the age (as we estimate) of *eighty-one*. “She kept her faculty of enjoyment to the last; and had as much pleasure in her books, music, and society, as in her youth.”

It was a brilliant and eventful life. “Endowed” (says Miss Jewsbury, in a well-written passage) “with faculties for social success. . . . She could tell stories—especially Irish stories—with a spirit and drollery that was irresistible; her gift of narrative was very great; she possessed that rare quality in a woman—humour; and she was as witty as though *l’esprit de tous les Mortemars* had inspired her. . . . She had the power to amuse everybody; of all personal faculties this gift is, perhaps, the most seducing and intoxicating to the possessor. Full of Irish fun, and Irish spirits, she was entirely bewitching. She enjoyed her own gifts, and her own evident delight in her powers was one great secret of her power of pleasing others. From the very nature of her position she was, to a certain extent, an adventurer, for she had nothing, and no one to depend upon but herself. Her own talents were the means by which alone she could make herself a position in the world. She was vain—display was natural to her. . . .



Her activity, both of mind and body, was indefatigable. Flattered, followed, admired, she never lost her head, or mistook shadow for substance. She loved flattery—it was a necessary of life to her gay and elastic nature—but she had a wonderfully shrewd appreciation of its actual value. . . . She had higher aspirations than mere social success. . . . The settled aim of her life was to advocate the interests of her country . . . to set her father free from his embarrassments, and to procure him a provision for his old age. For this she worked hard. . . . She was thoroughly grateful”—itself the indication of a fine nature—“she made for herself steady friends in her youth, and they continued her friends to their lives’ ends; and their friendship was kept up by their descendants to the second and third generation.”\* Few could say with Lady Morgan that, while still young, and at a time when the victims of severe laws were seldom spared, she had, by her energy and perseverance saved the life of a fellow-creature.† In closing the last of these volumes, we part with her under the influence of kindly feelings: she is pleasantly associated with our earliest remembrances; and we prefer her, with all her faults, to many who have taken a higher position in the world’s opinion and esteem.

## ROME AND THE PAPACY.

### PART THE SECOND.

BY CYRUS REDDING.

IN our last number we expressed an opinion that the sun of the temporality of the Papal power had set, and that the hope of the realization of a lust after worldly empire, which it had concealed under ostensible religious duties, had perished for ever. The head of that faith had ceased to be respected in his own family, which had once been so obedient under its presumed religious duties. They saw that those duties had become only a cover for temporal power. It was, therefore, impossible they could adhere to a high priest who really desired to substitute a worldly sway for a kingdom “not of this world.” They would not consent any longer to muster under the false colours, which had become the rallying-point of an unhallowed ambition, the impulses of which could not be mistaken. They looked to Rome for spiritual guidance, and found only the promptings of cupidity and the desire of worldly power.

It must be borne in mind that those who thus disagreed with their nominal head were the more enlightened and honest of the Papal family, and had drawn their earlier spiritual nutrition from the maternal Church. They cannot, therefore, be supposed to differ from it without being prompted by a high sense of duty, and a clear conviction of the errors of

\* See, amongst other instances, the letter from Sir Malby Crofton, vol. ii. p. 530.

† “The Condemned Felon,” vol. i. p. 353.

the Papacy. They were and are Catholics still, but they share in the advance of the age, and will not consent to see spiritual duties veil worldly ambition any longer in the head of their Church. Being of the family and household, proves that their estrangement is just and rational, for they would not violate the respect they bear to their head without an absolute necessity.

It is too true that priestly pride is case-hardened and obstinate in all its acts, and, no doubt, time would have done a work so desirable, but that the Church could do no wrong in its own opinion; for who would dare to charge fallibility upon the infallible, especially when it appealed to Heaven to support it in its venal desires, while its own children perceive the motive power of all its complaints and denunciations!

Some who cast "a longing, lingering look behind" at what the Papacy has been, cannot be convinced, as we are, of the dying state of that aged and once stupendous juggler. They will not credit that it is, at present, *in articulo mortis*. They believe it possible that a revival may take place. They imagine that a concentration of its power, an effort of all its strength, combined with good fortune, and the help of the Virgin, the saints, and relics, under the sanctified guardianship of French bayonets in place of those of Austria—the most dear to the Vatican being the most crafty and the most congenial with those Ghibeline half-civilised Creoles and Dalmatians which compose the "reason" of Austria—they imagine that a concentration of bayonets in the seat of bells and candles, with excommunication and anathema, in addition, may again restore the Pope to his former plenitude of power, and establish a Roman nationality in Italy, with the triple crown at the head. They had fooled the credulous with miracles, could the cardinals not find one in stock to help Pio Nono! They believe it possible, under protecting steel, which pretends to no miraculous power, to operate upon the wavering, excite the lukewarm, convert the incredulous, unite all the faithful in a general crusade, and thus find favour once more bestowed upon it by the special indulgence of Heaven; thus, at the eleventh hour, redeeming past mistakes, over and above, by some great effort of innate power. A dazzling vision to the short-sighted, happily impossible of realisation. The talent of all the popes, from the fictitious St. Peter\* to the present pontiff, could not realise it. Times change, and with them the means of operation, so that what will act well as an agent in one century, for good or evil, will not do in another, and that which could be done yesterday it is impossible to effect to-day.

The former attempts at freedom made in Romagna and Naples, as well as in Piedmont, failed owing to the inertia of the common people, from their not feeling an interest or comprehending the subject for which they were to contend. The insurrectionary movements of 1820 were simply constitutional, and comprised the Sardinian and Neapolitan states. That of Romagna, on the contrary, though deemed of the Papal territory, was strictly republican. The cessation of the temporal government of the Pope was proclaimed there at that time, and the Papal authorities were removed without resistance. Not a single armed hand was raised, not a

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\* There is not the slightest ground for believing the real St. Peter was ever in Rome!

voice heard, in behalf of the Pope. This unanimity shows how slight was the hold of the Church, even so long ago, upon the people of that state, where it was best known, and, in consequence, most detested. This was a sufficient proof of itself that the last hour of the temporal power of the Church had come, and that what was true of its own provinces was also true as to other states.

What is the present state of Rome? Suppose she were full of will and energy, thus to attempt to raise herself to her old ascendancy, with the Holy Alliance defunct—where is Austria! It is a thing now impossible. With what feeling would Europe regard the restoration of the Papacy to its pristine power if it were not so? The two principles which rule in the European empire in the present day would unite against her, and cast her into her tomb; the feudal principle, which will not have any unity in Italy that does not originate with itself, and that popular principle which will not now have the Papal power even in the way of an ally. The latter principle finds itself strong enough to go alone and keep on its way without Papal guidance. It no longer wants a renegade representative to plead its cause after a death-bed repentance; it can plead its own cause, and be its own representative. It has been a good while latently emancipated. Betrayed by the Papacy, it remembers the Papal apostasy from the people to the princes, and will continue to cherish for it an inveterate disgust. How should it be otherwise? The country which was, and is still, the centre of spiritual Rome is also the centre of its temporal power, or, rather, was so until the Ghibeline Austrian, recently expelled, held it under the pretence of a guardianship. The abuses and excesses of Rome were seen at their own doors by the Italian people. After violences, frauds, and perjuries so long continued by the Papacy against them, even a pontiff like Julius II. could not restore the Papal credit in Italy. Popular confidence, once betrayed, is never regained.

The foregoing hypothesis was inadmissible before the French expelled the Austrians. The Austrian, or Ghibeline, principle, always active against freedom, and ever trampling upon popular rights, kept Papal Italy ostensibly for the Pope, but secretly for itself. The Guelph was well guarded by Ghibeline bayonets. What had the Guelphish principle become? An assemblage of imbecile priests, a supporter of superannuated doctrines, and the proclaimer of anathemas that only produced laughter at their grotesque fulminations. Even if Rome had power, the will was wanting. When France severed the chain, and nobly expelled the crafty Ghibeline, the divorce of Rome from the Italian people was at once seen to be eternal. The power of Austria, some, who had thought wildly and indulged chimerical notions, blinded by vain hopes, fancied might be turned against the Papacy, at least so far as to make the people free of the temporal reign of the Pope, and thus turn against him the power that had entered Italy for his protection. There is little doubt but Austria would have been rejoiced to annex Italy openly to her own states if the other powers of Europe would have consented, while, in truth, it was ruled by her as if it were her own. The temporal tyranny of Austria was, by some short-sighted Italians, thought preferable to the double tyranny of Rome. Thus, the force invited into Italy to protect the Papal territory, or under that pretence, would have been tempted to serve

itself. This speculation, actually broached in private, so it is said, was quashed because Austria, being a despotic power, its means of aggrandisement would thus be increased, and it would be throwing away all hope of future emancipation and self-government, though between the temporal rule of the Austrian and the double despotism of the Pope with his cardinals there could be no hesitation which to choose, and that, too, though the Austrian was a foreigner. But, with the better judging, it seemed too much of the sacrifice of the present to a chance future; a hazardous game to play, even were Austria to be trusted! It must be confessed that the mistrust here by the wiser Italians was fully justified.

Most political questions are complex, and should be examined in every point of view. The European balance of power, happily, will not permit partial experiments of the foregoing character. They are, therefore, insulated questions, or merely speculative, serving only to explain popular feeling in a political crisis. The entirety of nations is no longer a principle, but a fact, which gives each nation the right of watching and controlling its neighbour. Europe at large has an interest in all which concerns Italy as a whole, and would hardly consent to sacrifice the European balance so necessary to its existence. If Austria possessed Italy, the balance of Europe would have been destroyed, while she would have been aggrandised beyond right or reason. The idea would thus have been opposed by Europe at large; though while the Pope and Austria were in possession of the peninsula under the Holy Alliance auspices, and acting as one power, it was at that period very little otherwise than "Italy in Austria!" The character of the south was much mistaken. Of all the Europeans opposed to the Italians, both by nature and feeling, the Austrian, with his manifold races, is most so, even to revulsion. Nations are not made up of inert masses, to be placed and displaced at pleasure, by the delegates of a pretended divine right. They are ceasing to be cyphers, to be subtracted, or divided, and disposed of under arbitrary systems of political arithmetic. This is less so now than ever. It is nearly become impracticable, except by brute force. Nations have antecedents and interests, passions which lead, and sympathies which move them. All this must be considered in the present day. The Germanic is as antipathetic as possible with the Italian. A revolution in Italy, covered by Austrian bayonets with a view to eventual independence, would, therefore, have found few who gave credit to it, but as a notion generated through the Papal oppression. Moreover, a foreign ruler could only exact submission by conquest; but would never be solicited, even for an hour, under the notion of some future change. The indulgence of such an idea by a few, shows how preferable to the temporal power of the Pope and cardinals, in the eyes of many Italians, particularly those of the States of the Church, was the yoke of Austria, when regarded as no more than an illustration in some degree of the dissatisfaction of the popular mind, that to the reign of priests and their minions would have preferred a foreign despotism. The submission to a conqueror may, or must, be borne passively, but a foreign domination must never be called in, even for a day, if a due regard be had to future consequences, as the past history of many nations too clearly proves.

If, before the liberation effected by the French in the north of Italy, the Austrians had taken possession of the south, it is clear it would in no

way have achieved the liberation of the country from the Papal yoke. The Ghibeline and Guelph would soon have been in alliance. The notion, therefore, thus heedlessly breached by a few ignorant persons, who contrasted the "politic" politeness of the Austrian soldiers in the Papal States with the iron rule of the Pope and cardinals in temporal affairs, did not perceive how false and hollow were the opinions upon which a few of the least informed of the inhabitants of these states imagined such an action might be grounded. It was impossible not to perceive, even thirty years ago, that the pernicious influence of Austria was visible at Naples, as well as at Milan. The Austrian despotism was the bitterest enemy of Italian nationality. She hated the people, yet she lusted after their territory, and it was against Austria proper that Italy should have risen as one man, for in the Papal territories the bland conduct of her soldiery, compared with their harsh conduct in the Milanese, explained their desire to make themselves a contrast to the rule of the Papal soldiery, or rather native banditti.

Until recently, the masses in Italy were under an illusion. Seeing Italian princes upon the different thrones, they believed them independent in the spontaneity of their acts. The sole advantage of an Austrian government, brutal and despotic as it would be, could only end in stirring up the masses, inflaming their passions, rousing them against the stranger, and creating a common object of hatred and insult leading to sanguinary contests—so much on the supposition of an Austrian rule—throughout Italy. In fact, no judgment could be formed of the rule of Austria by her politic conduct in the States of the Church, in Tuscany, or Naples. The Milanese and Venice formed at that moment a different picture. What hope could the Italian have of a nationality under such a system of rule? Then, as to Italian unity, a government occupied by foreign soldiers, if it were the most benignant in the world, could never eradicate or neutralise local influences, destroy the rivalries of the different states, so as to condense the whole into one uniform interest, and create new habits for national consolidation; in fact, no foreigner, especially a brutal one like Austria, would use any means but force in attempting similar things. But enough; it is well known that such an idea was fallacious. To rule Italy, Austria would, as she always did, have promoted jealousies and divisions between the different states and cities. This was her well-known policy in the North, and it is notorious that she was always faithful to her antecedents.

The policy of Napoleon I. towards Italy had been diametrically opposed to that of Austria, which always desired, if she could not hold Italy, to keep it weak and divided, because she felt that there was no sympathy between that country and herself on any one point; and, in fact, that Italy was more of an enemy than a neutral. Napoleon wished to see Italy strong upon that very ground. He desired to see it a barrier against Austria. Thus he had no hesitation in imparting strength to the kingdom of Italy, and in bringing the whole of the peninsula into union by a general administrative and judicial arrangement. He himself sowed the seed for future Italian objects; the Austrian only lived from day to day upon the labour and property of others. The mission of Napoleon, it must be granted, was a social mission. It carried across the Alps the popular leaven, which had risen out of the French revolution; that of Vienna, on the contrary, was retrograde, and would fain

obliterate every trace of free institutions, and, if possible, destroy every man who desired to be free. Under its rule, every tendency towards unity would have to be watched and suppressed, because bad governments seek to divide the people in order to rule more arbitrarily.

What hope, then, had the Italians under a double tyranny, unless in having recourse to a new *Sicilian Vespers*! An Austrian almost naturalised in Italy, and odious from tyranny, might tempt it, when the proverb, "*Tudesco Italianato, e un Diavolo incarnato*,"\* is considered. The nationality of the peninsula and its future unity were not to be sought in Rome or Vienna, as has been lately seen. The will and power were wanting in both to fulfil that which they both alike abhorred. The Italian princes afforded no hope to the people, for they were mere puppets in the hands of their masters at Rome and Vienna. Satellites of superior orbs, they were alone actuated by their influences. What hope, then, remained for the Italian people? They became naturally more and more of one mind. More and more their eyes were opened to the true state of things. Nothing could more plainly prove the popular power than the vast means employed to counteract it by both temporal and spiritual rulers, until all Italy was one Austrian garrison, for fear of the people, because they alone work out revolutions. Descending from their attics into the places for public meetings they create the movement, and without them nothing is achieved. In the peninsula they are, when moved, the soundest and most honest in action on the principle they adopt. In Italy, in former times, if inquiry were made how such or such an attempt failed, the reply was, "The inertia of the masses." It was necessary to move them to the object, or it would be certain to fail.

It was necessary to know the country in order to understand to what degree the people have been indifferent heretofore to speculations regarding their government, and up to that point they kept themselves out of political questions. Some time ago, to speak to them of constitutions, of representatives, of electoral powers, of legal fictions—they understood nothing about them; and they would reply on any question upon such matters, "It is your affair, not ours." They had no interest in such matters. Nor was this wonderful. The masses might well be inert. None of the noble or wealthy interested themselves in their regard. They were ruled by the priesthood; they had everything to lose; they knew nothing of popular rights or the enjoyment of them—why should they risk even their black bread, and life itself, for what they could not comprehend? Not at all blind nor insensible to those things within the sphere of their customary intelligence, and speaking their language, all was well. They had, therefore, to learn what freedom was; and with the priest and the confessional adverse to freedom, the progress of such a people must necessarily be slow.

It would be a task of no service to particularise the obstacles of the foregoing kind that interposed to prepare the minds of the uneducated Italian population for comprehending the advantages of freedom. The adverse voice of the priest was ever in their ears, and all the ties of custom were in the opposite balance. They had, too, a loyal attachment to their princes, who were sure to arrange themselves on the side of

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\* "A German Italianised is a devil incarnate."

power and profit. Thus the Italian people, that were friends to liberty, had to contend against the creed and power of the priests, and against the interests, affections, and habits of the masses, to modify or change them. They had to reconcile hostility, attach the masses to their cause, make indifference passionate, the unbelieving faithful, and all on trust in case of certain contingencies. Such was the state of things in Italy but a few years ago, before Austria, in the height of her insolence, entered the territory of Sardinia. The fruit was ripening, but the gathering must have been long delayed but for the vainglory of Austria, which was humbled by the French, to the great joy of every friend of freedom in Europe.

It is true that the spirit of freedom had been gradually making way in the Italian mind for twenty years before that event, but its advance was principally among the middle classes. The various attempts made in Rome, Naples, and elsewhere, that had been put down by a foreign force, were effected by no general simultaneous effort of every popular class. They were movements of a part of the influential population, it is true, but there was no Garibaldi, no man of the order that led his equals of the class into the ranks of those above them, and thus amalgamated all in one common cause. It was under Garibaldi that the old cry of the middle ages was heard from a people regenerating, "Il popolo! il popolo!" "All for and by the people." As in England, France, and Belgium, sovereigns reign, chosen by the people, so Italy has arisen, like a strong man, to assert the same mighty principle. Italy will do more, she will sever the temporal from the usurpation of the spiritual power, and the upas-blight of priestcraft, which, for so many ages has filled the world with hatred, oppression, and bloodshed. The days of the spiritual tyranny of Rome are numbered. Creeds move in cycles, and run them out like all other mundane things. Great principles of faith alone remain unchanged, like those of nature; but sects and creeds, when the work of men, often delusive and sometimes mischievous, have their day. Spiritual Rome has had her temporal reign, and with her pride and persecuting spirit preserved it too long. What were the Roman persecutions of the early followers of the founder of our faith, to the oceans of blood shed by the heads of the Papal Church—the blood of every nation and tongue and people! This is a subject of comparison that it would not be amiss to exhibit *in extenso*, but it is foreign to the present topic. It is enough that Rome is no more, and that Italy contains a regenerated people, and is free, thanks to the interposition of Napoleon III. The humiliation of Austria will be hailed with delight by every friend of freedom, for she has been its foe everywhere, and is at present the focus of the unscathed feudalism of Europe. It was to France that Italy looked, under the dregs of the Bourbon dynasty, but looked in vain, although it was felt that France held in her hand the destiny of the peninsula; and France has since demonstrated the fact. But France only carried out that popular principle which, before the Reform Act in England, had been even there clouded by a corruption which the last relics of feudalism had set in operation, and which that act restored *de facto*, for in principle it had been admitted there since the revolution of 1688. It prevailed in France turbulently at times, it is true; since the revolution of 1789, sometimes overclouded, but never lost. In France, as it was once in Rome, it still lives, and

recently elected Napoleon III. As it once placed its robe on the German reformers, so, for three centuries, it sapped the Roman theocracy; it appeared with Mirabeau in France, and by external compression from the feudal principle, it committed excesses; Napoleon I., a military and plebeian pope, appeared and triumphed over the feudal sovereigns of Europe. The feudality returned crippled under the restored Bourbons, but was trampled out by the popular power in July, 1830, and, to follow events one by one no farther, triumphed in the election of Louis Napoleon to the throne of France, and again in the triumphs of the Italian people and the victory of Garibaldi, whose name has aroused the masses.

The destructive power of the French revolution has, after all, been the seed whence popular liberty has sprung. It is in vain to combat so evident a truth. The hurricane in the natural world clears the air, renders the seasons fruitful by destroying vermin, and the succeeding crops are increased. Destruction precedes renewed life, as the death of one generation provides by its decay for the existence of another more advanced. The shock of the revolutions in France, and other countries, at the end of the last and beginning of the present centuries, cleared the air for a better and freer political state, in which the governed partake in a main degree in their own system of rule, and now vindicate their natural rights against the usurpations of nearly two thousand years.

We may further hope to see a universal consolidation of the free people of Europe, in upholding freedom of action, freedom of opinion, mutual kindness, and peace. But this can only exist by a universal assent of every nation with its next neighbour to those principles which are based on popular rights, such as have made due way in Western Europe. Independence and union are the first conditions of such a political state, for which, at this moment, Prussia, in the north, seems struggling. The nationality of the Italians is an accomplished fact, as well as her freedom, however the obstinacy of the Pope may strive to involve the question for a time. This nationality is a part of the renovation of those states of Europe which have not yet shown themselves otherwise than by a certain restlessness among the people, a slight uneasiness, the germ of future changes.

Some may smile at the idea of a European consolidation of some of the leading states into an association for the mutual support of the popular principle and the preservation of peace. It is but natural that those states in which the popular principle is the basis of the government should be in alliance. Diplomats do not relish general ideas; but has not such a system been already accepted and proclaimed, or something like it, in nature, though for an opposite purpose, since for the benefit of free nations it fell to pieces by its innate want of the principle of coherence, from lack of common honesty. What but a general league in a wrong direction was that Holy Alliance, of which Lord Castlereagh, on behalf of England (it should have been the cabinet, of which his lordship was the head), signified a disgraceful approval. General leagues among free nations will, therefore, not want the precedent of such an example, if the object be different, with the advantage of massive power on its side in place of the short-sighted support of a hired military and of demented counsellors.

Italy has obtained her freedom through a popular sovereignty. Thus far her hopes have not been thwarted, save by the Vatican alone. The



obstinacy of the priesthood is lessening more and more the respect for the head of the Papal Church. The *non possumus* to every suggestion, even from protecting friends, and the sovereign whose troops alone preserve the Pope from the reprobation of his own subjects in his own capital, is diminishing, every day, the influence of the head of the Catholic Church. Priests have no regard for maxims of policy. These of Rome, it is possible, live in expectation of a new miracle in their favour, which may bring Catholic Europe to the feet of the pontiff. A rib of Jonah's whale may be discovered that will operate something magical in favour of the Vatican, or a second Janarius may liquefy blue in place of scarlet blood, as a warning to European kings not to yield an iota of constitutional right to their people; the triple-crowned sovereign of St. Peter may thus think to exhibit his supernatural powers as Moses did against the Egyptians.

The present ruler of the peninsula is in the mean while consolidating his institutions, while the Vatican and Austria, like Pope and Pagan in the "Pilgrim's Progress," are sitting by the wayside, grinning at honest Christian, malevolent and angry, without power to molest a brave people that are every day getting more formidable in military power and more stable in rule. Let Austria grind her teeth, she dares not do more. Let Rome fulminate, her thunders are innocuous.

Napoleon I. had restored the Church to France under certain restrictions, compatible with an advanced age and the changes produced by the revolution. Rome was full of his praises, though he discarded as unfit for the age the Concordat of Francis I. with the Vatican. It was impossible anything could be more judicious. With his customary acuteness, Napoleon saw that the old Concordat gave too much power to Rome for the present benefit of France and the freedom of religious opinion there. He was lauded to the skies by the Pope for the restoration of religion, and all went on well until the peace of 1814. Some of the first fruits of which, that were felt and reprobated, were the re-establishment of the Inquisition in Spain, mainly through the English power—the Inquisition which the French had abolished, and the abrogation of the Concordat of Napoleon I., with a retrogradation to that of Francis I.\*

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\* It was on the 5th of September, 1817, that the present writer, being in Paris, received from London by an English officer of the army of occupation, who had made a rapid journey over, a *Morning Chronicle*, a paper which Louis XVIII. had forbidden, with certain others, from entering France through the post-office, an illustration of Bourbon gratitude to England. That paper, or Perry, its proprietor, by some mysterious means, had received a copy of the Concordat between Pius VII. and Louis XVIII., "the descendant of St. Louis," so styled, containing fourteen articles, and signed at Rome, June 11 of the before-mentioned year, by Blacas and Cardinal Gonsalvi. The gist of these articles was to fling back to the age of Francis I. the more advanced state of the Catholic Church in France. How Perry got a copy from Rome of this Concordat before it was made known by the French court to the people, remains to this day a mystery. Thinking it a piece of important information of which he had heard nothing before, and wishing to be foremost in the information, the writer printed it in Galignani's paper, which had then no censor. It was not out but a few hours before the minister and court were in great alarm, as they were the channel through which alone such a communication should have been promulgated in France, while the contents of the document were yet unknown. The emissaries of the minister of police were soon after the present writer. The matter seemed utterly unaccountable. It happened that the author of the mischief had left Paris for a few hours, and the gendarmes were at fault, for of the matter at issue of course old Mr. Galignani could

Napoleon III. has not had the courage to restore the Concordat of his uncle which belongs to the existing time. He has, no doubt, a dread of the Church, as the occupancy of Rome proves. This is not wonderful. Every one here knows that, in 1851, out of six millions and a half of people in Ireland, only 851,792 were of the Church of England; in Scotland, out of three millions, only 36,000 were of the Established Church of England; and, if we can form an approximative estimate of the Episcopalian Church in England, not more than half these are attendants at church service, for in 1851 only 2,971,268 attended divine services in the church, while no less than 3,400,000 attended in the places of worship of other denominations. Yet, upon every Church question, which it is plain concerns only such a portion of the population as is thus described, it will be recollected how strongly every change, even the most trivial, affecting our Church has been, and is, resisted. Every one can recall the No-Popery cry. Let us carry this principle into France, where, out of thirty-four millions of people, not more than two millions are of a faith different from the establishment. The position of Louis Napoleon, by comparative reasoning, may well make him hesitate regarding Rome. An established clergy is a most formidable body for a ruler to resist upon a political question in any country, for none carry their enmities farther; hence the *odium theologicum* has become a proverb.

Louis Napoleon, therefore, pauses regarding Rome. There are often political necessities to which inclination must give way. The French ruler can have no affection for the Vatican, which has again and again treated him and his family with insult. There are no enmities so bitter as those which are generated under similar circumstances. They who censure the French ruler, do so without any experience of the heads of empires in similar positions as has been just instanced in England. The true policy of France is to see Italy free, as an additional barrier against the feudal and time-worn principles of Austria. Rome can only offer a passive resistance and a war of mountain bandits in alliance with the Bourbon—a sorry exhibition of the Vicar of Christ and the true principles of the original faith. The Vatican will not lend itself to any advanced principle whatever, and it is to be hoped it will continue its opposition, to make its fall less regretted by those of its own creed. The Romagna and the Marches are severed for ever from the Papacy, and if it continues to try the patience of Italy to the last, perhaps Louis Napoleon, not reluctantly, may yet offer it a spiritual sojourn at Avignon!

The time is past when popular rights can be denied with impunity; they are admitted in the more civilised states. Prussia is at this moment struggling for them. England, France, Belgium, Italy, with the addition of Prussia, will exhibit the principle of governments founded on a popular basis to a most important and influential extent throughout Europe. The social initiative thus taken cannot retrograde. The other nations, even Austria, must follow. The petty satraps of Germany must

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give no account. The next morning, before the guilty party could appear, the *Morning Chronicle* from London had reached the minister, the Duke de Gaxe, who then saw that the matter turned upon the accident of a priority of intelligence. He became reasonable on the affair, but both the duke and the writer were equally at a loss to discover how the *Chronicle* could have got from Rome, exclusively, the copy of a document up to that moment considered a secret between the courts of Rome and Paris: the matter ended with an awkward courtesy.

look to their microcosmic dominions. Russia is making wise reforms, but there the court is before the people in political science, and the progress, to be sure, must be proportionably slow. With all, it is but a question of time.

Italy, Europe, humanity, are all indebted to Louis Napoleon for his assistance to a land labouring under a double tyranny. His motives are impugned; granted that he saw in his interference an opportunity of driving back those waves that were rolling their muddy slime and putrid waters over the fair lauds of Italy, and thus curbing most usefully that tainted Ghibeline stream which prided itself in overwhelming the progress of freedom and intelligence. No matter whether the interest of France or Italy were the impulse, the act was for the benefit of universal man, irrespective of any advantage to France; and let it be so considered by those, and they are not a few even in this country, who, as well as groaning inwardly at the march of events, and the extinction of obsolete principles, charge their own government with crime in aiding such views, quoting rusty saws and wretched sophisms to bear them out. Vain is such a spirit against the progress of events. What had the past century to show in its best efforts compared to the present, but sanguinary wars, in which the people had no interest—histories of servitude and oppression and triumphs of arbitrary power exhibiting a miserable contrast to the popular triumphs of the present, in art, science, freedom, peace, and all that contributes to elevate character and extend public liberty.

The modern state of society is essentially of the popular element, elevated upon the wrecks of that feudality which was introduced into England at the Norman invasion from the mainland of Europe, which it even then grievously oppressed, but was modified in early times by the influence of the Catholic faith, or, perhaps it should be said, by the superior intelligence and craft of the clergy of that political Church. The feudal lords were as ignorant as they were barbarous. It is on record that the art of penmanship was rare among them. Even at a comparatively late period the chaplain of the lord's household was requested to make up the weekly accounts of a "Sunday morning," clearly because the "clerk" was the man on the establishment alone able to perform the task. Feudality was the creature of Northern barbarism when Rome was the head of the popular theocracy, both ruling Europe between them. The German reformers attacked the Roman theocracy and shook the feudality. Both became united in their attempts at dominion over the masses in organising resistance, but the reformers triumphed over both. The reign of the popular principle of rule, confessed in England and partially acted upon, was not established on the Continent until the French revolution, so terrible in its action from external compression, nor was it fully realised in England until the passing of the Reform Act, which, together with the law administration which knows no difference between crown and subject, and is above all suspicion in practice, has left only inert traces of the feudal reign, as in the game-laws, for example. In France it has been wholly exterminated. With its destruction, and that of the temporal power of the Church of Rome, the nations of the Continent professing the Catholic faith can alone hope to see rational freedom germinate within their borders. Italy had been long ripe for the salutary change. The Papal hour of active mischief may have expired, but it will act passively to its last gasp. It is out of its nature to

act rationally—it will die out sooner. Italy must and will be free. The Pope, at the head of the priesthood, must not longer play the double character. The high priest, as among the Jews, he may be, if he pleases, but there must be a Moses to take care of the temporal concerns of the Italian people, and, keeping Aaron to his sacrificial duties in the tabernacle, prevent his making crowned calves any more, or riding on the necks of the people who demand the natural right of freedom and the enacting of their own laws.

To England the question of the freedom of an enslaved people is not unimportant, as adding strength to the more enlightened of the human family. Knowledge follows freedom. The Catholic Irish seem, on the part of the more prominent apostles of the Roman Catholic faith, to take the side of the temporal power of the Pope against the enlightened population of Italy—a proof how much behind the time is that part of the Irish population. If we were asked why this is the case, we should not hesitate to place it to the account of the deplorable popular ignorance, which it is the interest of the priesthood to maintain. Cut off from communicating with any other people except those of another faith, and only instructed in the doctrines of their Church, not as followed by the enlightened people of Italy, but strictly bound to the inveterate absurdities and time-worn superstitions of the Roman highflyers, it can hardly be marvelled at that the obsolete principles of the heads of the Church at Rome are those of Ireland, and that the backward state of the country in the arts of life is to be ascribed to the narrow views and avoidance of travelling out of the time-worn track of the old Catholic population. In the North American states the same thing is observable. Fasts, feasts, and fighting are the traits of the Irish there, who in Europe shout for the Pope, and down with the Italian people. The liberation of Italy, therefore, has a double interest for Englishmen, since it shows that a Catholic nation may keep its faith, and yet advance with the age. It was with pain we saw in the return of shipping of the United Kingdom, the other day, that Scotland, with its barren lands, half the amount of arable land, and an inclement climate, possessed of three million of population only, had twice as many ships as Ireland, with six or seven millions of population and a soil proverbially fertile. When the Roman Catholics of Ireland take a leaf out of the book of the emancipated Italians, we may expect to see Ireland what it never can be until the people are intelligent enough to perceive that there is a religious as well as a political tyranny, and that neither the one nor the other have the sanction of God or nature. It was impossible to avoid this digression and its inferences.

In respect to Italy, we must wait events. The petty territory of Rome may find some such fortunate concatenation of circumstances as made the rest of the peninsula free, operate by-and-by in her favour: let us wait events a little longer. There is no need of a miracle when, in the order of things, the movement is in all events certain not to be retrograde. Neither king nor people will more be subjected to the lust of temporal power under religious pretences, while the children of freedom of every language, nation, and form of rule, recalling the power attained by past pretences and hypocrisies for ever destroyed, exclaim, joyfully, "How art thou fallen from Heaven, Lucifer, son of the morning!"

## GRANVILLE DE VIGNE.

## A TALE OF THE DAY.

## PART THE TWENTY-SIXTH.

## I.

## THE TEMPTATION OF A LIFE.

IN a few broken, earnest words, De Vigne told her of that fatal marriage-bond which had cost him his mother's life, stained his own name, banished him from his ancestral home, cursed his life with a bitter and futile regret, and now brought misery on a life dearer than his own; and it touched him deeply to see, as she listened to his story, how utterly her own sorrow was merged into her grief for him; her misery at all he had suffered in his cruel bondage; her loathing, at the thought of all he had borne for those eleven long years, in even nominal connexion with such, as her quick perception had told her the Trefusis must be. It touched him deeply to see how her own wrongs, and his want of candour and of truth towards her, faded away unremembered in her grief and sympathy for him, and she was more dear, more dangerous to him in that hour of suffering, than in her most brilliant, her most tender, her gayest, sweetest, or most bewitching moments.

Wrapt in that silent communion, absorbed in the bitterness in which the first moments of their reunion were steeped, neither heard a footfall on the forest turf, nor saw the presence of one, who, drawing near them, looked on the completion of that vengeance which had struck its first blow so many years before, and now came to deal its last. They neither saw nor heard her, till her chill, coarse, harsh tones stirred the sweet, soft air.

"Miss Tressillian, two years ago you chose to disbelieve, or feign to disbelieve, my claims upon your lover. Ask Major De Vigne now, in my presence, if he can dare to deny that I am his lawful wedded wife?"

With an involuntary cry of horror, Alma looked up, instinctively clinging closer to De Vigne in the presence of this woman, so loathsome and so hateful to them both. With a fierce oath he sprang to his feet, standing once more face to face, as he had stood at the marriage altar of Vigne, with the woman whom the Church had made his wife. There they met at last in the solemn, silent aisles of the great royal forest, heaven above-head, nature around so calm, so fair, so peaceful; there they met at last, those two fierce foes whom the marriage-laws assumed to hold as "two whom God had joined together!" she looking at him with her cruel laugh, a leering triumph in her cold glittering eyes, a devilish sneer upon her lip, hating him with the chill, ceaseless hate which evil natures feel for those whom they have wronged; he gazing down on her, his brow crimson with the conflicting passions warring in him, his eyes flashing fire on her, his face dark with the anger, the loathing, and the scorn the very sight of her at such a moment roused in him. Between

him, clinging to his arm in vague terror for him, as if to shield him from the cruel hatred of his wife and deadliest foe—clinging to him as if she defied all power to part them, yet feared some hand stronger than her own which would wrench them asunder—was the woman he loved. On the one hand, the she-devil that had cursed his life; on the other, the better angel, which had nestled in his heart to touch all its deeper chords, and waken all its purer aspirations.

The Trefusis looked at him, and smiled a smile that chilled his blood as the cold gleam of the dagger in the moonlight chills the blood of a man waking from sweet dreams to find himself fettered and bound in the clutches of his most cruel foe.

"Ask him, Miss Tressillian!" she said again. "You disbelieved me. See if Granville de Vigne, who in bygone days used to boast very grandly of his truth and honour, dare tell you a lie before my face, and say that I am not his lawful wife."

Cold and haughty flushed the words to Alma's lips, her dark-blue eyes flashing with the scorn and the fire latent in her semi-Southern nature, and impetuous passion blazing into flame:

"Major de Vigne would not lower himself so far to your level as to tell a falsehood, though he well might be tempted to renounce the stain upon his name of connexion with such as yourself. But he has nothing to confess. I know all; and if the sorrow be his, the shame of his marriage rests solely upon you."

The Trefusis laughed scornfully to cover her mortification. She had never counted on De Vigne having himself confessed his marriage, and she was cheated of her wished-for triumph in tearing from him his last love, in seeing his haughty head bowed before her, and in driving from his side the woman whom she hated, for that one cutting speech at St. Crucis, almost as bitterly as she hated him.

She laughed that coarse, harsh laugh which, with many other of the traces of her origin and her innate vulgarity, had crept out since, her aim now attained, she had flung off that ever-uncongenial gloss and varnish of refinement which she had assumed to lure De Vigne.

"You take the high hand, young lady! Well, you are very wise to make the most of a bad bargain; and since you cannot be his wife, to pretend it is the more honourable post to be his mistress! I wish you joy; his love has ever been so very famous for its constancy!"

"Woman! silence!" broke in De Vigne, so fiercely, that even the Trefusis paused for the moment, and shrank from the lurid fire flashing from his eyes, and the dark wrath gathered in his face. "If you dare to breathe another of your brutal insults in her ear, I vow by Heaven that your sex shall not shield you from my vengeance. You have wronged me enough. You shall not venture to try your coarse insolence and ribald jests on one as high above you in her purity and nobility and truth as yon heavens are above the earth! My love, my darling!" he whispered passionately, bowing his head over Alma, who still clung to his arm, her colour changing from a crimson flush to an ashy whiteness, her face full of horror, terror, loathing, scorn at the first coarse words that had ever been spoken to her—that had ever breathed to her of shame! "do not heed her; do not listen to her. She is a bold, bad

woman, who cares not what she says, so that it may sting or injure me. Oh God, forgive me ! that I should have brought you into this !”

“Purity ! nobility !” re-echoed the Trefusis, with her cold, loud laugh. “Since when have those new idols had any attraction for you, cher Granville ? In bygone days all you used to care for were, if I recollect rightly, a carnation bloom and a fine figure ; and if the external pleased your senses, I never knew you care particularly for the over-cleanliness of mind and character. How long have you begun to learn platronics ? The rôle will hardly suit you long, I fancy. Why, we shall have you “moral” next, and preaching “pure” religion. A leopard cannot change his spots, we have holy authority for believing ; nor can you change your nature, and keep faithful six months together. If Miss Tressillian likes to be added to the string of your cast-off loves, it is no concern of mine, though you *are* my husband.”

His face grew white as death ; he to stand by and hear Alma insulted thus ! With a fierce gesture he lifted his arm ; forgetful of her sex, he would have struck her in his wrath, his grief, his insulted pride, his mad-den passions ; but Alma caught his arm :

“*For my sake——*”

The low, trembling words, the touch of her little soft hand, the sight of her pale, upraised face, with its dark fond eyes, stood between him and his passion as no other thing on earth would have done. For “her sake” his arm dropped, and he stopped in that mad anger in which, if he had given reins to it, he could have murdered the woman who, not content with vengeance upon him, must come to wreak it on another dearer than himself. The dark blood surged again over his brow ; he put his hand upon his breast, as he had done at the marriage-altar, to keep down the storm of passions raging in his heart.

“Out of my sight, out of my sight,” he muttered, “or by Heaven I shall say or do that you will wish to your dying day unsaid and undone !”

Something in the grand wrath of his tempestuous and fiery nature awed and stilled even the Trefusis ; a dogged sullenness overspread her face ; she was foiled and mastered, and for the first time her revenge was wrested from her grasp. Whether she would have left him subdued by a nature even stronger than her own, or whether she would have stood her ground and expended the vulgar anger of her character in coarse jests and ribald sneers, I cannot tell ; for at that minute light laughter and lighter footsteps, and low merry voices, broke on their ear, and through the beech-boughs of the Gros Fouteau came Madame de la Viellecour and her party, who, having a sort of fête champêtre in the forest, had come to look for La Petite Tressillian, whom they had left alone at her own request to sketch the sunlight glancing off and on among the massive branches and budding leaves of Richelieu’s Oak.

Madame de la Viellecour recognised De Vigne with surprise ; she saw, moreover, that she and her party were come at an untimely season on a painful scene ; but, like a well-bred woman of the world, showed neither astonishment nor consciousness, but coming forward with her delicate gloved hands outstretched, welcomed him home with pleasant fluent French words of congratulation and pleasure.

It was well for him that he had learnt, long years before, the first lesson society gives its pupils: to smile when their hearts are breaking; to seem calm and courteous when fiercest thoughts are rioting within; to wear a pleasant, tranquil, unmoved air while the vultures gnaw at their life-strings, as the Indian at his funeral pyre smiles on those who would fain see him quiver and hear him groan. It was well for him that he had learnt "good breeding" in its most essential point; knew how to suffer and give no sign—a lesson they learn to the highest perfection who suffer most—or he could hardly have answered Madame de Viellecour as he did, calmly, courteously listening to her fluent congratulations while the stormy passions, just aroused in all their fullest strength, raged and warred in his heart; while on the one side stood the woman he so passionately loved, on the other the wife he as passionately loathed.

"Come back to dinner with us," continued Madame de Viellecour; "the carriages are waiting near. Alma, ma belle, you look ill; you are tired, and the sun has been too hot."

She turned away with her gay party, talking to De Vigne, who instinctively followed and answered the Duchess, who kept up the flow of conversation for him; he dared not look into that fair, fond face beside him, nor she into his. Suddenly the clear, cold, hard tones of the Trefusis, at whom, since his last words, he had not glanced, and whom Madame de la Viellecour had not observed in the demi-lumière of the forest, which was growing dark, now that the sun had set, hissed through the air, arresting all:

"Granville, may I trouble you for a few words before you leave. I thought it was not *comme il faut* for a husband to accept an invitation before his wife's face in which she was not included!"

Madame de la Viellecour turned suddenly; the harsh and rapid English was lost on the rest of her party, but she, despite all her tact and high breeding, stared first at the speaker, then at De Vigne.

"Mais!—quelle est donc cette femme!"

He did not hear her; he had swung round, his face, even to his lips, white and livid with passion—passion too deep and concentrated to find for the moment vent in words. Careless of all observers, Alma clasped both hands upon his arm:

"Do not go," she whispered. "Come with me. Do not stay with her, if you love me!"

For once he was deaf to her prayer; his lips quivered, his eyes filled with lurid fire; it was unutterable torture to have that woman—bold, bad, hateful, all that he knew her to be—stand there and claim him as her husband, with that fiendish laugh and coarse exultation, before the one so unspeakably dear and precious to him—torture that goaded him till he felt rather devil than man. "A few words with me! Yes! we will have a few more words. By Heaven, they shall be such as you will remember to your grave."

Alma clung to his arm, breathless, trembling, white with fear, as he muttered the words fiercely under his breath: "Granville, Granville, if you love me, do not stay with her! She will madden you, she will kill you, she will make you do something you will repent. For my sake, come; leave her to do and say her worst. She is beneath your vengeance!"



'For the first time he was deaf to her entreaties—for the first time he would not listen to her voice. He put her hands off his arm, and answered her in the same low whisper:

"Go, my darling; I will rejoin you. Fear nothing from me; she has already done her worst, and in all I do or say while my life lasts, I shall remember you. Go!"

He spoke gently, but too firmly for her to resist him. He turned to Madame de la Viellecour:

"Allow me, Madame, to speak a few words with this person. I will rejoin you as soon as possible. You do not dine till nine?"

"Not till nine! I will leave a horse for you at the entrance of the Gros Fouteau—au revoir!"

Certain indistinct memories arose in the Duchess's mind of a story her brother, poor little Curly! had told her, long ago, of some unhappy and ill-assorted marriage his idol and his chief, Granville de Vigne, had made. With ready tact she hastened to cover whatever was disagreeable to him, and with a quick guess at the truth, she glanced at Alma's face, and tapped her on the shoulder with her parasol:

"Va t'en petite; il commence à faire froid et ces beaux yeux bleus sont trop chers à trop du monde, pour que je te permette de t'enrhumer."

They went; a turn in the road soon hid them from sight, and De Vigne and the woman who called herself his wife were left in the twilight, deepening around them. They stood alone; the clear soft skies above, the great shadows of the mighty forest deepening slowly towards them over the velvet turf. For a moment neither spoke. Perhaps the memory was too strong in both of eleven years before, when they had stood thus face to face before the marriage-altar, to take those vows—on one side a lie and a fraud, on the other a curse life-long and inexorable.

Alma knew him aright—this woman did madden him. She had set light to all the hottest passions in him, and they now flared and raged far beyond any power of his to still them. Fiery as his nature was, the hate and anguish to which the past hour had roused him, his loathing for this woman, who only bore his name to dishonour it, and only used the tie of wife to torture and insult him, overmastered reason and self-control, and unloosed the bonds of all that was darker and fiercer in his character, which lay unstirred in him as in a lesser or a greater measure in the hearts of all men.

She spoke first, with that coarse sneer upon her face which roused him and stung him more bitterly than anything—the sneer that had been on her lips when she signed her name in the register at Vigne:

"Granville de Vigne, we have met at last! It is twenty years since we parted at Prestonhills. You have found my promised revenge no child's play, no absurd bombast as you fancied it, eh? I befooled you, I intoxicated you. I led you on, against counsel, reason, prudence. I made you offer me your name, your grand old name which you prized so high! I won you as my husband, *my husband* 'until death us shall part.' Do you remember the sweet words of the marriage-service that bound us together for life, mon cher? I won you as my husband—I, the beggar's daughter! I have driven you from your home; I have made the memory of your mother a weight of remorse to you for ever; I have cheapened your name, and made it hateful to you; I have exiled you

often from your country; I stand a bar, as long as you and I shall live, to your peace and happiness. You laughed once when I vowed to be revenged on you; you can hardly laugh at it now!"

"Oh! devil incarnate!" burst from De Vigne, all the mad agony in him breaking bounds. "Oh! wretch, divorced in truth from the day we stood together at the altar, evil enough I have done, but not enough to be cursed with you! Have I been so far worse than my fellow-men that I must needs be punished with such cruel chastisement? You were revenged; your lust for position and money made you plan out schemes which—I being drunk with madness—succeeded and triumphed. But hardened as you are, you may tremble at the fiend you raise in me. I tell you in your wildest dreams you never pictured, in his fiercest wrath, no mortal ever felt the hate—the fearful hate—that I now feel for you!"

She laughed again—that coarse, cold, brutal laugh which thrilled through every inmost fibre of his nature.

"No doubt you do, for the bonds by which I hold you are those that neither church nor law, wealth nor desire, once forged, can break. You want your freedom, Granville de Vigne; but while I live you know well enough that do what you may you will never have it. You want to wash off the stain from your name. You want to go back to your lordly home without my memory poisoning the air. You want your liberty, if only on the old plea for which you used to want all things that were not easy to get, because it is unattainable. Of course you hate me! Perhaps that golden-haired child whom I found you weeping over so pathetically, finding mere love an unprofitable connexion, wanted to work on you to put your freedom in *her* hands, and you would fain be quit of me, to pay down the price again for a new passion——"

With a fierce spring like a panther, De Vigne seized her by the arm, while even she recoiled from the dark passion lowering on his brow and flaming in his eyes.

"Dare to breathe one word of her again, and I shall forget your sex! Her name shall never be polluted by passing your lips, nor her purity sullied by even a hint from your coarse mind. Let her alone, I tell you, or by Heaven it may be worse for you than you ever dream!"

She quailed before the passion in his voice, the strength of the iron grip in which he held her; but her fiendish delight in goading him to fury outweighed her fear. She laughed again.

"Sullied! polluted! I fancy your protection will do that more completely than my pity. Remember, your love damns a woman almost as utterly as the Roman Emperor's approach! Remember, the world will hardly believe in the purity and nobility on which it now pleases you to sentimentalise so prettily; it will hardly believe in them from a *lion* like Granville de Vigne, especially when he selects for his inamorata one of Vane Castleton's forsaken loves!"

An oath, so fierce, that it startled even her, stopped her in her jeering, coarse, and hardened slander. The boiling oil was flung upon the seething flames, lashing them into fury. He was stung past all endurance, and the insult to his strongest and most precious love, the slander of the woman whom he knew as noble and as stainless as any

child of man can ever be, goaded him on to madness. Anger, fury, hatred, entered into him in their fullest force; he neither knew nor cared in that moment what he did; the blood surged over his brain, and flamed in his veins like molten fire; he seized her in his grasp as a tiger on his prey.

"Woman, devil, silence! Oh that you were of my sex, that I could wreak such vengeance on you for your slanderous lies as you should carry with you to the grave."

Her fierce and cruel eyes looked into his in the dull grey twilight, with that leer and triumph in them with which she gloated over the misery she caused.

"You would kill me if I were a man? I dare say, though I am a woman, you would scarcely scruple to do so if you were not afraid of the law, which is inexorable on murder as on marriage! You would not be the first husband who killed his wife when he fell in love with another woman, though whether it would honour your boasted escutcheon much——"

She stopped, stricken with sudden awe and fear at the passion she had stung and tortured into being. As his eyes looked down into her with the fury she had roused, and the iron gripe of his hands clenched harder and harder upon her, for the first time it flashed upon her that she was in *his power*—the power of the man she had so bitterly wronged, and whom she had now goaded on to reckless fury and maddened despair. She knew his fiery passions—she knew his lion-like strength—she knew his cruel and unavenged wrongs, and she trembled, and shivered, and turned pale in his relentless grasp, for she was in his hands, and had aroused a tempest she knew not how to lay.

"Wretch! fiend! if you tempt me to wash out my wrongs, and slay you where you stand, your blood will be on your own head!"

His voice, as it hissed in the horrible whisper, sounded strange even to his own ear, every nerve in his brain thrilled and throbbed, flashes of fire danced before his eyes, through which he saw cold, cruel, hateful, the face of his temptress and his foe. The cool pale heavens whirled around him, the giant forms of the forest trees seemed dark and ghastly shapes laughing at his wrongs and goading him to crime. His grasp tightened and tightened on her; she had no strength against him; her life was in his power, that life which only existed to do him such hideous wrong; that life which stood an eternal bar between him and love, and peace, and honour; that one human life which stood barring him out from heaven, and which in one flash of time he could snap, and still, and destroy for ever from his path, which its presence so long had cursed.

They were alone, shrouded and sheltered in the dim solitude of the coming night; there were no witnesses in that dense forest, no eyes to see, no ears to listen, no voices to whisper whatever might be done under the cover of those silent beechwood shades.

That horrible hour of temptation!—coming on him when, with every passion stung to madness, his blood glowed ready to receive the poison! The night was still around them, there was not a sound save the sigh of the forest leaves; not a thing to look upon them, save the little crescent moon and the evening star, rising from the

dying sun-rays. Night and Solitude—twin tempters—gathered round him; his heart stood still, his brain was on fire, his eyes blind and dizzy; alone, out of the grey and whirling haze around him he saw that cold cruel face, with its mocking, fiendish gaze, and clear and horrible the voice of a fell Temptation whispered in his ear, "Her life is in your hands, revenge yourself. Wash out the stain upon your name, win back the liberty you crave, efface the loathsome insults on the woman you love. You hate her, and she stands between you and the heaven you crave—take the life that destroys your own. For your love, she gave you fraud; for your trust, betrayal; for your name, disgrace. Avenge it! It is just! One blow, never heard, and never known by any mortal thing, and you have freedom back and love!"

His brain reeled under the horrible temptation; unconsciously his grasp tightened and tightened upon her, too strong for her to have power or movement left. The night whirled around him, the pale blue skies grew crimson as with blood, the great gnarled trunks of the trees seemed to mock and grin like horrid spirits, goading him to evil, his passions surged in madness through his veins; and clear and horrible he seemed to hear a tempter's voice: "Avenge your wrongs, and you are free!" With a cry, a throes of agony, he flung the fell allurements from him, and threw her from his grasp. "Devil, temptress! thank Heaven, not me, I have not murdered you to-night!" She lay where he had thrown her in his unconscious violence, stunned, less by the fall than by the terror of the moment past—that moment of temptation that had seemed eternity to both. She lay on the fresh forest turf, dank with the glittering evening dews, and he fled from her—fled as men flee from death or capture—fled from that crime which had lured him so nearly to its deadly brink—which so nearly had cursed and haunted his life with the relentless terror, the hideous weight of a human life, silenced and shattered by his hand, lain by his deed in its grave, sent by his will from its rightful place and presence in the living, laughing earth, into the dark and deadly mysteries of the tomb.

He fled from the hideous temptation which had assailed him in that hour of madness—he fled from the devil of Opportunity to which so many sins are due, and from whose absence so many virtues date. He fled from it; flinging it away from him with a firm hand, not daring to stay to test his strength by pausing in its presence. He fled on and on, in the still grey twilight gloom, through the dense silent forest, its trembling leaves, and falling dews, and evening shadows; he fled on under the gaunt boughs and tangled aisles of the woodland; all the darkest passions of his nature warring and rioting within him. Dizzy with the whirling of his brain, every nerve in his mind and body strung to tension, quivering and throbbing with the fierce torture of the ordeal past, he flung himself, half-conscious, on the cool fresh turf with a cry of agony and thanksgiving.

The last faint sun-glow faded from the west, the silver scimitar of the young moon rose over the forest, the twilight deepened, and the night came down on Fontainebleau, veiling town and woodland, lake and palace, in its soft and hallowing light; still he lay upon the turf under the beech-trees, exhausted with the conflict and the struggle of the great

passions at war within him; worn out with that fell struggle with Temptation, where submission had been so easy, victory so hard. And as the twilight shadows deepened round him, and the dewa gathered thicker on the whispering leaves, and the numberless soft-voices of the night chimed through the silent forest glades, he thanked God that his heart was free, his hands stainless, from the guilt which, if never known by his fellow-men, would yet have haunted him with its horrible presence throughout his life, poisoned the purest air he breathed, turned the fairest heaven that smiled on him into a hell, waked him from his sweetest sleep to start and shudder at the chill touch of remembered crime, and cursed his dying bed with a horror that would have pursued him to the very borders of his grave. He thanked God that for once in his life he had resisted the mad temptation of the hour, and thrust away the devil of Thought ere it had time to fester into Deed; he thanked God that the dead weight of a human life was not upon his soul, to rise and drive him, Orestes-like, from every haven of rest, to damn him in his softest hours of joy, to make him shrink from the light of heaven, and tremble at the rustle of the forest trees, and quail before the innocent and holy beauty of the earth he had crimsoned with his guilt. He thanked God with passionate gladness and trembling awe at the peril past—that he could meet the innocent eyes of the woman he loved without that secret on his soul—that he could take her hands without staining them with the guilt on his—that he could hold her to his heart without the deadly presence of that crime with which, to win her, he would have darkened earth and burdened both their lives. He thanked God that he could stand there in the solemn aisles of the Forest Temple free at least from the curse of that terrible crime, and feel the soft wind fan his hair, and hear the sweet sighing of the woodland boughs, and look upwards to the fair, calm heavens bending over him in the solemn and holy stillness of the night without the myriad voices of the earth calling on him to answer for the crime into which his passions had hurried him, and rising up silent but ruthless witnesses against him—that he could stand there under the fair evening stars, free, saved, stainless from the guilt that had tempted him in the darkest hour of his life, able to look up with a clear brow and a fearless conscience into the pure and holy eyes of night!

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## THE SECRET AGENCY.

THE scene of our sketch is laid in the year 1857, when the great financial crisis, which eventually shook the whole world, poured like an avalanche over the United States, carrying everything before it. The Ohio Life Insurance and Credit Company, in whose stability everybody believed, opened the ball with a bankruptcy of two million dollars. Bank after bank followed through the whole of the country; the railways in process of making were stopped; the old lines, hitherto so prosperous, paid no dividend; and the North-Western States, the granary of Europe, were almost ruined by the financial calamity and excessive speculation. Another nation, in such a melancholy position, would have lost nearly all its spirit of enterprise; but such a misfortune was only a new incentive for the sturdy American branch of the Anglo-Saxon race, and it made every possible effort to recover its losses. Even though bills of exchange and bank-notes had lost their credit, property had sunk in value, and thousands were ruined by the failures, the creative strength of the soil still remained; and supported by this, the active nation resolved to begin the battle of life afresh and gain the victory. It was a peculiar sign of the times that many persons, who had hitherto been nominal Christians, suddenly became pious, and visited prayer-meetings, though careful, at the same time, not to neglect business. At such assemblies, men of the highest rank, politicians, judges, physicians, and others, could be seen kneeling and imploring for better times in the company of ordinary artisans. Many may have been hypocrites, but we may safely say that the great majority were imbued with fervent feelings of piety.

One of the most melancholy signs of this disastrous time, was the fact that it was proved how many men had been speculating most wildly, while utterly reckless of the consequences; others, again, taking an immoral advantage of the general misery, took occasion to get rid of their debts. It was extraordinarily easy for men to avoid meeting their engagements under some excuse or the other. When a trader meant dishonesty, he had only to transfer his property to a third party, who was mixed up in the affair, and thus defraud his creditors of their rights; and there were plenty of unscrupulous solicitors who lent a hand in such manipulations for a certain per-centage. We can easily understand that under such circumstances the trading world sought for some mode of checking this fraudulent conduct, and protecting themselves against future losses. As the Anglo-Saxons always act on the principle of "help yourself," a few speculative gentry soon laid before the leading merchants and bankers of the large cities a plan which, in spite of some moral objections, soon met with general support. In the same way as the American Express Company has its branches all over the country, and agents in nearly every town, great or small, it was proposed to open secret offices in all the commercial towns, whose business it would be to obtain on the spot the most accurate information about the affairs of the tradesmen, and register it. For this purpose confidential men were sent from New York all through America, with instructions to look up the

most suitable persons as agents; and unfortunately there was no lack of briefless barristers and broken-down merchants who accepted the equivocal office. Ere long, then, a central agency was established in the Empire City, which bore no special name, and was known by importers as "Somebody's Secret Office," although in the South and West it went by the name of Douglas and Co. In order to cover the expenses of the undertaking, every firm which desired to have the mysterious ledgers of the secret office laid open to it was expected to pay, according to its importance, from fifty to two hundred dollars a year. In return for this payment they had the right, if they wished to obtain any information as to the stability of any house they did business with—even in the farthest West—to inquire at the nearest office of Douglas and Co.; the latter, then, entered into communication with their agent on the spot, and by return of post sent the required information to the inquirer. That secrecy was most strictly observed in these obscure manipulations is proved by the fact that every person who had his name placed on the list of the Secret Agency as subscriber was obliged to find three members to guarantee his silence and discretion before the manner of conducting the business was revealed to him. He then received a small card, on which a scheme much of this sort was printed:

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|-------------------------------------|---|
| A. Rich. Perfectly safe.            | 1. Gambles.                                   |
| B. Well to do and safe.             | 2. Drinks.                                    |
| C. Debts, but enough to cover them. | 3. Is fond of women.                          |
| D. Debts and property equal.        | 4. On the point of transferring his property. |
| E. More debts than estate.          | 5. Sure to fail.                              |

In partnership businesses a slight modification was made in these references, and the letters and numbers were also changed from time to time. The reports were sent in by the agents in the following manner. Suppose Peter Smith, of Philadelphia, required information about John Brown, at St. Louis; he received from the agency in the latter city a card, on which were merely the capital letters and figures without the characteristic remarks. Those letters or figures which were intended to indicate John Brown's solvency and respectability, or otherwise, according to the above-quoted scheme, were underlined with red ink. This card was certainly sufficient to render the inquirer more or less safe in his mercantile operations, supposing that the concise report were correct and truthful. If, for instance, No. 4 were underlined, the creditor made haste to quash the transfer of property by legal process, if he wished to recover his debt.

If we now calmly look at the whole behaviour and great success of this dangerous institution, we cannot at the first blush deny that, under conscientious management, it afforded the substantial mercantile class an ostensible protection against the extensive system of swindling prevailing in America. Still, on the other hand, we are bound to admit that this very secrecy and want of responsibility allow far too great scope to the passions and ill will of the agents.

However the opinions of moralists may vary as to Douglas and Co., still we can say something in apology for them. Assume the case that a house in Boston can make a profitable bargain with a tradesman in St.

Paul, but is unable to tell whether the latter can or will meet his engagements. The St. Paul firm is quite a stranger to the Bostonian, which, moreover, has no business friends in St. Paul to give it the required information. What is left to the Boston house, then, if it does not wish to lose the chance of a profitable deal, but to make secret inquiries of the agency? America is still a young country; new commercial towns and firms spring out of the ground like mushrooms, and newly-established traders, whose name is not yet known in the great emporia of the Atlantic cities, travel East, and ask credit for their purchases. How is it possible, in such a case, to carry out the principles of mercantile credit as established in old Europe? If the houses were particular, they would do no business at all. As, then, the merchants of the United States are forced by circumstances to part with their goods without having that security usually demanded in Europe, we can hardly blame them for seeking means to protect themselves from any losses which might be entailed on them by the recklessness or dishonesty of other parties. It is owing to this circumstance that the Secret Agency is employed by so many firms, and is thus enabled to exercise to a greater or less extent a moral tyranny over many tradespeople: hence it has its most bitter opponents, not only among the swindlers, but also among the better classes. In truth, it is the tendency of human nature to hate a secret power which asserts even only a business control over us; and, when we sell a portion of our property, who gives it the right to post up the sale price and conditions in ledgers, in order to make use of the facts, if at any time a former business friend thinks proper to regard our financial condition with suspicion?

As we left America several years ago, we are not aware whether Douglas and Co. still continue their mysterious agency. Perhaps the unhappy civil war has cut away its base of operations, which we should not at all regret, as, in our opinion, it has done more harm than good. It has certainly prevented many a loss, and discovered many swindles, but it has also laid bare many most carefully-hidden family secrets through the inquisitiveness of its agents, and often destroy the best credit by its false reports. By its illegal interference it has ruined excellent men, and driven others to crime through the purposed falsehood of malicious instruments.

Such an affair, which was carried out with devilish malice in a large Western city, was the cause of the secret machinations of the agency being eventually brought to publicity; but the managers were too cunning to allow the judges and the people to have more than a rapid glance at the internal machinery of their system. The circumstances, however, connected with this much-discussed case are too interesting, and cast too deep a shadow on American business life, for us to keep them back from our readers. We therefore venture in the following sketch, the chief details of which we have on the best authority, to let in light upon the dangerous conduct of Douglas and Co., and its still more terrible consequences:

In a large city out West resided Mr. Francis Hargrave, a young man of about thirty, who had a very considerable dry goods business. He appeared not to be on the best terms with his wife, who had the reputa-



tion of being a coquette, and it was whispered that the good-looking lady had not properly repulsed the advances of her husband's book-keeper. On the other hand, the only child he had by his wife, a pretty lad of the name of Harry, was Hargrave's darling, and when he returned home tired from business, he exclusively devoted his time to the boy.

One day Mr. Hargrave returned in a very bad temper to his office; he had been to the bank to discount some bills which Cox, the book-keeper, had taken as good, but they had been declined because the acceptors were stated not to be solvent. This led to a violent quarrel, because Cox would not acknowledge the reproaches, whether rightly or wrongly, cast upon him. At any rate the quarrel would have entailed more serious consequences had not Mrs. Hargrave accidentally entered the store to remind her husband that he had promised to drive out with her that afternoon. The latter, in accordance with American customs, could not decline to carry out her wishes. Swallowing his anger, he left the office with his wife, in order to enter the carriage which was standing at the door, while Cox, deep in thought, became apparently busily engaged with his books.

When it struck six the clerks went away, as usual, and so did the porter, after locking up everything except one of the front doors. When the book-keeper found himself alone he lighted the gas, began smoking a cigar, and from time to time looked impatiently at his watch, as if he were expecting some one. Ere long, however, a tall man made his appearance at the shop door, and came towards the office, carefully feeling his way through the many chests and casks.

"Here you are at last, Mr. Sharp," Cox said. "Well, has the counterfeiter been condemned, and has the gaol one candidate more? I should fancy that the bank had sufficient proofs?" he asked, curiously.

"Oh no!" the man addressed replied; "the affair took a very different turn from what the State attorney and myself, his assistant, anticipated. We had promised the bank director to do all in our power, but the defence produced witnesses, and compelled us to hand in a *nolle prosequi*."

"The circumstances must be peculiar, when Mr. Sharp lets a prisoner slip from his clutches, especially when he can oblige a rich bank director," Cox remarked.

"The deuce take the bank director! He ought to have let the matter rest, when he was fishy himself. But who could have suspected it? I inquired, myself, of Douglas and Co. whether the bank was solvent, and had no reason to carry on any equivocal operations. I even examined the books; for, as you are aware, I every now and then do the Secret Agency a good turn. The investigation was perfectly satisfactory."

"Well, how did it all happen? Have the cunning director and his colleagues really burnt their fingers?" Cox asked, looking at Sharp in surprise.

"Well, it is of no great consequence, for they are most influential, and the State attorney will let them alone. But, before I tell you the whole affair, I think I will take a seat."

After Mr. Sharp had seated himself comfortably—that is to say, with his legs on the top of the stove—he continued:

"You know that about eighteen months back the bank issued new five-dollar notes, and the engraver—who was accused to-day—was the pro-

ducer of them. The plate was magnificently engraved, and did him great honour. About six months ago the old bank president, S. —, went to him with the plate, and requested him to make a slight alteration in it, which would only be known, however, to the bank officials. He was to make an imperceptible curve to the letter *k* at the end of the word 'bank,' and the notes worked from the altered plate were to be used as a new series, for the better control of the issues. Smithson, the engraver, undertook the job, although he had his suspicions, and took his measures accordingly. However, as he intended to go to California almost immediately, he completed his task, and the bank is said to have worked off notes to the value of a hundred thousand dollars from the altered plate, and issued them as good. Three months back, however, these notes were declared to be forgeries, and the bank refused to cash them. The news of Smithson's death, soon after his arrival in California, no doubt induced the bank to take this step. The detectives were at once set to work, because it was supposed that every trail had been destroyed. But by some mishap Smithson, the supposed dead man, suddenly returned; he had only been laid on his back by the Panama fever, and the doctors recommended him to return to the States as quickly as he could, on account of the climate. The detectives arrested him, and found among his traps several pulls of the altered plate. This was sufficient evidence to commit him to trial. What were the bank directors to do now, lose the swindled one hundred thousand dollars, or prosecute Smithson with all the rigour of the law? You know that old hypocrite, S. —, and so you need not be surprised that he chose the latter course. Before the grand jury he gave evidence against the engraver, and carefully avoided saying a word about the alteration in the plate made by his orders. Who but Smithson could be the guilty man? And so we, of the State attorney's office, did our best to convict him, although I suspected from the beginning that there was false play behind the matter. We fancied that we had got him tight, and would thus make friends of old S. — and the bank—but the above-mentioned facts were proved by unimpeachable testimony."

"How was that?" Cox asked; "in such transactions it is not usual to have witnesses, and old S. — is a crafty fellow."

"Even the craftiest fellow goes into the trap sometimes," Sharp remarked. "You must know that old S. — is so deaf that you must shout in his ear if you want him to understand you. Smithson availed himself of this circumstance, and so when he handed over the altered plate and the specimen print, he had two witnesses in an adjoining room, who heard every word of the loud conversation. They were two Germans who kept a grocer's shop on the ground floor. He had been advised to act thus by his solicitor when Smithson asked his advice about the ticklish business, and the date of the day and the hour when the plate was delivered were carefully noted down. The State attorney was, of course, obliged to retire from the prosecution after this evidence."

"I suppose Smithson will now turn round and prosecute the bank," Cox remarked.

"There is a difficulty about that, my good fellow: the *corpus delicti*, the altered plate, will have been got rid of, as it is in S. —'s possession, and who can prove that the five-dollar notes declared by the bank

to be counterfeit were really worked off it? Besides, how can a poor engraver proceed against such influential persons, especially when we do not wish it? However, I will take care that old S. — pays dearly for the joke. You know, Cox, that such persons are at times very liberal, when the officials suffer from sore eyes at the right moment."

"So you inquired of Douglas and Co., before you took the case in hand, how matters really stood with the bank?" Cox remarked; "and nothing was said to you about a spurious issue of notes?"

"You do not understand the potency of the Secret Agency," Sharp said, with a cunning smile; "the very fact that the bank had earned one hundred thousand dollars by the alteration of the plate, caused them to give a satisfactory report."

"Hang me if that is not sharp," Cox said, opening his eyes to their full extent; "I should like to go to school at Douglas and Co.'s."

Sharp, on hearing this, rose, looked into the dark store, and then asked: "Are we quite alone, Cox? Is there no listener here? You know that I promised to make you an important communication this evening."

"We are quite alone; I sent the clerks and the porter away at six o'clock, as usual, and Hargrave has driven out with his wife, so he will not surprise us. Out with it."

"Well," said Sharp, "Douglas and Co. require a clever sub-agent, who is thoroughly acquainted with affairs in this city. You know that I regularly search the books of the registration-office for them, and so I have a little influence. I have consequently proposed you as a confidential man, and I have been instructed to speak with you on the subject. At the same time, I must state that if you agree I shall expect a specimen of your handiwork from you to-night. Far be it from me to persuade you, but such an excellent man of business as Mr. Cox deserves a better situation than a poor book-keeper's post."

Cox, who had expected the proposal, for all that pretended to be surprised. "So, you think, Sharp," he said, "that I should make a good agent. But what is the specimen to which you refer?"

"Nothing tremendous," said Sharp; "we only want some information about your principal. Jones and Co., of New York, have inquired, and so has a Philadelphia house, which you, as book-keeper, well know."

"Oh, you mean George Bingham," Cox interrupted him; "we owe him fifteen thousand dollars for dry goods, and Jones and Co. hold our acceptances for nine thousand dollars more."

Sharp took out a pocket-book to make notes. "So Hargrave does not stand first rate, eh?" he continued; "speak out, man, not a soul will ever hear a word of it. Hargrave's name will not even be entered in the ledger, but he will be described by a number, the key to which the principal agent alone holds."

Cox, who in his heart hated his principal, and besides, as we have hinted, had an illicit passion for his wife, tried to blush, but did not succeed. Then he said, hesitatingly: "Hargrave's credit has hitherto been good in the East, but he is very careless in giving credit" (Cox had led him into it), "so that we have many outstanding accounts in Missouri, Iowa, Minnesota, and Wisconsin, which it will be difficult to collect. Still, so long as he is not pressed by the New York house, all will go on

well, but if his credit be shaken there, he will have to shut up shop. I lately talked him into buying Milwaukie Prairie du Chien railway shares, so that he has tied up most of his ready cash, and you know as well as I do that the company is soon going to make an assignment. At the same time his housekeeping expenses are heavy, as his wife is very extravagant."

Sharp, who had made some notes, nodded his head in satisfaction, and remarked contemptuously, "I don't know how it is, but I cannot bear this Hargrave. When I saw him for the first time, a few years back, I at once took a great dislike to him. Afterwards he insulted me, by inducing Thompson to take out of my hands the profitable trial about the Irving property. Since then I have sworn to be revenged on him."

Cox, who had long been held enthralled by the fair and coquettish Lucy, and wished to ruin Hargrave through jealousy, with which scheme all sorts of afterthoughts were connected, did not fail to give Sharp the minutest details about the business. The worthy couple did not part till a late hour, after Sharp had thoroughly instructed Cox as to the duties and advantages of an agent for Douglas and Co.

Ere long, all sorts of prejudicial remarks and reports were in circulation about Francis Hargrave and his business; persons, generally well informed, stated that he had given too much credit in the small towns which had recently sprung up on the Upper Mississippi, and had thus lost large sums. His business neighbours put their heads together, and no longer greeted him so warmly as formerly; equally annoying was it to him to hear that, contrary to all expectation, he was rejected when he proposed to become a member of the Freemasons' lodge. Now and then anonymous warnings against his book-keeper reached him; but Hargrave, though he had a certain instinctive dislike for Cox, did not dream of dismissing him, because he held anonymous letters in utter contempt. Besides, how could he have dismissed him at a moment when such unpleasant complications were springing up, because without Cox's assistance he had no clear idea of the state of his books, which, however, was absolutely necessary? One day an old friend of his family, who had just returned from the East, came to him and told him confidentially that very serious doubts as to his solvency had unexpectedly arisen in New York and Philadelphia. "I," the old gentleman added, "did my best to remove them. You know, Francis, that I have always meant kindly by you, but they shrugged their shoulders, and remarked that you had made heavy losses in Wisconsin, and had been dabbling in bad railway shares."

At these remarks Hargrave turned pale. Who could know that he had bought Milwaukie bonds and lost heavily by them? Why, the whole affair had been managed through one confidential stockbroker. He had made his purchases in the East, at three and six months, and hoped, as he would not be able fully to meet his liabilities, that his creditors would allow him to renew, as his credit was so good, and that was generally conceded by most houses. Now, he found himself menaced on all sides. Still he hoped to survive the storm, by calling in all outstanding debts and reducing his expenses in housekeeping. He thanked his old friend for the certainly most unwelcome news, and hurried home to his wife, to explain his position to her. Unfortunately, he found poor comfort there; the coquettish, selfish Lucy, who had probably already been informed of

his precarious position, told him point blank that if he was no longer able to keep her as a lady she would prefer to leave him. She could easily find a motive for a divorce, and for the present would place herself under the protection of her friends.

This heartlessness on the part of his wife, who was evidently ruled by some influence hostile to him, threw Hargrave into a state of mind which rendered him utterly incapable of judging his situation coolly and correctly. He sought refuge in drinking, as is unfortunately too frequently the case with the Americans, and was in a constant state of excitement. As we know Cox's intriguing character, we need not feel surprised that he took advantage of this circumstance utterly to ruin his principal's business, and to leave it, as rats do a sinking ship, on the imminent approach of the catastrophe. Hargrave had sunk into such a state of despondency and wretchedness as to decline the assistance of his friends. When the latter saw that Francis was in a serious difficulty, and unable to obtain time to meet his engagements in the East, they willingly offered him their support. The Americans, generally, are in this respect far more willing to make sacrifices than Europeans, and, at the same time, wiser and more politic. When a business man is unfortunate in Europe, he is so trampled on that it is almost impossible for him to work his way up again; but in the United States this is not the case; on the contrary, not only his friends but his creditors try to set a man, temporarily insolvent, up again. Call this humanity or cleverness, as you please, but at any rate an opportunity is in this way afforded the debtor to become once more prosperous and meet his old engagements. And this would have happened in the present instance, had not Hargrave, who lost almost simultaneously wife, child, and position in the mercantile world, sought to drown his immoderate sorrow by drinking more than he could stand.

The mines which Cox and Sharp, with the help of Douglas and Co., had dug under Hargrave, were so cleverly laid, that he could almost calculate the hour when the sheriff would close his doors. Had not his Eastern creditors received these cards which were so fatal to him through the Secret Agency, they would have readily granted him time, till he collected his outstanding accounts in the Far West, and to this was added the circumstance that his wife deserted him with their only child in the hour of danger. No one suspected the real state of matters—no one saw in his wife's lovely face the black soul concealed behind it; and when Hargrave, in his despair, sought to stupify himself with brandy, many condemned him. Bridget alone, the Irish servant in his family, defended him against the neighbours, and when Hargrave paid her wages with his last remaining dollars, she begged him to let her speak to him. We know not what she told him, but we may reasonably conclude that she imparted facts to him which aggravated his dislike of Cox and Lucy. From this moment we notice a change in Francis's conduct; he left off drinking, became quiet and calm, and when the sheriff really came to close his shop, he readily delivered over to him everything which he had formerly regarded as his property, with the exception of the trifles which the law allowed him to keep. His friends, when they noticed this favourable change in him, began again to offer him their assistance, and made him various proposals. One of them, the same old gentleman who

brought him the unpleasant news from New York, owned a very large saw-mill in one of the city avenues, and persuaded Hargrave temporarily to take the first clerk's situation, till something better turned up.

Here he again displayed his old activity, and worked indefatigably in the interests of his friend as if a dark cloud had never overshadowed his life. He offered no opposition to his wife's demand for a divorce, although he could have legally made grave objections, for wilful neglect of duty, of which his wife accused him, could not possibly be proved; on the contrary, he instructed the lawyer who represented him to declare his entire agreement. At the last sitting, when both parties were obliged to be present, he behaved with remarkable coolness, scarcely condescending to look at his wife, who sat near him closely veiled, while he treated Cox, who was also present, with a contempt which caused him to look down. A few days later he learned that the sinful couple were married; he did not get into any passion at this, and the words merely escaped him, "My poor boy!" The only thing he seemed to feel was the decree of the court that Harry, who was still of tender years, was entrusted to the entire charge of his mother, although the father had permission to visit his child once a week. Of this permission, however, Hargrave's pride and temper would not allow him to avail himself.

When we compare the features of the Western population with those of the Indian natives, an attentive observer must involuntarily make the remark that here and there a speaking likeness exists between them. Many a stately borderer, with his long straight hair and sunburnt face, would offer a splendid model for a Uncas if he were dressed in moccasins and hunting-shirt, and the wild startled glance of some Western maidens recalls the eyes of the Indian squaws. It is difficult to decide whether the influences of the climate or mixture of blood has produced this resemblance; probably both factors have done their part. Equally certain is it that traits are frequently found in the character of the men of the West which exactly suit that of the Indian. The same natural good humour, the same levity, but, at the same time, the greatest secrecy and thirst for revenge, are reflected in the temper of both. Just as the Redskin or the Corvican can hide his hatred and fury under the mask of indifference for years, until the favourable moment arrives to destroy his foe, so many a Western man, otherwise endowed with excellent qualities, possesses the art of throwing a thick veil over his bitterest feelings of revenge, until at last the hour for requital strikes.

We are obliged to make these general remarks in order to present the English reader with a psychological sketch of Francis Hargrave. No one could see what passion was boiling in his heart: at times he even displayed a spasmodic merriment which astonished his friends. Still, no one dared speak to him about Cox and his wife, and even when his little boy, whom he loved before aught else, died, he begged for silent sympathy, because he was resolved utterly to break with the past. Persons tried to persuade him to start again on his own account and give up his clerkship, while offering capital and fresh credit. But he politely declined all these kindly-meant offers, because, as he said, he intended eventually to go to California if he could succeed in collecting a few outstanding debts. Moreover, he expressed his opinion that L——, on account of past events, would not be a very pleasant residence for him: if he again

started in business, it would be in California, where no one knew him or could rip up old sores.

Nothing could surpass the zeal with which Hargrave secretly sought the hidden causes of his misfortunes. Any one who had observed this apparently calm man when standing in front of the saw-mill, and noting the lengths of the mahogany and walnut logs in his pocket-book, would certainly not have thought that an evil demon lurked behind this indifferent countenance. Francis saw very plainly that extraordinary means had been employed to produce his frightfully sudden failure, and these he busied himself to discover. He knew from experience that other traders who did not stand nearly so well as himself had weathered many a worse storm without falling into the clutches of the sheriff. In any case, the sudden suspension of credit in the East, and the refusal of the New York and Philadelphia houses to renews his bills, although he had always been a prompt payer, struck him as very extraordinary. This behaviour on the part of the importers, who usually are so willing to give longer credit to good customers, was in his case so unusual that it seemed to him before all necessary to see clearly on this point. As he had reasons, however, to keep his researches a secret from everybody, he was for a long time undecided as to the means he should employ, till chance came to his assistance.

One day, when he had driven into town to arrange the banking business of his firm, he saw in — street, where the whole of the money transactions take place, Cox and Sharp engaged in an eager conversation. In order not to meet these hateful men, he entered into an adjoining coffee-house, called for a bottle of soda-water, and went to the window, in order the better to watch his enemies. Ere long the couple parted with a shake of the hand, and Cox walked into an office opposite, over which the words "Douglas and Co.'s Agency" glistened in tall gold letters. A flash of intelligence shot across Hargrave's brain; he quietly crossed the street, then turned round, slowly walked past the large windows of the agency, and took a sharp, piercing glance at the interior. He was not deceived: Cox was not outside the grating, where ordinary inquirers stood, but inside it at a writing-table, where he seemed to be arranging some papers. Up to that time Hargrave, as a trader, had certainly been aware of the existence of the Secret Agency, but had never made use of it, through a certain mistrust; much less had he ever suspected that Douglas and Co. would have such a ruinous influence over his fate. Now he had found the trail, and like the Indian, who, once that he has discovered his enemy's footsteps, follows them for hundreds of miles, he was resolved to pursue it like a bloodhound. Human civilised nature gradually retired from him, and the wild-beast mastered him. What pleasures did life offer him, after losing wife, child, mercantile reputation, and everything to which he formerly clung? The only thought that occupied his soul was revenge, sanguinary revenge, but he saw that if he wished to carry it to a successful issue he must shroud it in the secrecy of night.

From this time we find him incessantly engaged in obtaining certain proof of the means which Cox had employed to crush him. He certainly suspected Sharp's complicity, but he gave up the idea of pursuing that land-shark when he learned that he was suffering from an incurable disease, the consequence of his private libations. Sharp, although one

of the most prominent members of the Temperance Society, had given himself up to sly drinking; hence, the "kill-me-quick" whisky soon brought the latent disease to a head. Cox and his wife, however, appeared to be most flourishing, and kept up an expensive establishment, though right-minded persons kept aloof from them. The ex-book-keeper had a lucrative commission business, and made a fair income by the services that he rendered Douglas and Co.; at the same time he had considerable influence in the trading world, because everybody was afraid of offending the dangerous agent.

A few weeks later Hargrave gave up his situation at the saw-mill, on the plea that he intended to leave L—— for ever, and carry out his long-formed plan of beginning a fresh life in California. A few days later we find him in New York, where he engaged a passage to Aspenwall on board the *North Star* steamer, and had his name entered in the passenger-list. A day before the vessel's departure he called at the office of Jones and Co., his old business connexions, who received him with a mixture of friendliness and reserve, because they felt themselves more or less the cause of his misfortunes.

"I have not come here," he said, "to reproach you, Mr. Jones, although you did me a great injury; but one kindness I must ask you to show me, and then all will be forgotten and forgiven."

"What is it?" Jones asked, as he pushed a chair over to him, and tried to conceal his confusion.

"You see, Mr. Jones, I am on the point of sailing for San Francisco to begin a new life," Hargrave replied, at the same time showing the merchant his ticket, "and I am firmly resolved never to return to L——, as it is impossible for me to live here. I would, therefore, earnestly beg you to do me the favour of giving me your reasons for declining to renew my acceptances for nine thousand dollars for six months. You know that the refusal of credit, on your part, was the primary cause of my failure."

"Ah, my dear Hargrave, what is done cannot be undone," Jones said, with a sigh; "but set your mind at rest. As far as I remember, at that time some reports were in circulation here about you, which were said to emanate from your late book-keeper. We paid little attention to the reports, but, as business men, considered ourselves bound to inquire of the Secret Agency, and a few days after we received a card from Douglas and Co., which induced us to take those steps against you which we now so heartily regret. If you like to see the card, it is at your service."

With these words, Mr. Jones walked to the fireproof safe, opened a drawer, and took out a small envelope, which Hargrave eagerly seized. His eyes grew fixed on the mysterious card. He found the letter E and the numbers 1 and 4 underlined with red ink, while his name was written on the fold of the envelope. Without moving a feature which could display his state of mind, he handed back the document, remarking:

"Mr. Jones, I am grateful to you for the confidence which you have just placed in me; from what I have now seen, I cannot blame you for taking hostile steps against me at that time. One thing I may assure you of, that this card contains nothing but scandalous falsehoods. Still, as you said just now, what is done cannot be undone, and so I will quietly



carry out my new plans; perhaps California may restore me what I lost in the West."

He then heartily shook hands with Mr. Jones, and hurried into the street.

It was Christmas-eve in the same year, and the streets of L—— displayed an unusual liveliness for the hour of the day. The bright gaslight poured from all the shop-fronts; the retail dealers looked pleased, and a number of merry people flocked through the streets, partly to make their purchases, partly to admire the gaily decorated shops. The weather was dull, and the grey masses of mist which rose from the great river hung like a pall over the street lanterns. It was all the more comfortable, though, for that very reason, inside the houses, where the flashing flame of the coal fires threw a brilliant glow over the faces of happy people and the gaily-coloured carpets. In the elegant parlour of a neat house with a white stucco front, we find once more a couple of old acquaintances, Mr. Cox and his coquettish wife. The former was seated in a cozy easy-chair, smoking a cigar and turning over the pages of an album, while Mrs. Cox was standing at the centre table, examining the various presents made her by her husband. At this moment the house-bell rang, and shortly after the maid-servant came in, bearing a small but carefully closed box, which she placed on the table. To Mr. Cox's inquiry whence the box came, the servant replied that a little German boy had rung the bell and given it to her at the front door, with a request to be sure and deliver it safely to Mr. and Mrs. Cox. Nothing was more natural than the supposition that some friend or relative had wished to give the couple an agreeable surprise on Christmas-eve. They looked at the anonymous present with evident surprise, and the vain lady probably thought in her own mind that some silent admirer had sent her a costly present. She curiously felt the weight of the box, and then seized the cross bar on the sliding lid, and——At this very moment a fearful explosion shook the whole house, the fire was extinguished, window-frames and shutters flew into the street, and a cloud of smoke tried to make its escape through the shattered walls. The startled neighbours rushed in, the cry of "Fire" was raised, and a dense crowd assembled round the house. When the smoke had cleared away a little, the more courageous ventured in; but what a sight was presented to them when they lit a candle, and were better able to judge of the calamity! Cox and his wife had been so injured by the splinters of a shell, the fragments of which were found in the room, that they had but a few hours to live. The poor maid-servant, who had remained in the doorway to see what was in the chest, was severely punished for her curiosity, as she received a severe, though fortunately not mortal, wound in the shoulder.

Nothing could exceed the rapidity with which the authorities were on the spot, and took the necessary measures. The curious crowd was quickly dispersed, physicians were summoned, the unhappy victims were put to bed in a room which remained uninjured, and then the most searching inquiries were instituted as to the cause of the catastrophe. In addition to the fragments of an Orsini shell, as it is called, a bent pistol-barrel with a broken hammer was found. It was, therefore, clear that the death-dealing projectile had been discharged by the help of the pistol,

whose cocked hammer was in some way connected with the lid of the box. A partly burnt and fractured wire, which hung from a small but strong nail, and which had probably been previously fastened to the trigger, gave the requisite explanation. As the unhappy husband and wife were writhing in the agony of death, and could consequently give no explanation, the injured maid-servant was quietly cross-questioned, and she described the occurrence with the German boy exactly as it happened. It became the duty of the police to discover him, and by ten o'clock, or two hours after the explosion, the city-marshal succeeded in bringing him to the mayor's office. On being questioned, the boy, who bore an excellent character, stated that as he was going home at about eight o'clock, he was accosted in the neighbourhood of Mr. Cox's house by a strange man; the latter was wrapped in a cloak with turned-up collar, and asked him if he would like to earn a quarter-dollar. As his parents were very poor he accepted the offer, and the stranger, who carefully avoided getting near a gas-lamp, gave him the box, with orders to carry it carefully to the house he pointed out, and leave word that it must be delivered to Mr. and Mrs. Cox at once. As he suspected no harm he carried out his instructions, for he wished to buy something with the quarter-dollar for his ailing mother.

As the boy could not give any nearer description of the stranger, it was impossible to seek him in the city; still Mrs. Cox's dying words, that Francis Hargrave was the criminal, soon set the police on the trail. As it might be assumed with tolerable certainty that, in the event of his guilt, he had left L—— immediately after the catastrophe, a clever detective was sent off to New York, because it was known that he had intended to sail thence to California. The detective very soon learned that Hargrave had secured his passage on board the *North Star*, but on the day of departure had not appeared; he had, therefore, forfeited the half passage-money which he had paid, and this circumstance clearly proved that the voyage to San Francisco was intended as a blind. It was impossible to discover, however, whither he had gone after leaving New York; but he had, probably, remained in the States during the month which intervened between the pretended sailing and the double murder. At the moment when the police were beginning to fear that they had lost the scent, a new fact came to their assistance. A locksmith, living in a western town on the Upper Mississippi, informed them that some weeks before Christmas a stranger, dressed like a backwoods farmer, had come to him and ordered a shell of that description. On his inquiring what he wanted it for, the man answered, that there was a large beast of prey near his farm which had done him great injury, and he wished to kill it; he also described to him the arrangement with the pistol. The description exactly suited Hargrave; and though the dress was different, that was a matter of slight importance. Up to the present day, however, it is a mystery how the criminal reached L—— unrecognised, where everybody knew him; for neither the conductors of the trains, nor the clerks on board the steamers, noticed him. At length it was discovered that Hargrave had some distant relatives on the Des Moines River, not far from Spirit Lake, in Iowa; and hence one of the cleverest detectives set out for that place, on the chance of finding him. On the road he took up the locksmith, to whom we have alluded, so that he might identify Hargrave, if he were really the

orderer of the Orsini bomb. The two men reached their destination at nightfall, and found Hargrave sitting over the fire in his relations' block-house. The policeman—a determined man—walked up to him, laid his hand on his shoulder, and said, "You are my prisoner, sir." Hargrave, on seeing the well-known detective and the locksmith, quietly stretched out his hands to be handcuffed, without saying a word. As his cousins came in at this moment, and proposed to oppose force to force—for these borderers stand no jokes—he said despondingly, "Let it be, boys, it serves me right; do not act contrary to the law." When the two powerful backwoodsmen saw that he felt himself guilty they shook his hand for the last time, and turned away with tears in their eyes.

Eight days later, we find Hargrave in the county prison of L—— awaiting his condemnation. As it is not our purpose to describe American criminal justice, we will merely add that he was sentenced to be hanged for his fiendish revenge. He was sincerely lamented by many, and many a curse was given to an institution which, although apparently established to prevent cheating and swindling, opened the door to any villany, and thus destroyed the existence of an otherwise worthy man.

How great the power of the Secret Agency was, is proved by the fact that the American press, which generally discusses everything with more than freedom, observed an absolute silence about Douglas and Co. We have since heard, however, that the partners of the firm, terrified by public opinion, have retired, and sold their business to men who are as enterprising as they are unscrupulous. Let us hope that whenever North and South settle their quarrels they may heartily combine to put down with a strong hand such a dangerous institution.

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#### THE STEEPLE OF DUNNING.

In the village of Dunning, nine miles west of the city of Perth, there is an old church and an old steeple. The church is an oblong, very like a barn; the steeple is a stately square tower, with a small house at the top, at present occupied by pigeons. Tradition says something about the date of the church, but no one ever heard when the steeple was built. The oldest living man of the village, who when a stripling was a favourite with the then oldest man, and who had carefully treasured up the latter's local traditions, transmitted through another patriarch of the village in the time of Queen Mary—the beautiful, not the bloody—had nothing to tell about it; and could the patriarchal succession be carried farther back, back even to the oldest inhabitant of Dunning in the time of good King Robert, there would have been as little to tell about the building of this steeple. An erudite friend of ours, it is true, asserts that it was built by Grygg Macdougal, King of Scotland. But we could never get any intelligible reason from him in support of this statement, save that we would

see from Oliver and Boyd's *Edinburgh Almanack* that Grygg Macdougall was King of Scotland A.D. 893.

The reference to the almanack will be found quite correct. According to that respectable authority, Grygg Macdougall was King of Scotland A.D. 893; but we cannot see what that important fact has to do with the present question, for, had Grygg built the steeple of Dunning, that faithful and ingenious historian, George Buchanan, would have recorded it; and, moreover, the picture of the monarch would have found its place in that gallery of authentic portraits of the old kings of Scotland which is one of the chief attractions of Holyrood. Seeing, however, Buchanan is silent as to so illustrious an achievement, and that the Reynolds of Grygg's day has not thought Grygg's features worthy of immortality, we conclude that the steeple of Dunning must have existed long before his reign, and that then, as now, it was a monument of mysterious antiquity.

Be its date what it may, it has a solemn and impressive appearance, casting the broad shadow of its weather-worn walls on the populous churchyard, into which it has seen generation after generation gathered, and has watched the thick matted grass as it gradually grew over the perishable memorials erected over the graves—memorials many of which have long crumbled into dust, and form part of the mould turned up by the sexton in digging the grave which is to cover the corpse of the villager to be buried to-morrow.

Picturesquely situated on the north side of the Ochils, just on the lowest slope of Craig Rossie, one of the highest of the Ochil range, and at the opening of a pass through which a road has been made by the "Yetts of Muckart" to the south, the steeple of Dunning looks down Strathearn, and if it were not that it is built of grey sandstone, which does not show at a distance, it would be seen from certain positions, not only down the whole length of the Earn, but far down the Tay; for the line of the Earn, from its junction with the Tay, is very nearly the same as the line of the Tay from that point down to Dundee, and there are no intervening heights to shut out the view of the steeple from a spectator standing near the Lights of Tay, a distance eastward of forty miles.

About fifteen or twenty miles *west* of Dunning is the ancient town of Muthil, a little higher above the level of the sea than Dunning, and with no intervening ridge of land so high as the top of Dunning Steeple. Now, Muthil also has an old church and an old steeple, the latter of the same strange construction—the tall square tower, and the little house on the top. Continuing westward from Muthil, fifteen miles brings you to Stirling, and the whole intervening country, including Muthil Steeple, is visible from Stirling Castle, which stands on a considerable hill. Lastly, from Stirling there is a saddle of land running westerly at the base of the Campsie hills, which, seen from the castle, seems to lose itself in the horizon, not by any intervening height intercepting the view, but simply by distance. This saddle of land extends to the *western* coast.

We have thus crossed, by the help of the two steeples and Stirling hill, from the east to the west coast of Scotland, by a line running pretty nearly through the centre of that kingdom, and the survey appears to us to suggest a theory accounting for the building of the two steeples, and in harmony with any conceivable use to which the little square houses at

their tops could be put. Dunning Steeple looks to the east, and if a bonfire were kindled in the house at its top, the light would be visible at the east coast. Muthil, at the other or western extremity of an intervening table-land, and just where the valleys begin to trend to the west coast, is visible from Stirling Castle, and a bonfire lighted at the castle hill would be a conspicuous object to a spectator at the west coast.

Hence the probability that the two steeples were the keys of a system of beacons, by means of which the whole breadth of Scotland might be alarmed in case of invasion.

Now, it is matter of notoriety that in the early history of Scotland the Lowlands were subjected to constant invasions. The Danes, on the east, frequently ravaged Angus, Fife, and the Lothians; the Irish crossed the narrow straits to carry off the beeves of Ayrshire and Lanarkshire, or to make permanent conquests; and the Highlanders ever looked upon Menteith and the Carse of Falkirk as their natural foray ground.

Now, a beacon kindled at Dunning, and repeated at Muthil, would serve to alarm the country from east to west, in the event of invasion from any of these quarters; and a very rude system of telegraphing from heights running south of this line of fire would carry the intelligence to the country south of the Forth. Suppose an invasion on the east coast—a fire lighted near the point of landing at Dundee, on the Law hill, for instance, would be seen at once by the warder at Dunning, and would be the signal to him to fire his beacon; and in the same way intelligence of an Irish invasion could be signalled to Stirling by a fire at the western coast, while intelligence of a Highland inroad of importance would immediately be known at one or both of the central watch-towers of Muthil and Dunning.

Let us restrict our attention at present to the steeple of Dunning, looking at it as the oldest work of man in the village—as having stood at one time by itself inhabited by a solitary warder, who heard only the voices of the birds and the cries of the wolves which abounded in the neighbouring woods, mingling with the murmur of the burn of Dunning, which then, doubtless, ran in the same channel as it does now, and discoursed the same old story, which any one may hear, if, reclining in the woods of Pitcairn, he gives himself up to its monotonous voice.

At that early day, centuries before the reign of the famous Gryggy Maedougal—in fact, towards the middle of the first century of the Christian era—a dull light was observed by the warden on the eastern horizon. It might be the sun, thought the warden; but it was of a darker and duller red than the rays of the God of Day, which he had so often watched gradually lighten up the hill of Moredon. Moreover, it could not be the sun yet, for it was the month of September, and barely two o'clock in the morning. Brighter and brighter grew the light, and soon, to his experienced eyes, there was no doubt that the great beacon on the Law at Dundee had been fired. The warden was no politician, and the era of penny papers had not yet arrived, but he knew he was set there by the king and the Druids to light the beacon of the steeple whenever the signal from the coast was visible. He accordingly applied his torch to the fagots, and a clear and lofty flame blazed up to the heavens. The warden of Muthil saw the signal, and soon the light from his tower streamed up the highland glens to the north, while the great beacon on Stirling hill tinged the

clouds with a fiery haze, which was seen from the woods where Glasgow now is, and at the westernmost point of Cantire. The repeating beacons to the south were not neglected. Arthur's Seat was crowned with flames, and from Berwick Law and the Eidon hill (not then rent in twain) the signal was repeated. In a few hours the whole country was alarmed; and day had hardly dawned, when hundreds of half-naked savages, armed with bows and arrows and flint axes, were seen pouring down the different glens and making for two or three preconcerted rallying-points. There they found the kings of their tribes, and united in a war party, and driving before them cattle for their subsistence, clumps of hundreds and fifties took their routes towards the east. The rock of Stirling was crowded with women, old men, and children, looking at the masses of warriors converging from all points on that central rallying-point. In the distance, tribes, the name of which has long been forgotten, might be seen like black specks studding the pass of Monteth and either side of the Forth, and up from the glen of the Devon came in straggling bands the better-clad warriors of Clackmannan and Kinross; while from Dumbane, then a hamlet of some importance, many stalwart men hastened to the place of meeting, accompanied by their bards, who were to bequeath to all future ages the undying fame of the feats of valour which were sure to illustrate this war.

Formed into larger bodies, and placed under the immediate commands of the feudatory kings of Scotland, the warriors left Stirling; and before the second day had closed ten thousand fighting-men had assembled at the steeple of Dunning. Here they were joined by eager warriors from the Ochils and the south, whose equipment showed a somewhat higher civilisation. Marching early next day, they were joined at Forteviot, then the chief town of the Picts, by a large body of warriors of that nation; and day had barely dawned when they reached the city of Perth, then of no great importance. Here they ~~united~~ only to gather to "the standard" the fighting-men of the Tay and the Perthshire highlands; and they were also joined by a tribe from the south, who fought in war-chariots—engines with a scythe-shaped blade in front, each dragged by two horses tied to a pole in the centre.

Down by the braes of the Carse of Gowrie—for the Carse itself was then the estuary of the Tay—the host proceeded slowly and painfully. Before them were some traces of cultivation, for a rude agriculture had begun to clear out parts of the forest and to climb the slopes of the hills. But behind them was a track for miles ruined and wasted, and shut up in the distance by the smoke from the ashes of the forest which had been fired by the army as it passed, and out of which occasionally shot tongues of flame, lighting up the beetling cliffs of Kinnoull.

On the third day from leaving Perth they reached Dundee, towards which they had for some time steered with confidence, guided by the beacon from the Law; but the scanty population of that now flourishing seaport had wisely deserted their homes, scared alike by fear of the pirates advancing from Arbroath, and by the approach of their armed countrymen.

Some miles from Dundee the two hosts joined battle.

Then were performed feats of valour by chieftains whose very names would now sound barbarous to our ears, but who were animated by as

lofty feelings as ever fired a patriot's courage. Others fought like the knights of chivalry, though chivalry was not yet invented, for the approbation of those who were at home, mothers, sisters, sweethearts, fondly thinking that their exploits would be remembered for ever, and add additional lustre to their ancient names; or that for the fame they would acquire, eyes which they had so often worshipped as if from a distance would look down upon them with a loving, admiring glance. There also were old warriors grey in fame, who had no reputation to gain and much to lose; and there was the young soldier at his first battle-field, filled with those conflicting emotions which high hope and courage yet untried excite. But eighteen centuries have passed since then. The names of all who fought that day for Scotland are lost for ever. The old chieftains, so secure in their well-earned fame, have perished from that traditional poetry which in their lifetime was occupied with their deeds. The warriors who then flushed their maiden steel met the reward of valour from those fair ones for whose smiles they fought, or met then and there a warrior's grave, all alike unknown, for heraldry goes not back in Scotland to those ancient times, and the ploughshare has long passed through and obliterated the tumuli erected over the brave who perished on that long-forgotten battle-field. Gone, too, out of all recollection are these watchers at home; those barbarian mothers whose eyes had glistened with pride and agony as their sons left their homes for the great battle; and they, the fair ones, whose charms fired so many a young heart in that fight, no longer exercise their sweet and ennobling influence. Long, long ago their beauty faded in old age, or vanished prematurely in the grave. Where are their pretty tyrannies, where their conquests, where their flirtations? Centuries of beauties have successively occupied their place. The very name of the race to which they belonged is absolutely unknown, and other races which succeeded them have also perished from use and fame.

And thus of these our ancestors who fought with the northern pirates on that great day, and whose march was guided by the beacon-fires of Dunning and of Muthil, nothing remains to be told. The races who inhabited ancient Nineveh have left historical landmarks. The Pharaohs of Moses's time have transmitted their story in authentic lithographs, but those soldiers of Scotland have left no further record of their existence than yesterday's tide when to-day's has swept over the same sands. And of the pirates themselves, what of them? It may be that the ancient sagas record their deeds. We hope they do, for the successors of these Norwegians in after days mixed with our forefathers, and the blood of both races run in our veins.

On this occasion the invaders were beaten back to their ships, and one grey stone, with no inscription, is all the record of that great battle without a name.

But not long was it until the beacon light of Dunning Steeple was again lighted, and the Caledonian host (A.D. 84) mustered to meet a very different enemy, for the Roman troops under Agricola had crossed the Forth and driven the lowland Scots back upon the Tay.

Then the great Galgacus raised the standard of independence, and the two central beacons signalled to Scotland that a final struggle was to be tried. Gallantly the Scots answered the signal. Those yet unconquered

nations behind the Tay, proud of primeval independence, came with their wicker shields, their painted faces, and matted locks, to help, perhaps for the first time, the Lowlanders, whom in general they remorselessly plundered, and soon under the master-mind of the great Caledonian the war assumed a formidable aspect to the enemy. For the Romans met opponents different from those with whom, until now, they had contended. Luxury had not made these hardy savages effeminate; nor, as is proved in our own day, can luxury ever have this effect on the Scots. The war was long and dubious, but Roman discipline was still in its vigour, and the time had not yet come when the eagles were to be baffled of their prey. Nevertheless, it was a mortal struggle, and the classic annals of Tacitus attest the warlike virtues of the Caledonians and of their chief.

But here the glimpse afforded by history disappears. For centuries Scotland ceases to be an historic nation. The Romans with difficulty maintained the lowlands, the mountaineers made good their fastnesses, and thus secured to Scotland of our time the unique boast that she is the only nation which has never been entirely conquered. In the middle of the fifth century the Romans left our island, and left anxiety and danger behind them, for the Highlanders, Scots, and Picts broke in upon the civilised colonists, and gradually all traces of the Roman arts and polity vanished. The priests of Culdee, in their sequestered island, alone kept alive the name of learning and the reality of Christianity; but the light was feeble, and, as a general statement, it was true that Scotland had retrograded three centuries in civilisation.

Let us therefore pass over a century or two, and thus, according to Sir Walter Scott, avoid the disgusting task of recording obscure and ferocious contests fought by leaders with unpronounceable names, from which the reader, to use the expression of Milton on a similar occasion, gains no more valuable information than if he were perusing the events of a war maintained between kites and crows.

Let us open the volume of Scottish history towards the close of the tenth century, when Kenneth III. was king. It was about the middle of his active and warlike reign, and deep was the anxiety which reigned in his court at Perth, for it was well known that a formidable invasion of the Danes was to take place. But when the south-western horizon reddened at mid-day, showing that the beacon at Dunning had been fired, the anxiety of suspense was at an end, and there was neither fear nor hesitation on the mind of the brave king or in those of his courtiers. Measures were instantly taken to collect provisions for the troops who would soon arrive, and when the light of the two beacons streamed up the highland glens into the fastnesses of the Macgregors, and the bonfire on Stirling Castle blazed aloft to the skies, the armourers of Perth were busy in their vocation, and the trained bands of the ancient city were marshalled under the city banner. The cattle of the surrounding district were driven into the Inches—those two beautiful meadows, the one at the south and the other at the north of the city, which time out of mind have attracted the admiration of travellers—and the grain was distrained by royal warrant from the steadings for twenty miles round.

Meanwhile, armed men in different numbers were continually marching past the old steeple of Dunning and down by the woods of the Oliphants and the Graemes on to Perth, and before the dawn of the morning the



day after the beacons had been fired, several hundreds had encamped on the South Inch under the command of the thane of Oliphant, traces of whose territorial power are still to be found in the title-deeds of properties and names of localities in the neighbourhood of Dunning.

Another two days, and fifteen or twenty thousand men were encamped on the South Inch and on the surrounding heights. It was full time, for the Danes, advancing by the north bank of the Tay, had crossed it a little below the present village of Stanley by aid of a Roman bridge, relics of which some sanguine antiquarians declare to be still visible, and news of their approach had been brought by the flying inhabitants. Nothing now remained for the king but to go and meet them, or to stand a siege in Perth. He chose the latter alternative, and at daybreak the Scottish army defiled through the dim rich city, still proud of the relics of Roman civilisation. Once out by the northern gate, they had not far to go, for three miles up the Tay brought them to Luncarty, where they found the Danes drawn up in order of battle, near to that simple churchyard in which it is said the remains of those who fell in the battle were interred.

The story of the battle of Luncarty, which has come down to us through popular tradition, or through Buchanan, which is much the same, is said to be mythical, on account of the extraordinary nature of its leading incident, but is reality that feat of arms, so natural in an heroic age animated by the same passions as the Greeks of Homer, is the best guarantee of the truth of the narrative. At first nothing could withstand the headlong charge of the Danes, men who, without a mariner's compass, and with no knowledge of astronomy, had trusted themselves for weeks out of sight of land in open boats, knowing only this from their ancient traditions, that if they landed in Scotland they must fight every inch of ground with an enemy as brave as themselves. Our men at first gave way before the fierce charge of these sea-kings, and the standard, with its golden lions, slowly receded before the black raven of the invaders. But the battle was not over. A farmer, we are told, was ploughing in the neighbourhood with his two sons, and when he saw the Scotch army, to whose courage the peacefulness of his occupation is the best testimony, retreating, he and his sons seized their ploughshares, and, placing themselves on the narrow pass betwixt Redgorton and the Tay, barred the passage of the fugitives. The flight thus stopped, the Scots took heart, and, with the three ploughmen at their head, attacked the Danes, who were somewhat disordered by the pursuit. The victory was complete, and with this great overthrow ended the fear in Scotland of Danish invasion, although, for long after, the sea-robbers devastated England and France.

And the king, we are told, was well pleased with the husbandmen, and gave to them land far as a falcon's flight, and created them thanes of Errol; and since then the Hays of Errol have been high-constables of Scotland.

Probably soon after this the tower of Dunning, which until now, tenanted only by the warder, had stood alone by the side of the old burn, became a Christian steeple. A church was attached to it, and near it a keep, with its thick walls and narrow windows; and round these would gradually rise the village, attracted both by the piety of the priest and the protection afforded by the men-at-arms in the keep. But still the old

uses of the steeple would not be laid aside. Now and again, when English invasion gathered Scotland in arms, the beacon would be fired.

No doubt it was fired when Sir William Wallace fled up the Strath, pursued by the English garrison of Perth, for near it, in the woods, a romantic incident in his life occurred, which we tell, not on our own authority, but on that of Blind Harry and Sir Walter Scott. When hiding in the woods of Garriek, he observed a man skulking, like himself, behind the trees. Wallace reasoned thus: "Either he is a spy, in which case I ought to kill him, or he is a true Scotchman, in which case it is very unlikely he can escape the toils of the English, and they will torture him; and in any case it is almost certain that my hiding-place will be betrayed. It is safest, then, to cut off his head." So reasoned Wallace, and so he acted. He cut off Sir John Foredon's head, and, at nightfall, he left the woods and took shelter in the castle of Gask, the ruins of which, on the banks of the Earn, are not two miles from Dunning.

It was the dead of night, and Wallace was lying in a small room, through the unglazed windows of which the rays of the moon penetrated, and imparted a ghostly light. Suddenly he felt a presence—a movement of the air in the chamber. He looked up, and there stood before him Sir John Foredon, carrying his head in his left hand, the gore still slowly oozing from the severed arteries of the neck. Wallace was a man of considerable nerve, and the laird of Gask had not been chary of his wine, but even Wallace could not endure so horrible a spectacle. Starting from his bed, he rushed to the window and sprang through, down to the court below. As he fell, Sir John Foredon threw his head after him, and had it not been that Wallace wore an iron casque, it had been all over with Sir William Wallace, for Sir John's head was of the hardest, and thrown with right good will. But, happily for Scottish independence, the well-tempered metal resisted the shock, and the Scottish champion, though sorely stunned, climbed over the castle-wall, leaped the moat, swam across the Earn, and never rested till he got to the steeple of Dunning, where the warden gave him a night's lodging.

Wallace did not achieve Scotland's independence; but after him came the Bruce, and I have no doubt the beacon would be fired on the steeple of Dunning as a token of national joy on the occasion of his coronation at the neighbouring abbey of Scone. But the rejoicings were premature, for the English gathered in force, and encamped in the woods of Methven. Hither the new-made king went to meet them, and with him, no doubt, for the distance is only five miles, went many of the Dunning men, guided through the woods and swamps by the slanting gleam of the beacon on the steeple, and under the leadership of Graeme of Garvock, a relative of Sir John de Graeme of Bonkill, who had recently been killed fighting side by side with Wallace at Falkirk. We have not space to describe the battle of Methven, which nearly extinguished the independence of Scotland, and made their king a fugitive and an outlaw, but we may mention that it was nearly fatal to the Hays of Errol, the descendants of the ploughmen of Lonearty, for on the field of Methven, like true knights, lay all the gentlemen of the name, with the exception of one son still in his mother's arms.

The history of Bruce is as familiar to the Scotch as the history of David was to the Jews; nor, indeed, in the whole compass of history, due

allowance being made for the difficulty of the task achieved, is there a monarch entitled to higher rank in the temple of fame. Looking back on his exploits, his genius, his fortitude, his sagacity, we recognise in the Bruce one of that *divine* band of men (using the epithet in the classic sense) who take rank above ordinary humanity on principles irrespective of epochs, of civilisation, or even of enlightenment; for theirs is a superiority of nature which transcends all adventitious or acquirable advantages so immeasurably as to render these of no appreciable value in the sum of character.

We may well suppose, then, that when this Scotch representative of the Julius Cæsars, the Charlemagnes, the Napoleons, and the Wellingtons was victorious in the blessed battle of Bannockburn, the beacons blazed from every watch-tower of Scotland in jubilee for the national deliverance. The triumph of the Bruce was, indeed, the culminating point of Scotland's glory, when this poor rocky country of ours, whose arable land on the coasts and up its narrow valleys even yet looks like the lace on the skirts of a lady's gown, ranked as one of the powers of the European world, and with its population of barely half a million was regarded by England with alarm, by France with favour and respect as her most efficient ally, and by the Holy See was honoured with that distrust and jealousy which in those ages is the best historical proof of the high spirit and independence of the nation distrusted.

After Bruce's death came evil days. The good Lord Douglas, custodian of the Bruce's heart, perished in Spain, as the good Lord Douglas ought to have perished; Randolph, the wary and the chivalrous, did not long survive him, and soon inevitable death gathered all the Bruce's captains to their honoured graves. Then the preponderating power of England was again felt, and the tide of invasion more than once swept by the grey steeple of Dunning. A great battle was fought and lost at Forteviot, a village three miles distant, the consequence of which was the temporary installation of Baliol on the throne of Scotland, as a vassal of England. But Bruce had left to his country that remarkable document called "The Bruce's Testament," one of the instructions of which was that the Scotch should always avoid a general engagement, and restrict themselves to laying waste the country before the invaders, and harassing their flanks and rear, until famine, the ready ally of poor Scotland, would fight for her. And it was by following out this advice that English invasion, at this time and ever after, though at first successful, was always ultimately defeated.

Let us pass over these disastrous times; not, however, without lifting our hats to our ancestors, who, exposed to confiscation, to torture, and to death, maintained their loyalty to their country in the face of English bribes, which, converted into their relative value in our time, would buy all the patriots of Manchester. Let us come down to the time when Scottish independence was at last secured by the accession of James to the throne of England, when the richer and more populous and more extensive country, which had for centuries claimed sovereignty over Scotland, received a king from her, instead of imposing a king on her. But we have not much to say about that king. The associations of the steeple of Dunning are heroic, and James VI., though a Scotch Solomon, was anything but a hero. So no bonfire blazed on the steeple for any deed of his. But heroic times—that is, times of suffering—were at hand.

Charles I.—a hero, if a martyr—severely tried, in the beginning of his reign, the patience of Scotland, and awoke that spirit of independence which, in one form or another, is the basis of her perfervid genius. We have no doubt that the solemn league and covenant, the form in which the grander patriotism of Wallace and Bruce now developed itself, was not unknown in the village of Dunning. Indeed, throughout Scotland no one was allowed not to know it, for adhesion to it was enforced on all, in the utmost good faith and sincerity, by men who fought for liberty of conscience. Let us not blame them. Toleration was a discovery not yet known north of Berwick, and only preached far to the south by certain grim sectaries, who fought under the command of a man of middle stature, of powerful though somewhat sinister features, and a wart on his nose, destined soon to be Protector of England—on the whole, a man with whom no Englishman or Scotchman now-a-days is disposed to quarrel. Certainly this new evangel, though in reality the most obvious consequence of the great Teacher's life and doctrine, was not preached in Dunning, where all men swore to impose Presbytery on all within the two kingdoms, and, meantime, showed their sincerity by burning the witches, as the stone cross erected in memory of Maggie Waugh in the neighbourhood of Dunning abundantly testifies.

But there were some who did not willingly take the covenant in Dunning, and who swore to extirpate prelacy and popery, with a reservation; and there were, moreover, a few who would not take the covenant at all, and their time had now come, for Montrose had unfurled the royal standard, and many a Covenanter in Dunning, who had taken the covenant as a child takes nauseous medicine, and many a sturdy Cavalier, who could never be got anyhow to take this holy medicine, joined the army of Montrose, for Sir Andrew Rollox, the lord of the manor (who to this day owes the author of this article "eight hundred pundis good and usual money of Scotland," borrowed from his ancestors for this occasion), was the bosom friend of the great marquis, and joined his standard with all his vassals. He followed him in all his triumphs, and was the last to leave him in the wilds of Lochaber, after his final defeat. None witnessed their parting, and no one ever saw again Sir Andrew Rollox. The great marquis was soon after betrayed, and though his enemies sought to degrade him by a felon's death, no hero ever died more gloriously on the battle-field than Montrose on the gibbet. As for his latest companion, the vault under Dunning Church, where his ancestors repose, was not opened to receive his remains. In the forests of Lochaber the true knight and good died, we may well believe, calmly and grandly, from hunger and cold, and if in that desolate region his corpse was never discovered, or at least never identified, the eagles and the winters were nobler agents in the destruction of his corruptible body than the earthworms under the church of Dunning.

Shortly after the death of Montrose, Cromwell came to Scotland to complete its pacification, which he did by subduing Presbyterians and Cavaliers alike. It is not unlikely that he passed through Dunning on his way to the siege of Perth, and that he gazed on the old steeple with that heavy eye of his, and caught from its weather-worn stones one impression the more of that feeling of the transitoriness of human greatness which was the basis of his grand and sombre character. Did the steeple

of Dunning illuminate as his troops defiled through the pass? We rather think not, for Cromwell loved not pomp, and bonfires belonged to the number of those worldly vanities which were an abomination to God's people and to Cromwell's majors.

We are told that a storm such as never had been witnessed in the memory of man broke over the whole island as Cromwell lay on his death-bed, and that Heaven's artillery shook the walls of his chamber as his spirit, with its problem of hypocrisy or heroism, left for that world where all such problems will be solved; and no doubt in the district of Dunning, which is near to Comrie, the volcanic centre of Scotland, the storm-cloud burst in thunder, and the villagers would think the devil had some special work on hand that night, for in those days the devil was active and did much, which is now fully as well done by electricity.

But whether or not the tumult in the air presaged important political events, these certainly followed hard on the death of the Louis Napoleon of England, for the Restoration followed, and the reaction from the austerity of the reign of saints set in with no ordinary violence, and a good deal of genuine devil's work was done which electricity itself cannot yet perform.

We are sorry to mention it, but there can be little doubt that the steeple of Dunning blazed amain at the accession of Charles II.; but steeples, though learned in the past, cannot foresee the future, and our steeple could not imagine that the monarch they welcomed so eagerly would sell his country to the French and persecute the Presbyterians. But even a steeple could guess that the gloomy, stupid, obstinate, bigoted James II., who succeeded the merry and disreputable monarch, did not deserve the homage of so venerable and respectable an authority as a thousand-year-old steeple. Moreover, the people of Dunning had known his most sacred majesty when Duke of York, and, being a covenanting, whiggish set of people, had disagreeable recollections, some of them of Thumbscrews and Jacks, the High Court of Justiciary, and "the Bloody Mackenzie." It is more than likely that the next illumination of the steeple took place on the accession of William of Orange; for in 1715, after William had gone to explain the massacre of Glencoe, and Queen Anne had escaped alike from Sarah Jennings and from Mrs. Masham, and when George I. was vainly attempting to talk to his ministers in German, the rebellion took place, and the Earl of Mar, the generalissimo of the Pretender, caused Muthil and Dunning "to be purged with fire" on account of the adherence of their inhabitants to the House of Hanover—a treat these villagers would never have experienced had their steeples not thought fit to proclaim their adhesion to William of Orange and the Protestant succession.

And here, amidst the blaze of its burning houses, our history of the steeple of Dunning closes. The fire which so long had been kindled on its tops now encircled its base—a type of the progress of civilisation which henceforth was no longer to shine only from lofty eminences, but to spread along the level ground, destroying in its course many prejudices, as the Jacobite fire now burned up the miserable old cabins of Dunning, but clearing the ground to make way for truer and richer knowledge, and for a liberty which, breaking down feudality, would no longer require to be put on its guard by beacons, but would protect itself by the united will of a whole nation.

## QUEEN CHRISTINA.\*

THERE are few historical scholars, however slight may have been their studies, who have not read some notices of the remarkable daughter of the great Gustavus Adolphus; but, hitherto, they have been obliged to be content—if unable to travel out of their own literature—with most unsatisfactory accounts of her. Her conduct in certain portions of her career excited a good deal of prejudice in Protestant England, which tincture more or less the few biographical accounts that were published during the first century after her death. We now possess, however—thanks to the industry of Mr. Woodhead—an impartial, and therefore trustworthy, narrative of her extraordinary adventures, and one that points a very suggestive moral as clearly as one ever was indicated in the life of an historical personage of such eminence.

It is well known that her father was regarded by all Protestants as an example of greatness deserving of hero-worship in its highest manifestations; but by the Lutheran Swedes, over whom he reigned, he was looked up to with as much veneration as though, in his own character, were combined the attributes of champion and deity. When, therefore, he died, and left as his successor in the kingdom a little girl, his subjects accepted her as their king, in the fullest conviction that they had secured a part of himself that could not fail to sustain the credit and the glory which he had obtained for their country. Excessive pains were, therefore, taken by the Swedish magnates, who had the conduct of the government at his decease, to direct their juvenile sovereign in the way she should go. The best scholars and the soundest divines were selected to educate her in classical and religious knowledge, and they were so diligent, or their pupil was so apt, that she was shortly acknowledged to be a prodigy. As she grew up to womanhood, philosophers, poets, and statesmen rivalled each other in the extravagances of their panegyrics, even our own republican, Milton, becoming as eloquent a courtier as any of the circle of rival savants who sang her praises.

The young queen devoted herself to all kinds of study. Now to Lutheran divinity, under the zealous prelates of her Church; now to Hebrew scholarship, under a wonderfully learned rabbi; now to the other ancient languages, under the erudite Vossius; now to the new philosophy, under the unbelieving Des Cartes. She became a scholar, she became a philosopher, but there is no proof that her majesty ever became a Christian. The long sermons of the Lutheran ministers grew more and more tedious, and their impatient listener grew more and more speculative in her ideas. She chafed, too, very much at the moral restraint exerted over her by the principal officers of her government. In brief, she had ascertained that there was a brighter and a much pleasanter world than Sweden, and longed to enjoy its gratifications.

In this state of her mind, Christina discovered that two Jesuits were easy of access, and she contrived to communicate with them without the fact becoming known to her Protestant friends. Succeeding in this, she

\* *Memoirs of Christina, Queen of Sweden.* By Henry Woodhead. Two Vols.

had several secret interviews with them, in which she allowed it to appear, that though sovereign of a Lutheran country, her mind was quite unbarrassed by the religious prejudices of her people, and was open to conviction. The two Jesuits were well prepared with arguments, and so pressed her in controversies on their faith, that they easily persuaded her to send by them a confidential message to his Holiness. The reigning pontiff was Alexander VII., to whom the prospect of making a convert of a daughter of the brightest pillar of Protestantism in Europe—a lady, moreover, who was the queen of a country where the heresy of Luther was most rampant—was so agreeable, that he hesitated not in offering every persuasive inducement he could think of.

The fact was, the queen was like the English country gentleman immortalised in the well-known couplet,

Who hanged himself one morning for a change.

Sweden was too slow for her, and too proper. She had grown tired of being called the tenth Muse, and being considered a modern Queen of Sheba. She was weary of her sovereignty as well as of her sex, and, though offers were made her from a majority of the marrying princes in Europe, she declared her determination not to be a wife. This was soon afterwards followed by an expression of her decision to give up Sweden. Finally, she abdicated in favour of her cousin, Charles Adolphus, and quitted the kingdom.

No sooner had Christina turned her back upon her country, than she did the same for her sex and her religion. She assumed a man's garb, and with it the manners of a gay cavalier. It was while in this costume—she was taking her ease in her inn at Copenhagen—that a female domestic asked to see "Count Dohna," her travelling appellation. The interview was granted. The fair traveller soon perceived that her visitor was no maid-servant, and the latter as quickly became perfectly satisfied that the stranger was no count.

Mr. Woodhead might have made a very interesting chapter descriptive of this adventure of his heroine, for her visitor was the Queen of Denmark, whose curiosity having been excited by rumours respecting the stranger who had just arrived in her capital, had, in disguise, sought to ascertain from her own observation who he was. The two masqueraders were aware of each other's identity, but did not think it necessary to declare their true character. Having ventured on a slight passage of tongues, they separated. The count subsequently made love to a damsel who had been attracted by his handsome appearance, but it was merely a *plaisanterie*.

When Christina arrived in the Low Countries, she publicly renounced her Lutheranism, made confession of her errors, and received absolution from a distinguished ecclesiastic sent to her from the Pope for that purpose. Then she was suffered to proceed to Rome, where she was made as much of as so distinguished a convert ought to have been. The more solid temptations which had been held out to her eluded her possession. There is reason to believe that she had given up the crown of gloomy Sweden for that of sunny Naples; but when she reached Italy the brilliant prospect faded entirely from her view.

Disappointed, the queen with much difficulty raised funds for a trip to France, and for a while astonished the Parisians by her masculine

appearance and eccentric proceedings. The Frenchwomen ran eagerly to kiss her, suspecting her to be a man in disguise; but the nine days' wonder lasted its time, and the ladies of the court of Louis XIV. seemed satisfied that they had made a mistake. The queen-mother distrusted her, and when she ascertained that Christina was encouraging the young king to marry Cardinal Mazarin's niece, Anne of Austria was anxious to get rid of her.

The ex-queen returned to Rome, but the gaieties of Paris very shortly drew her back again. A repetition of her visit was more than the court could endure, and on her journey the traveller received a command to stop at Fontainebleau.

It was during her residence in this palace that there occurred the terrible tragedy which has cast so dark a shadow upon her fame. It appears that the Marquis Monaldeschi, an Italian in her service, had in some disgraceful way betrayed his mistress's confidence. The ordinary account is, that he wrote letters boasting of having been the queen's lover, in which he ridiculed her person. Mr. Woodhead, we think, should not have satisfied himself with denouncing the culprit; for whether he had betrayed a secret in which the honour of his mistress only was concerned, or one in which the reputation of the pontiff was equally committed, does not affect the question of her right to have him put to death. By her orders he was killed, without waiting for the judgment of any tribunal; and though she may, as her biographer asserts, fancy that she had the power of punishing such an offender without trial, that power was disputed in her own time, and is not likely to be admitted in a less arbitrary age.

This act of vengeance excited a burst of indignation, not only in France, but in all Europe. Christina went to Rome; she tried to be admitted into England; she sought to regain her lost dominions in Sweden; she aspired to be the elected sovereign of Poland; but everywhere the avenging Nemesis seemed to pursue her. Every country appeared to shrink from her nearer acquaintance. Oliver Cromwell prudently declined her overtures. The Swedes had passed through many severe trials since her abdication, but were ready to endure anything rather than the rule of an apostate from their faith. The Poles preferred one of their own countrymen.

Christina, for the last time, returned to Rome. A new pontiff now wore the tiara, who treated her with special distinction; but even with him she continued to have what Sir Lucius O'Trigger would have called "a mighty pretty quarrel." Wherever she happened to be, she was rarely without some dispute. A power, however, was approaching with whom the irritability of her temperament had even less influence than it had exercised upon her regal or pontifical friends. Christina tried to find occupation in the patronage of the professors of literature and the fine arts, but her creditable labours closed on the 19th of April, 1689, when her eccentric career had lasted sixty-three years.

Of the strange incidents of her remarkable life, Mr. Woodhead has made a most readable narrative. As a first attempt at historical biography his work is entitled to creditable recognition. It will be found totally free from that ostentatious erudition with which the majority of writers on such subjects overload their pages.



## KINGLAKE'S INVASION OF THE CRIMEA.\*

It has long been understood that the author of "Eothen" was engaged in writing a history of the Invasion of the Crimea; and his claims to do so were strong. He was known as a brilliant, if not a sound writer; he was present with Lord Raglan in the campaign, and enjoyed personal intercourse with the English commander; and, lastly, in 1856, Lady Raglan placed in his hands the whole mass of the papers which Lord Raglan had with him at the time of his death; and, Mr. Kinglake further tells us, that when it became known that the papers of the English head-quarters were in his hands, and that he was engaged in the task assigned to him, information of the highest value was poured in upon him from all quarters. Statesmen, admirals, and generals have conversed and corresponded with him on the business of the war, and he has, he likewise adds, received a most courteous, clear, and abundant answer to every inquiry which he has ventured to address to any French commander. With such advantages, it has been said that Mr. Kinglake's work stands in the same relation to the Crimean war as Sir William Napier's "History" to the Peninsular war.

There is, however, a difference, and one which will strike the reader forcibly on the onset, that while the soldier told his tale like a man of action, the literary man has loitered about the preliminaries, till he has converted the introductory chapter into a whole volume. It may be the philosophy of history, but it is not narrative, to depict the position of Europe in 1850, and the influence of the constitutional system of England in its bearing upon the conduct of foreign affairs as compared with the personal governments of France, Russia, Austria, Prussia, and Turkey in connexion with the war in the Crimea. It is trifling, to a still greater extent, with the justifiable impatience of the reader to devote a whole chapter to the consideration of the Usage which tends to protect the weak against the strong. Mr. Kinglake's own description of the Usage in question attests to its utter fallibility. "The supreme Law or Usage," he says, "which forms the safeguard of Europe, is not in a state so perfect and symmetrical that the elucidation of it will bring any ease or comfort to a mind accustomed to crave for well-defined rules of conduct. It is a rough and wild-grown system, and its observance can only be enforced by opinion, and by the belief that it truly coincides with the interest of every power which is called upon to obey it." The fact is, that the said Usage is as little regarded, except when interest or convenience dictates interference, as the other much-vaunted principle of modern times—the right of every nation to elect its own rulers and forms of government. Mr. Kinglake enumerates instances in which the Usage has been faithfully obeyed, more particularly in the case of the coalitions against Napoleon I. We could bring forward several striking existing instances in which the Usage and the Right proclaimed by Utopists

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\* The Invasion of the Crimea: its Origin, and an Account of its Progress down to the Death of Lord Raglan. By Alexander William Kinglake. Two Vols. William Blackwood and Sons.

which we have compared with it, have been, and are still, at the present moment, conveniently overlooked or flagrantly ignored both in the Old and in the New Worlds.

The quiet aspect of Europe in relation to what has been called the Eastern question, was, it is well known, first broken by a quarrel between the monks of the Greek and the Latin Churches for the possession of the Holy Shrines. The Greeks were there, undoubtedly, the first—they were the aboriginal Christians; they followed in the footsteps of Helen, when that pious empress fixed the sites of the shrines themselves; and, ousted at times by the ferocious onslaughts of the followers of the Prophet, or by the feudal arrogance of the Latin crusaders, still the Syro-Greek Church has ever held by its native holy places. The Romanists alone disputed these rights; and the French, who have always affected to be the protectors of the Latin Church in the East, as an important political lever to be used when desirable, obtained a treaty in 1740, the thirty-third article of which guaranteed that the Latin monks who actually resided, as of old, within or without Jerusalem and the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, called Kamanah, should remain in possession of the places of pilgrimage which they have, in the same manner as they have possessed them in the past. Mr. Kinglake, who does not allude to this especial article of the treaty, so far justly remarks of the treaty itself, that “this success was not closely pursued, for, in the course of the succeeding hundred years, the Greeks, keenly supported by Russia, obtained from the Turkish government several firmans which granted them advantages in derogation of the treaty with France; and until the middle of this century France acquiesced.” The Greeks here alluded to were mainly Greeks of the Greek Church, and others who had, with the progress of time, superseded the Syrians of the Greek Church as custodians of the Holy Shrines.

The French uniformly declare that the Greeks, by their encroachments, ultimately excluded the Latins from the whole of the nine sanctuaries, and that it was in consequence of reiterated complaints, and supplications for intercession, that General Aupick, and after him the Marquis of Lavalette, were instructed to interfere. “There was repose in the empire of the Sultan,” says Mr. Kinglake, “and even the rival Churches of Jerusalem were suffering each other to rest, when the French president, in cold blood, and under no new motive for action, took up the forgotten cause of the Latin Church of Jerusalem, and began to apply it as a wedge for sundering the peace of the world.” This is altogether unfounded; there was cause for interference, and, if the president availed himself of it, it was more probably with the view of gaining over the Church party at home than, at all events at first, of involving himself in war with Russia.

If France was energetic, Russia was both obstinate and resolute, and, before this unseemly monkish squabble could be finally settled, 144,000 men were set in movement upon the Danubian Provinces, and Prince Mentschikoff was despatched to Constantinople with the Muscovite ultimatum. Fuad Pasha, snubbed by the prince, resigned. Not only did the latter insist upon immunities and guarantees for the future for the Greek Church from the Porte which were inconsistent with previous treaties entered into with France, but he also demanded a secret treaty

between Turkey and Russia against the Western powers. (Corresp., part i. No. 135, enclosure No. 2. Bazancourt, L'Expédition de Crimée, I. xxi.) The question passed by this demand from the domain of monkish legends into that of actual policy, and Lord Stratford at once signalled to the Divan that the question of the Holy Places must be separated from the new and covert proposals made by Russia. The ambassadors of all the powers interfered, but in vain; the haughty Muscovite took his departure to report no progress to a still more haughty Czar, angered by the slights put upon the orthodox faith not only in the Holy Places, but also in Montenegro, where a so-called Christian people of the Greek persuasion were being then, as in our own times, decimated by a rabid Moslem soldiery.

The invasion of the Danubian Provinces, and the murderous naval conflict at Sinope, hastened the progress of events, which the diplomatic wisdom of the Conference at Vienna was impotent to avert. French historians, however, uniformly pass over an incident of a previous epoch—the attempts made by the Czar to win over the new French emperor to join with Russia in trying to bring about the dismemberment of the Turkish Empire, and failing that, and when his anger had been roused against France for its interference in the Holy Land, the attempts made through Sir Hamilton Seymour to cajole over the English to the same views.

The fruits of the interference of England in the difficulties that had arisen first between France and Russia, and then between Russia and the Porte, upon the question of the proposed Protectorate of the Greeks, were that, when the said difficulties ripened into war, England was morally and politically bound to act with France in the defence of the integrity of the Turkish Empire. "There were," says Mr. Kinglake, "eloquent members of the legislature who would have been willing to deprecate such a policy, and to moderate and confine its action, but apparently they did not understand how England was becoming entangled until about nine months afterwards, and, either from want of knowledge or want of promptitude, they lost the occasion for aiding the crown with their counsels."

Arrived at this crisis in events, the Pruth passed, the Danubian Principalities invaded, the four powers in concord to resist the threatened dismemberment of the Turkish Empire, and acting in concert, Mr. Kinglake goes out of his way to discuss the steps by which the Emperor Napoleon III. had arrived at the position which he at that time held as the head of one of the contracting powers. It would be difficult to say whether this diatribe has not been indulged in as much with the view of disparaging the emperor in person, and those who were employed by him, as is ostensibly put forth to trace the foreign policy and the origin of the war to the exigencies of an individual anxious to affirm his position by concentrating public attention on matters without the realm, and in which the never-failing antidote to criticism—glory to the French arms and name—should be abundantly provided. Certain it is that upwards of one hundred pages are devoted to the most determined vilification of the present ruler in France that has been made since the days of Victor Hugo's celebrated manifesto. Considering that all these past matters thus raked up are really beside the question, and that, if founded on unanswerable

data, it was alike injudicious, impolitic, and unfriendly to enter upon such discussions at a moment when the emperor has by treaties of commerce, by the abrogation of the passport system in favour of the English, by his unswerving labours in all directions, even to the late public approbation given to International Exhibitions, as superseding senseless hostilities by the more agreeable rivalry of art and science, done everything in his power to cement the alliance of the two countries, and that he has by his frank and open conduct towards England ever since he has been in power done so much towards conciliating the respect and good will even of his former opponents, we can scarcely find terms in which to express our regret at such an outburst of detraction in a work of a professedly historical character.

But the fact is, that the very grounds of detraction are for the main part not only baseless as the fabric of a vision, but they are contradicted by contemporaneous history, by the lapse of events, and often by the words of the detractor himself. What, for example, can be less worthy of a philosophic historian than to declare at the onset that the then Prince Louis Bonaparte passed for a man of poor intellect, was dull and sluggish, and his features opaque, yet, at the same time, "the more men knew of him in England, the more they liked him? He entered into English pursuits, and rode fairly to hounds. He was friendly, social, good humoured." How, by the shade of Plutarch, can the two pictures of the same man be placed in juxta-position in the same page? The one as manifestly contradicts the other as light does darkness. They bear evidence of an animus which disregards alike logic and common sense. It is precisely in the same peculiar style of labouring at self-contradiction that Mr. Kinglake tell us that in the Assembly in France "his apparent want of mental power caused the world to regard him as harmless, and in the chair of the president he commonly seemed to be torpid;" and that he then goes on to say: "But there were always a few who believed in his capacity, and observant men had latterly remarked that from time to time there appeared a State Paper, understood to be the work of the president, which teemed with thought, and which showed that the writer, standing solitary and apart from the gregarious nation of which he was the chief, was able to contemplate it as something external to himself. His long, endless study of the mind of the first Napoleon had caused him to adopt and imitate the Emperor's habit of looking down upon the French people, and treating the mighty nation as a substance to be studied and controlled by a foreign brain. Indeed, during the periods of his imprisonment and of his exile, the relations between him and the France of his studies were very like the relations between an anatomist and a corpse. He lectured upon it; he dissected its fibres; he explained its functions; he showed how beautifully nature in her infinite wisdom had adapted it to the service of the Bonapartes; and how, without the fostering care of those same Bonapartes, the creature was doomed to degenerate, and to perish out of the world."

Not very complimentary to the French, but assuredly so to a prince of weak intellect, to be able to wield the most "spirituel" nation in the world to his own purposes; and if he applied craft to politics and stratagem to the science of jurisprudence—if he made law an engine of deceit, and could make "the coarse Bonaparte yoke of 1804" set kindly

upon the neck of France, however crooked his science might be—he was avowedly highly skilled in it; and what man can be highly skilled in an art without possessing more than an average amount of intelligence? We have read lately, in an interesting account of “Earlswood and its Inmates,” that stupor in some faculties does not prevent the activity and manifestation of certain isolated powers, as wonderful memory, music, drawing, and handicraft; but we have not heard of a weak, poor, dull, harmless idiot ever before having had the power, however derived, of swaying one of the most astute and intellectual people in the world, with whom none as nations, and few as individuals, can compete in quickness of discernment, and the facility of tracing actions to their true moral and intellectual sources.

It is again in the same spirit of contradiction that we are told that Napoleon III. is not by nature a reserved nor a secret man. “He was reserved and wary with the French, but this was upon the principle which makes a sportsman reserved and wary with deer and partridges and trout.” The countrymen of Molière, Voltaire, and Montesquieu—of Cuvier, Guizot, and Villemain—are political deer, partridges, and trout!

Mr. Kinglake ironically condescends to so far protect the subject of his detraction as to say that “it is believed that men do him wrong who speak of him as void of all idea of truth.” And further: “It would seem that (as a study, or out of curiosity, if not with a notion of being guided by it) he must have accustomed himself to hear sometimes what conscience had to say, for it is certain that, with a pen in his hand, and with sufficient time for preparation, he could imitate very neatly the scrupulous language of a man of honour!”

Of physical courage he is declared, however, to be eminently deficient. He loved to contrive and brood over plots, but “like most of the common herd of men, he was unable to command the presence of mind and the flush of animal spirits which are needed for the critical moments of a daring adventure.” Not only do we consider the observation ill applied, but it is unphilosophical in itself. Nothing is more common than mere physical courage, and it is with the common herd of men that great victories are achieved. It is moral courage that guides intellectual men, and Napoleon III. has never shown himself to be wanting in that, or as yet even in physical courage.

At Strasburg, we are told, he appeared before the 46th Regiment “with the bearing and countenance of a weaver; a weaver oppressed by long hours of monotonous in-door work, which makes the body stoop, and keeps the eyes downcast.” He succumbed in a moment to an angry colonel, and allowed himself to be publicly stripped of his grand cordon of the Legion of Honour, and all his other decorations. Now how does this description of the then young man tally with what is said only a page or two previously, of his living for months and months together amongst English sporting men? Do such habits impart a weaver’s complexion? And had he followed the hounds with his eyes downcast, the first wide-spreading oak would have received him in its arms. But the fact is, that neither does the despatch of General Virrol, quoted by Mr. Kinglake, nor any authenticated account of what transpired at Strasburg, give countenance to the fanciful pictures sketched by the author of “Eothen.” Louis Napoleon is generally admitted to have displayed much courage

throughout the foolish affair. He suffered himself to be led up a narrow lane into a small square, from which there was no other exit. His enemies closed round him. He retreated towards a wall, numbers of the infantry, with fixed bayonets, pursuing. The artillery horses, scared by the noise and the flash of sabres, reared and plunged, and the future emperor ran imminent risk of being trampled to death in an ignominious fray; and it becoming evident that no amount of intrepidity could avail, he yielded himself up a prisoner with as good a grace as he could command. If he was afterwards ill treated, when a defenceless man, the reflection lies upon the colonel and his soldiery, not upon the prisoner. Mr. Kinglake himself admits afterwards, with characteristic inconsistency, that the mere fact that he had wilfully brought himself into such a predicament, shows that he had "extraordinary daring of a particular kind."

Again, at Boulogne, we are told that "when at last a firm, angry officer (Puygellier) forced his way into the barrack-yard, he conquered the prince almost instantly by the strength of a more resolute nature, and turned him into the street, with all his fifty armed followers, with his flag and eagle, and his counterfeit head-quarters' staff, as though he were dealing with a mere troop of strolling players." It has been remarked by a sharp critic that had this abortive attempt succeeded, most of the writers who now throw ridicule upon it would have considered it sublime. It was, in fact, only *in petto* what Louis Napoleon did upon a grand scale as a president, on the occasion of the "Fête des Aigles," when the poor gilt birds were consecrated by archbishop and bishops, amid the cheers of eighty thousand soldiers and the whole population of Paris. In fact, success is the only thing which makes divinities in the eyes of the vulgar. Mankind have not yet, however, become so paralysed by civilisation that there are not some to sympathise with adventurous enterprises. Everybody must acknowledge the daring courage which prompted a handful of men to proceed in a hired steamer to attempt the overthrow of a strong government and the subjugation of a large country. Regarding it as an invasion, of course the madness of the enterprise would exceed all description. But it was not contemplated in that light. Louis Napoleon threw himself upon what he supposed to be a strong national feeling, as he once more did when he appealed to universal suffrage. But the moment he then selected was not propitious. Yet no one who understands anything of the French people will pretend that his attempt was absurd, or extravagant, or hopeless. Neither is the story of his mishap generally related as Mr. Kinglake gives it. A number of officers and soldiers advancing to arrest him and his companions at the foot of the well-known column, they retreated towards the beach, but they were pursued even into the sea and captured.

We shall not enter here into the history of the Coup d'Etat. We are neither the panegyrist nor the calumniator of Napoleon III. In all that personally concerns the emperor in that sad affair, Mr. Kinglake does his best to injure his reputation, but in that which concerns the actual events he so far screens him from responsibility that he makes him a tool in the hands of Fleury, Morny, Persigny (properly Fialin), Maupas, and St. Arnaud (properly Le Roy), and he attributes the massacres on the Boulevards to probably its true cause—a panic. "Upon the whole," he

says, "then it would seem that the natural and well-grounded alarm which beset the president and some of his associates was turned to anxiety of the raging sort when it came upon the military commanders, and that from them it ran down, till at last it seized upon the troops with so maddening a power as to cause them to face round without word of command, and open fire upon a crowd of gazing men and women."

The day after, all the most famous generals of France, and the most distinguished men of the Assembly, had been taken from their beds, and carried away through the sleeping city and thrown into prison. Louis Napoleon is described as remaining close shut up in the Elysée. "There, in an inner room, still decked in red trousers, but with his back to the daylight, they say he sat, bent over a fireplace, for hours and hours together, resting his elbows on his knees and burying his face in his hands." Tidings, we are told, were not suffered to go to him straight, and he was kept sheltered from immediate contact with alarming messengers. "The state of the president seems to have been very like what it had been in former times at Strasburg and at Boulogne, and what it was years afterwards at Magenta and Solferino. He did not, on any of these five occasions, so give way to fear as to prove that he had less self-control in moments of danger than the common run of peaceful citizens; but on all of them he showed that, though he had chosen to set himself heroic tasks, his temperament was ill fitted for the hour of battle, and for the crisis of an adventure. For, besides that (in common with the bulk of mankind), he was without resource and presence of mind when he imagined that danger was really quite close upon him; his complexion, and the dismal looks he wore in times of trial, were always against him." The allusions here to Magenta and Solferino are explained in the Appendix, where we are told that the condition of the French emperor on the day of Magenta was publicly seen. (It is certain that he was, by fortuitous circumstances, thrown, after crossing the bridge, into the heat of the struggle.) And at Solferino, he and his Cent Gardes and large staff, although pictured by pen and pencil as in the midst of the fight, escaped all injury so miraculously, that the *Moniteur* declared that the protection which the Deity threw around the emperor extended to his suite. The thick of the fight is not precisely the place for either emperor or commander-in-chief, if he wishes to win a battle. But there are extremes on both sides; and if General Bonaparte was in excess on the one side at the Pont d'Arcole, General Burnside was as much in excess on the other, when he commanded an engagement from the other side of the river at Fredericksburg!

Louis Napoleon, we are further told, took care, at the epoch of the coup d'état, to have always an immense force of cavalry close to his side, as the means of protecting his flight, and carriages and horses ready for his escape. The president had said, in one of his addresses to the army of Paris, that he would not bid them advance, but would himself go the foremost and ask them to follow him. Instead of this, he upon the same occasion—the first that presented itself—sent them his money—his last obolus.

The intrigues of the Assembly—Bourbonists, Orleanists, Bonapartists, Fusionists, and Republicans—the refusal of grants, and the terrible state of Paris, which led to the trial of strength between Louis Napoleon and

his Chambers, are passed over in this preliminary sketch, as is also the energy of Louis Napoleon in dissolving the Assembly, and establishing a Reign of Terror preliminary to the massacre of December. It is, however, reluctantly admitted that Louis Napoleon was no longer ridiculous after the coup d'état.

"For her beauty, for her grandeur, for her historic fame, for her war-like deeds, for her power to lead the will of a mighty nation, and to crown or discrown its monarchs, no city on earth is worthy to be the rival of Paris. Yet, because of the palsy that came upon her after the slaughter on the Boulevard, this Paris—this beauteous, heroic Paris, this queen of great renown—was delivered, bound, into the hands of Prince Louis Bonaparte, and Morny, and Maupas, or De Maupas, and St. Arnaud, formerly Le Roy. And the benefit which Prince Louis derived from the massacre was not transitory. It is a maxim of French politics that, happen what may, a man seeking to be a ruler of France must not be ridiculous. From 1836 until 1848 Prince Louis had never ceased to be obscure, except by bringing upon himself the laughter of the world, and his election into the chair of the presidency had only served to bring upon him a more constant outpouring of the scorn and sarcasm which Paris knows how to bestow. Even the suddenness and perfect success of the blow, struck in the night, between the 1st and 2nd of December, had failed to make Paris think of him with gravity. But it was otherwise after three o'clock on the 4th of December; and it happened that the most strenuous adversaries of this oddly-fated prince were those who, in one respect, best served his cause, for the more they strove to show that he, and he alone, of his own design and malice had planned and ordered the massacre, the more completely they relieved him from the disqualification which had hitherto made it impossible for him to become the supreme ruler of France. Before the night closed in on the 4th of December, he was sheltered safe from ridicule by the ghastly heaps on the Boulevard."

This, at all events, is something; and wherever the guilt lies, whether with the prince resolved upon striking terror and crushing resistance, with his subordinates carrying out a previous plot, or with a soldiery struck with a panic or infuriated by drink, there are few who would like to have the weight of those days, or the subsequent extra-judicial murders committed upon prisoners, and the wholesale deportation of citizens, upon their consciences. "Moreover," says Mr. Kinglake, "the persons who had the blood upon their hands were the persons who got the booty. St. Arnaud is no more; but Louis Napoleon Bonaparte, Morny, Fleury, Maupas, Magnan, and Persigny—all these are yet alive, and in their possession the public treasures of France may still be abundantly found."

According to Mr. Kinglake, the next thing the associates of the Elysée had to do, after trampling upon France and her laws, was to distract France from thinking of her shame at home, by sending her attention abroad. It was matter of life and death. It must, he says, have been within a week or two after the completion of the arrangements consequent on the night of the 2nd of December, that the despatches went from Paris which caused M. de Lavalette to wring from the Porte the Note of the 9th of February, and forced the Sultan into engagements unfair and offensive to Russia. The plan was to coerce the Sultan into measures offensive to Russia, and then to seek an alliance with England. Louis



Napoleon entertained a personal antipathy to Nicholas for his refusing to address him in the recognised form; and a further portion of his scheme was to supersede the concord of the four powers by drawing England into a separate alliance with himself. It was by his success in this manœuvre that a fatal transaction was brought about, by which a cruel war was substituted for the peaceful but irresistible pressure which was exerted by the four powers.

The Czar had advanced into the Principalities, and the fleets of England and France were ordered to the mouth of the Dardanelles, and the emperor never desisted from pressing their movements until he had fairly involved England in adopting hostile measures. The Porte determined upon war as a result of the repudiation of the "Vienna Note," of the claim on the part of the Czar to the Protectorate of the Greek Church in Turkey, and of the invasion of the Principalities. The Emperor Nicholas, on his side, goaded to an unreasonable opposition, persisted in warring for what he termed in his proclamation "the sacred rights of the Orthodox Church." As the warlike movement in Turkey was aided and abetted by the pious ardour kindled of the "Ulemah," so had it, strange to say, an unforeseen impulse imparted to it by the ill-judged desire for action evinced by the English people. It was in vain that many, who were intimately acquainted with the Turkish Empire, denounced the fallacy of bolstering up the decrepit Khalifate. They were not listened to; nay, their arguments were treated with contempt. The fleets were ordered up to Constantinople, professedly for the security of British and French interests, and, if necessary, for the protection of the Sultan.

When the tidings of this hostile measure reached St. Petersburg they put an end to all prospect of peace, and Count Nesselrode declared, with sorrow, that if, for any motives known to him, war should be declared against Russia by England, it would be the most unintelligible and the least justifiable war ever undertaken. The occupation of the Bosphorus by the allied fleets was at once replied to by the attack upon, and destruction of, the Turkish fleet at Sinope. This while the fleets of the Western powers were lying within easy reach of the scene of disaster. "The honour of France was wounded. England was touched to the quick." The anger of the English people was, however, diverted from official personages, and brought to bear on the Czar. The onslaught of Sinope was universally admitted to have been a treacherous deed. Yet Lord Aberdeen's cabinet adopted the French emperor's temporising scheme of policy, "that France and England were resolved to prevent the repetition of the affair of Sinope, and that every Russian ship thenceforward met in the Euxine would be requested, and, if necessary, constrained, to return to Sebastopol, and that any act of aggression afterwards attempted against the Ottoman territory or flag would be repelled by force." The Czar, upon being told that he was forbidden to show his flag upon the sea that washed his coast, withdrew his representatives from Paris and London, and on the 4th of January, 1854, the fleets of England and France moved up and entered the Euxine.

The Czar, on his part, unable to compete with the allies at sea, prepared to undertake an invasion of the Ottoman dominions from the Danubian Provinces. The Turks, however, had anticipated the movement by entrenching themselves at Kalafat, on the left bank of the

Danube. The pride of the Czar was touched by the thought that his power to hold the Principalities in pledge was thus challenged by the Turks, and he directed General Aurep to attack the lines of Kalafat; but, after a struggle of four days, the Russians were fairly repulsed. Mr. Kinglake omits to mention that, previous to this affair, Paskievitch had advanced with the main body of the army, 80,000 men, against Mustafa Pasha, who held the line of the old entrenchments of Trajan, now the site of a peaceful railway, and that he had been forced to retire by the difficulties of the country—the marshy, malarious wilderness of the Dubrujcha.

Austria, which, of all the states of Europe, was, with the exception of Turkey itself, the one most aggrieved by the occupation of the Principalities, proposed at this crisis to make common cause with the Western powers unless the Russians retired forthwith. Unluckily, this news served only to augment the warlike ardour of the English. Summonses were addressed to the Czar to evacuate the provinces, at the same time that the Western powers were sending troops to the Levant and fitting out fleets for the Baltic. The Czar refusing to answer the collective notes, France and England were at once brought into a state of war with Russia, and a formal declaration to that effect followed very shortly afterwards.

The command of the French and English forces that were to be despatched to the East devolved upon two persons of certainly very different character. The antecedents of Marshal St. Arnaud were not of a nature to be dwelt upon in terms of praise, except in as far as he was a bold, dashing, ruthless soldier. We suppose, however, that it was essential for the purposes of history that all these antecedents—from a first loss of a commission and exile to his charge of the Duchess of Berri, and from his sealing up five hundred fugitives in the caves of the Dahra to his participation in the coup d'état of the 2nd and 3rd of December—should be duly enumerated in order that the contrast between the two should be all the more powerfully eliminated. The comparison will be to most readers as painful as it is uncalled for, for in Lord Raglan's case—the simple, unostentatious gentleman, the friend and companion of Wellington, the consummate, self-contained, calm, and skilful general—his unsullied name was enough. But the time for concerted action had come, and the joint occupation by French and English troops of the Dardanelles yielded satisfactory indications that the men of each force could be cordially good humoured in their intercourse with those of the other. Canrobert, Bosquet, and Sir George Brown, all destined to take prominent share in the coming events, made a kindly beginning of acquaintanceship amid the early difficulties and discomforts of Gallipoli.

But, according to Mr. Kinglake, whilst the soldier was giving the best of sanctions to the great alliance, the marshal of France was putting it in jeopardy. M. St. Arnaud had not been long on the shores of the Bosphorus when he entered upon a tempting scheme of ambition. He conceived the idea of obtaining the command of the whole Turkish army. The effect which this united command would have upon the relations between the English general, who had then only some 25,000 men under his orders, about one-half of the French force, and a French commander of a Franco-Turkish army, was obvious. It is almost needless to say that

Lords Stratford and Raglan at once defeated the vain notion by an appeal to the tripartite treaty, an article of which assumed that the three armies would be under the orders of distinct commanders; but it gives Mr. Kinglake an opportunity for depicting, which he does in his most felicitous manner, an amusing but fanciful sketch of the gay, light, agile, and vain Frenchman in the presence of the calm and redoubtable English general and ambassador. "The marshal," Lord Raglan wrote, "saw that our opinions were stronger than our expression of them!" He gave way. Nothing abashed, however, by this discomfiture, St. Arnaud next proposed that when French and English troops were acting together, the senior officer, whether he chanced to be French or English, should take the command of the joint force. The French marshal's military rank being higher than that of Lord Raglan's, the object of the proposal was so obvious that it was at once declined.

The measures for sending up the British forces to Varna were in progress, when Marshal St. Arnaud suddenly announced that for some time to come the French army could not be suffered to move towards the seat of war; and this was succeeded by a sudden resolve to adopt an entirely new plan of operations, and to shelter himself and his army, with the exception of one division, in the rear of the Balkan. Lord Raglan opposed to this humiliating project, that the movement which seemed to him the best was an advance to the front, with a view to join Omar Pasha in an effort to relieve Silistria. In this, as in the previous cases, St. Arnaud was obliged to succumb to the firmness, spirit, and rectitude of the English general.

These are remarkable revelations, obtained, no doubt, from the Raglan papers, and they contrast strangely with the fertile activity to advance which is uniformly conferred by the French historians upon their marshal. M. de Bazancourt, the official historiographer of the Crimean Expedition, says that the report of the advance of the Russians to the Danube made the marshal, when at Gallipoli, most anxious and fretful: "his blood boiled in his veins with impatience."

"I do not dread reverses," he exclaimed. "I only dread forced delays. I have faith in God and in my star." Arrived at Constantinople, it was necessary to arrive at a definite plan, and it was decided that an interview should take place at Varna. How this decision was arrived at the French historiographers sayeth not. M. du Casse, of the French staff, gives credit, simply and purely, in his "*Précis Historique des Opérations Militaires en Orient*," p. 77, to Marshal St. Arnaud, for the movement on Varna. "The Russians," he says, "had been held in check on the Danube. The allied army had then time to place itself between them and the Balkans, as a line in advance, or as a reserve to the army of Omar Pasha." The army could thus be moved upon Varna so as to give aid to Silistria, or push on to the Danube so as to drive the Russians beyond the river. "These considerations caused the marshal to come to a decision!" Thus it is that history is written!\*

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\* M. de Bazancourt assures us that Marshal St. Arnaud galvanised the Sultan and his ministers by his ardour and his animation when he laid before them *his* decision to march at once for Varna. (Vol. i. p. 44.) At page 60, and elsewhere, the English general is only spoken of as a mere nobody, carried away resistlessly by the "entrainments" around him.

Omar Pasha was at Schumla. Halim Pasha, with his thirty thousand men who had fought at Kalafat, after occupying Krahova, remained in presence of Dannenberg's division on the Alta. Paskievitch was investing Silistria with the central division and part of Luder's, the other portion remaining in the Dubrujcha, under Uschakoff. To uphold the Sultan's cause, three armies were now at hand, but not one of them was moved forward with a view to assist or relieve the Turks. The defence of Silistria was left to a comparatively weak garrison, under Mussa Pasha, aided, however, by two gallant British officers, Butler and Nasmyth. The French historians find it convenient to pass over the exploits of these enterprising Englishmen. None of them make mention of them. Du Casse, writing of the celebrated defence of the Arab Tabia, says: "The Turks, instructed by French officers, were equal to their task; they were disciplined after the European fashion, and, impelled by their own traditional bravery, they countermined, and four hundred Russians were killed." These successes were followed by several desperate sorties. General Cannon had arrived with reinforcements; Lieutenant Ballard had succeeded to Butler, killed at the Arab Tabia; and at length the Russians were compelled to raise the siege. "The event," Mr. Kinglake remarks, "was one upon which the course of history was destined to hinge; for this miscarriage at Silistria put at end at once to all schemes for the invasion of the Sultan's dominions in Europe."

This is how the French historiographer relates it: "The French army arrived full of ardour, hope, and faith in itself. The commander-in-chief landed at Varna on the 25th; he there learnt the news of the precipitate departure of the Russian army. A second time a favourable occasion had escaped him; he was too late!

"The Russians rob me when they run away!" exclaims the marshal, in a tone of deepest bitterness, which he did not trouble himself to dissimulate. 'Is their movement a strategy or a reality? Will they take the line of the Sereth or the Pruth? Will they concentrate on Bucharest?'

"I cannot," he is said also to have subsequently written, "get over the blow received by the shameful retreat of the Russians; they were in my hands. I should infallibly have beaten them—thrown them into the Danube!"

It is the same with the passage of the Danube at Giurgevo, which took place shortly after the landing of the allies at Varna. This gallant feat was performed by the Turks, headed by English officers. De Barancourt only notices it as an action full of courage, but also of foolish rashness. Du Casse, however, judges the military importance of the movement at its real value, although he gives no credit where credit is due. The capture of Giurgevo, indeed, obliged the Russians to concentrate on Bucharest. Prince Gortschakoff, who had succeeded to Paskievitch on the 4th of July, made an attempt to recover the position, but it was frustrated by Lieutenant Glyn and Prince Leiningen, who had come up from the sea with some gun-boats—an incident in the campaign on the Danube that is likewise entirely passed over by the French historians.

"By the time that Prince Gortschakoff retreated upon Bucharest," Mr. Kinglake remarks, "people no longer thought of the Czar as they thought of him eight months before; and the glory of thus breaking

down the military reputation of Russia is due of right, not to the governments nor the armies of France or England, but to the warlike prowess of the Ottoman soldiery, and the ten or twelve resolute Englishmen who cheered, and helped, and led them."

The failure of the attempted invasion was almost instantly followed by the relinquishment of Moldavia and Wallachia. Austria and Prussia, having no longer any cause for contention, withdrew from the confederacy of the Western powers; and the grounds of war were, indeed, removed from the remaining allies—Turks, English, and French alike—so that Mr. Kinglake argues, perseverance in war was a mischievous error, brought about by the necessities of Napoleon III. and the spirit of warlike adventure aroused in England.

"From the first, the Duke of Newcastle, resisting all proposals for operating against Russia on the side of Poland, had warmly shared the popular desire to invade the Crimea, and lay siege to Sebastopol. The Emperor of the French, steadily following his main policy, had long ago consented to look to this enterprise as next in importance to the defence of the Sultan's territory, and, in the early part of April, instructions to this effect had been given to the French and English generals."

It is not thus that the French historiographers relate the matter. De Basancourt says: "The marshal, all the while that he was incessantly preparing his means of execution, was awaiting with impatience that the resolve was definitely taken by the two governments to attempt a bold stroke upon the coast of the Crimea;" but the same writer admits afterwards, "It was not solely the adventurous persistence of the marshal, and his personal ambition, to transmit a few glorious bulletins into France that led to the invasion of the Crimea." Du Casse describes the decision as having been arrived at at a council of war, at which the French commander-in-chief had been recognised in some sort as generalissimo of all the allied forces (*Précis*, &c., p. 88); and he adds: "By quickly throwing the greater portion of the forces that were in hand, whether upon Kaffa, or upon Sebastopol, the maritime power of the Emperor Nicholas might be struck down as if with a sledge-hammer. A resolution of such a nature could only be agreeable to French soldiers. Marshal St. Arnaud was in favour of a point near Kaffa; the majority of the allied generals summoned to the council were in favour of Sebastopol." The fact that the wishes of the marshal did not prevail, are alone sufficient to attest that he was not at that time, or at any time, generalissimo of the allied forces. Fatigued by advice, cowed by the result of his endeavours to have his own way against Lord Stratford and Lord Raglan, he was, according to Mr. Kinglake, without ascendancy in the camp of the allies. He was reprov'd from at home, and two of his divisional generals openly indulged in merciless invectives against him. According to the same authority, when the members of the conference of the 18th of July, which took place at Marshal St. Arnaud's head-quarters, imagined that they were met for the purpose of determining upon the expediency of undertaking the invasion, Lord Raglan had already made up his mind, not merely to support the wish of his government in the allied camp, but to cause its actual adoption. It was in vain that the French further urged the abandonment of the expedition at a second conference; Lord Raglan was resolved that the enterprise should go on. This is an entirely opposite view of the case.

Then ensued that series of mistakes and misconceptions which are so differently represented in Mr. Kinglake's book and in M. de Bazancourt's works, "*La Marine Française dans la Mer Noire*" and "*Les Chroniques de la Guerre d'Orient*," as also in the "*Précis Historique*," and which would be positively ridiculous were it not for the extent of the interests that were involved. First we have the excitement and impatience of St. Arnaud inducing him to set sail without the English; then we have the marshal sailing back again! These incidents are succeeded by the departure of the whole armada, and then a conference on board the *Ville de Paris*, to stop the expedition, adjourned afterwards to the *Caradoc*. It would really seem that if nations cannot carry on war by themselves, they had better not go to war at all. When waging war by themselves, there is at least an undivided responsibility; but when carrying on war with allied powers, there is what is worse than a divided responsibility, there is constant divergence of acts and opinions, and incessant recrimination. After which, when the war is over, if your ally happen to possess an excessive amount of self-love and lofty aspirations for the applause of the world, all the advice you gave in the cabinet, or all the assistance given in the field, will be entirely passed over, and the whole of the honour and glory of the thing monopolised by the friend and ally, if possessed of a mind more open to the ticklings of vanity, and a stomach more capacious for flattery than your own.

Thus it is that, according to the French records, the disembarkation was heralded and effected by a company from the *Montebello* planting the French flag on the shore (Du Casse, p. 111). According to Bazancourt, a whale-boat from the *Ville de Paris* conveyed General Canrobert and Admiral Bouet-Willaumez on shore, and the general was the first to jump on shore and plant the French flag on the soil of the Crimea. Considering the difficulties that had been experienced in getting them to go at all, it is rather amusing to see how exceedingly anxious the French were to be the first to land. Mr. Kinglake has, however, a curious story to relate as to how this little point, so flattering to the vainglory of the French, was arrived at:

In the night of the 13th (he tells us) there occurred a transaction which threatened to ruin the whole plan for the landing, and even to bring the harmony between the French and the English forces into grievous jeopardy. During the darkness, the French placed the buoy opposite, not to the centre, but to the extreme north, of the chosen landing-ground; and when morning dawned, it appeared that the English ships and transports, though really in their proper places, were on the wrong side of the buoy, or, rather, that the buoy was on the wrong side of them. Whether the act which created this embarrassment was one resulting from sheer mistake on the part of our allies, or from over-greediness for space, or from a scheme more profoundly designed, it went straight towards the end desired by those French officers who had been labouring to bring the enterprise to a stop. For what was to be done? If the English, disregarding the altered position of the buoy, were to persist in keeping to their assigned landing-ground, their whole flotilla, their boats and their troops, when landed, would be hopelessly mixed up with the French, and what might be expected to follow would be ruinous confusion—nay, even perhaps angry and violent conflict between the forces of the allies. To propose to move the buoy, or to get into controversy with the French at such a time, would be to delay and imperil the whole undertaking; and yet the boundary as it stood extruded the English from all share in the chosen landing-ground. It might

seem that the whole enterprise was again in danger of failure; but again a strong will interposed.

From the moment when Lord Raglan consented to undertake the invasion, he seems to have acted as though he felt that the belief he entertained of its hazardousness was a reason why he should be the more steadfast in his determination to force it on. Nor was he without the very counsel that was needed for overcoming this last obstacle. Lyons, commanding the in-shore squadron of the British fleet, was entrusted with the direction of our transports, and the whole management of the landing. Moving long before dawn in the sleepless *Agamemnon*, he saw where the buoy had been placed by the French in the night-time, and gathered in an instant all the perilous import of the change. He was more than a mere performer of duty, for he was a man driving under a passionate force of purpose. Without stopping to indulge his anger, he darted upon the means of dealing with the evil. He had observed that about a mile to the north of "Old Fort" there was a strip of beach which divided the lake of Kamishla from the sea. There Lord Raglan and he now determined that the landing of the British forces should take place.

To make a long story short, this extraordinary removal of a buoy led to a change in the place of landing as arranged between the allied forces; and Mr. Kinglake adds, that few of the thousands on board understood the change which had been effected, or even saw that they were brought to a new landing-ground. They imagined that it was the better method or greater quickness of the French which was giving them the triumph of being the first to land. Both Lord Raglan and Lyons were too steadfast in the maintenance of the alliance to think of accounting for the seeming tardiness of the English by causing the truth to be known; and even to this day it is commonly believed that the English army effected its landing at Old Fort.

Bazancourt goes so far in his "Chroniques," p. 184, as to admit that "a certain amount of confusion, arising from a change in the plans previously decided upon, delayed the disembarkation of the English troops." But there is no notice of the change whatsoever in the more detailed accounts given in "*La Marine Française*," &c. Everything, we are told there, was pre-arranged; every one rivalled his neighbour in ardour, activity, and devotion. "All looks were turned towards *La Ville de Paris*, which was to give the signal of disembarkation. At last it waves from the mast of the admiral's ship, and an instinctive involuntary shout burst forth at once from every breast." At 8.30 the French flag floated in the Crimea, amid the shouts of "Vive l'Empereur;" and afterwards a brief paragraph informs us as follows: "At ten o'clock the English troops landed on their side." This is the whole amount of space given to record the proceedings of the allies. We must defer the account of the advance of the allies, and of the opposition they encountered to that advance on the heights of the Alma, to our next.

# NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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## A FIRST BRITISH LEGATION IN JAPAN.\*

JAPAN, a country by itself, with peculiar people, having their own peculiar policy, manners, and habits, presented one advantage—that, when opened to diplomacy, there was no necessity for secrecy. Secrecy arises more from rivalry among foreign representatives than from the actual habits of the courts to which they may be accredited; now so little was known of Japan, and the difficulties to be encountered in a country totally unprepared for treaty relations were so great, that rivalry was out of the question, and no amount of publicity could alter or affect the actual state of affairs. Hence are we indebted for the two charming volumes before us from the pen of our envoy and minister in Japan, and which will be to that country for the future, what Davis's book has been to China—the best and most popular work on undoubtedly the most extraordinary empire yet remaining on the face of the earth.

Not to loiter on the threshold of political and international difficulties, and the necessity of warning in time by publicity from increased complications and great calamities—at the progress making in Hong-Kong, Shanghai, and Macao, or at Japan as it was—we will join her Majesty's minister in Japan as it is, commencing, as is generally the case, at Nagasaki, which Sir Rutherford Alcock, and everybody else, describe as situated at the bottom of a wooded, islanded, beautiful bay, but which is marked on the map as situated at the extreme point of a very remarkable headland.

“Take them all in all,” says the British minister, “with their resemblances and differences, you soon come to the conclusion that, judging even from this seaport, the Wapping of Japan—with a Chinese colony located among them for centuries to teach them their vices—Dutch and other foreigners, in time past and present, to add their quota also—they are a good-humoured, intelligent, and courteous race; gentle withal, and speaking one of the softest tongues out of Italy. Their salutations and greetings in the market-place have a stately and elaborate courtesy in the lowly bend of the body, and make a very striking contrast to the jerk of the head and How do? of Jones, Brown, and Robinson.”

A fair amount of industry and business appeared in the shops of Nagasaki, and along the wide streets, down the centre of which there is, in most cases, a fine flag pavement. Groups of half or wholly naked children, clamouring for buttons, are met with everywhere; and almost

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\* The Capital of the Tycoon; a Narrative of Three Years' Residence in Japan. By Sir Rutherford Alcock, K.C.B., her Majesty's Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary in Japan.



every woman has at least one at the breast, and often another at the back. "The race," says Sir Rutherford, "is undoubtedly prolific; and this, I should say, is a very paradise of babies."

The most interesting fact connected with this port, and by far the most promising to the future of a country of more or less detached and populous islands like Japan, is the Japanese steam-factory on the opposite side of the bay, under the superintendence of Dutch officers. Sir Rutherford says he went over it, and could not but admire the progress made, under every possible difficulty, by the Japanese and Dutch combined, in their endeavours to create, in this remote corner of the earth, all the complicated means and appliances for the repair, and manufacture ultimately, of steam machinery. There was a large lathe factory in full work, where Japanese workmen, some the sons of gentlemen, turned out all the parts of a steam-engine proper to their department. Among other things he found them turning moderator lamps.

"And here," he adds, "we saw one of the most extraordinary and crowning testimonies of Japanese enterprise and ingenuity, which leaves all the Chinese have ever attempted far behind. I allude to a steam-engine with tubular boilers, made by themselves before a steam-vessel or engine had ever been seen by Japanese; made solely, therefore, from the plans in a Dutch work. This engine was not only put together, but made to work a boat. It is true there were defects, both in structure and adaptation; and it is rather a marvel, perhaps, that the engineers were not 'hoisted with their own petard;' but even these defects admit of rectification, under the able hands of the head engineer, were it not worthy of being preserved as a national monument of Japanese capacity and enterprise. An American writer seems unwilling to leave them the credit so justly their due, and suggests that the workmen must have seen the United States *Mississippi* steamer! But he is clearly mistaken. It was actually in operation long before an American, or any other steamer, had ever appeared in Japanese waters."

The Japanese may be a century behind us in their political institutions—be what England and France were in the time of the English Henrys and the French Charleses—and they may not yet appreciate international communication and foreign diplomacy, and their Daimios, or feudal barons, may oppose such by open or covert hostilities, but it is impossible not to see that there is a great future in store for such a people; that time will, as with the nations of Western Europe, work amelioration in their position; and that the necessities of commerce and the progress of enlightenment will yet teach them to put up with diplomatic pressure from without, for the sake of the benefits to be derived by trade within.

There are, however, other drawbacks to the European on his first arriving in Japan, which are not connected with feudal hostility or antipathies to foreigners (which do not exist among the people), but are connected solely with the habits of the people themselves: no cattle being kept for slaughter by a nation of Buddhists, and ichthyologists, or vegetarians, only those can be obtained which are taken from the plough; and, of course, old and worn-out beasts are alone brought to the market. There are also no sheep in the country. There are, indeed, plenty of eggs, but a terrible dearth of chickens. This scarcity of fowls, Sir Rutherford remarks, is not easily understood, seeing that there must be

a remunerating demand, and the means of producing them are there. "Bantams, beautiful enough to win prizes, are plentiful in the streets—and a few long-legged, high-stepping fowls, fit almost for a cabriolet, might also be seen; but they had a patriarchal look, and, moreover, could not be bought." Fish alone is plentiful at Nagasaki, and in considerable variety. Craw-fish and prawns attain noble proportions. Yet this new country, full of natural beauties, with no tropical heat in summer and little actual winter, at all events in the south, and within ten days' steam of Hong-Kong, promised an abundant influx of visitors seeking for change and health—a promise which has been more fully realised than many other anticipated results.

The Japanese government had strongly urged upon Lord Elgin, at the time of his mission, their earnest desire that no representative should actually be nominated until 1863—on the plea that the popular feeling against foreigners (rather, we should say, the policy of isolation—the determined policy of the Japanese rulers) was likely to be aroused, if so great a change were attempted before there was time to prepare the public mind. The request was, however, disregarded by her Majesty's government, who felt that if the thing were not done at once, other excuses for delay would be found, and it would never be done at all, whilst other powers, more decisive and energetic, might not be deterred by similar frivolous excuses. Sir Rutherford Alcock arrived then at Yeddo, in the *Sampson*, on the 26th of June, 1859, and his anxiety was relieved to no small extent when, the next day, two of the governors of foreign affairs paid him a visit, with congratulations from the government on his safe arrival.

Very glad to find the first anticipated difficulty cleared away, our minister next proceeded to the selection of a temple for a provisional residence, as also for a site for a consulate-general. This pressing necessity implied a landing, and the first thing the plenipotentiary seems to have been impressed with, was that the number and strength of the granite batteries, faced with guns on every side which interpose between the anchorage and the shore, have gone on increasing continually, from the first arrival of foreign representatives. Only two European-rigged vessels bearing the Japanese flag—a red sun on a white field—were, however, lying outside the batteries, and one of these was the steam-vessel sent out by our government as a present to the Tycoon. The Japanese had scraped off the paint from the outside, never using such on their boats and junks—that, too, in the land of lacquer and varnish—and Sir Rutherford professes himself to be at a loss to explain the discrepancy between their practice and ours. He says he has often asked naval officers for an explanation, but never obtained any satisfactory answer—all had one settled conviction in favour of paint—more paint—abundance of paint!

The first thing a foreigner has to do on landing is to learn to pack his limbs and body inside a Japanese norimon, or palanquin, inside of which the cramped and tortured traveller has the satisfaction of feeling that he looks very much as a wild beast slung in a cage for safe transport. Is it possible that the old stories of mariners wrecked on the coast of Japan being shut up in iron cages, had its origin in the hospitable intent and purpose of transferring them, in some rather rough palanquins of rural

design and manufacture, to a neighbouring town? The "kango," a kind of palanquin basket of wicker-work, is a proof, however, of the well-known proverb that in every extremity of evil there is still "a lower deep," yet hundreds of men and women may be seen, in the streets or on the highway, travelling for hours, and on a whole day's journey, in these most uncomfortable vehicles. But nothing strikes a stranger so much at first, or seems to him more wonderful, than the way in which the Japanese, men, women, and children, take their ease and repose—asleep or awake. A Japanese at his ease as naturally drops on his heels, and squats—with no more solid support to his person than his legs or heels can afford—as an Englishman drops into a chair when he is tired. As soon as the babe leaves its mother's breast, the first thing it learns is, not to walk or to run, but to squat on its heels in this baboon fashion. If the Japanese are on ceremony, then they sink on the mats, resting jointly on heels and knees. And this attitude also, which would be torture to us, they maintain for hours, apparently without serious inconvenience. Finally, the day's labour over, or the time for siesta, in the heat of the day, arrived, they throw themselves down full length on the mat, with a little padded rest, just large enough to receive the occiput, or the angle of the jaw, and sleep as soundly as the most fastidious with a feather pillow and bed.

The upholsterer's bill never can offer any impediment to a young couple in Japan. Their future house is taken; containing generally three or four little rooms, in which clean mats are put. Each then brings to the housekeeping a cotton-stuffed quilt, and a box of wearing apparel for their own personal use, a pan to cook the rice, half a dozen lacquer cups, and trays to eat off,—a large tub to bathe and wash in are added, on the general account,—and these complete the establishment!

The temple of Tozengoe, one of the largest and best endowed in Yeddo, under the patronage of the Prince of Kendai, one of the great semi-independent Daimios, or feudal lords, selected for the residence of the British plenipotentiary, was a place of exceeding beauty. One gate gave entrance to a shady avenue; a second more imposing gate of two stories to an open square, with lotus ponds, and trees on each side; and, finally, an entrance to the right, through another court-yard, gave admission to as beautiful a specimen of Japanese garden and grounds as can well be conceived.

"If Japan," says our minister, "could only be viewed as a place of exile, it must be confessed a more beautiful hermitage could not have been chosen; and I felt almost doubtful whether a retreat so perfect in every respect could possibly have fallen to my lot without some terrible drawback. It seemed too much to be so easily realised, and at so little cost. I well remember the feeling, now that years have passed over my head, and revealed what I could then so little foresee, that in the midst of all this picturesque beauty—a scene at once so fair and peaceful—I, and at a year's interval, the *chargé d'affaires* in my absence, were each destined to be hunted for our lives by armed braves thirsting for our blood; and feel that no human strength or art could make such a position defensible. Sunk as the house is in a hollow, surrounded by wood, and open on all sides to attack, effective defence is indeed impossible, and the stealthy approach of the midnight assassin may bring him close on his victim

under cover. Well, indeed, it is ordered that our knowledge of the future is a total blank. Had I foreseen what was to be, how much of pleasure and peace, in a sense of security, I should have lost,—and how wretchedly the two years preceding the first attempt at a massacre would have drawn on, in this seemingly earthly paradise! It left nothing to be desired as a place to live in,—and the real objection, that it was a very likely place to die in, did not strike the mind—though obviously enough a very bad location in which to defend oneself. From the end of the avenue, through which a mid-day sun could only pour a chequered arabesque of light and shade, the bay stretched far away a thousand feet below, basking in the full glare of sunshine, and making the deep cool shade of the terrace, with its thick screen of green leaves, all the more enjoyable by contrast. It is true it swarmed with mosquitoes: this little disadvantage I perceived at once,—but it was only later that I had the satisfaction of learning it was celebrated all over Yeddo for its breed!"

And here the embassy was settled, but it was not without difficulty. The priests objected altogether to the foreigners occupying their temple, and it is questionable how far the Prince of Xendai may have ever relished it, or rather covertly and treacherously opposed it. The envoy himself acknowledges that he has never been able to discover by what tenure these temples are held, to be so entirely, as they seem, at the disposal of the Tycoon's government. There was also the installation process to be gone through—the installation of a new legation in an Eastern land being a rude undertaking. There was the upholstery—the transport of two hundred cases into the once secluded temple grounds—their unpacking and distribution. Then came the crockery and glass chaos, with the cutlery missing. So carefully had the knives and forks been packed away, that they were not found for three weeks. Our civilisation is no doubt perfect, but Sir Rutherford could not help contrasting its many incumbrances with the simplicity of a Japanese ménage, with many misgivings in favour of the latter.

Next follow a very graphic and picturesque series of stereoscopic sketches, as our minister calls them, embracing not only the outward aspect of the capital and surrounding country—of houses and streets, temples, and Daimios' yamaskas or palaces, hill and bay, field and hamlet—but also the life and varying aspects of the city and its inhabitants, according to the hour of the day or the season of the year. These sketches are indeed perfect in their way, and they leave little to be desired so far as pen-description can go of an Oriental phase of feudalism such as our ancestors knew it in the time of the Plantagenets, only with much greater knowledge of the arts of life, and a more advanced material civilisation in the body of the people. There are shops of all kinds: booksellers; shops of bronze and copper-ware; pawnbrokers, and old iron shops; bath-houses, coopers and basket-makers, armourers and sword-makers, with here and there a stall of ready-made clothes, or a print-shop. According to the inverse custom of the Japanese, the shops, however, generally go to the customer, not the customer to the shops. Every hundred steps or so is a ward-gate, with a decrepit municipal guard, often two old men and a boy, smoking and dreaming away their existence. In the vice of intemperance, it may be observed, the Japanese have nothing to learn from foreigners. They are as much given

to drunkenness as any of the northern races of Europe, as quarrelsome as the worst, and far more dangerous in their cups. Then there are the *yamaskas* of the feudatory *Daimios*, a long line of barred windows, with an imposing-looking gateway in the centre, inhabited by the retainers, attached, as in Europe in former times, to every baron and knight by a feudal tenure, the baron's residence being behind, "*entre cour et jardin*," as still to be seen in Paris and elsewhere. There are beggars—even jolly beggar; jugglers, adepts in their art; and penitents, like the brothers of the *Misericordia* and begging penitents still to be seen in the towns of Italy, and not the most burdensome relics of mediæval times still to be met with there. Then there are bazaars for prints, maps, books, swords, tobacco-pouches, and pipes. On festive occasions, a row of dingy booths, divided by curtains into small compartments, is often seen, provided for the lowest class. The Social Evil is here a legalised institution, and nowhere takes a more revolting form.

Officers on horseback, wearing the badge either of the Tycoon or their feudal chief, are passing to and fro, preceded by one or more footmen or grooms, who always accompany their masters, and keep their pace, however rapid. By nine o'clock the city is up and stirring. The shops are opened, and the streets are filling with a swarming population. Groups of men, women, and children, may also be seen trooping along the shady roads, on their way to enjoy the beauties of the country. Both country roads and streets in the city of Yeddo will bear advantageous comparison with the best kept of either in the West. No squalid misery or accumulations of filth in the face of "*Boards of Works*" encumber the well-cared-for streets. Trains of porters carrying liquid manure may be objected to, but the conical tubs on the horses are carefully covered over. The eye requires time, also, to accustom itself to the summer costume of the lower orders, which in the men is limited to a narrow loin-cloth, and in the women to a petticoat, sadly "*scrimped*" in the breadths. Leagues of continuous streets may be traversed, filled with a busy, but not over-worked, and seemingly a very contented and good-humoured people. Children and dogs abound everywhere. Until the former can walk they are generally secured to the back of the mother, but it is also very common to see a little nude Cupid in the arms of a stalwart-looking father, nearly as naked, who walks about with the small burden, evidently handling it with all the gentleness and dexterity of a practised hand. Abortion is practised in Japan, but not infanticide, as in China and India.

One of the most striking and constant features of the city are large gaps where charred timbers and rubbish mark the scene of a recent fire. There are no fire-insurance offices, and but very imperfect means of extinguishing a conflagration; but some houses, built of mud, with windows faced with iron, are fire-proof, and are to be seen standing unscathed and erect in the midst of smouldering heaps and blackened walls. Nothing is more common than to see whole streets levelled by their terrible enemy in a single night. There are fire-bells and stations, and an elaborate and apparently well-organised system of fire-brigades; but without a plentiful supply of water and good engines mere labour can do little. Incendiarism is also prevalent; and it is calculated that

the whole of this vast city is consumed in successive portions, to be rebuilt, in every seven years!

The Japanese seem, as before said, to be a good-humoured and contented, as well as a happy race, with the exception of the military, feudal, and official caste. These classes furnish types of that extinct species of the race in Europe, still remembered as "Swashbucklers"—swaggering, blustering bullies; many cowardly enough to strike an enemy in the back, or cut down an unarmed, inoffensive man; but also supplying numbers ever ready to fling their own lives away in accomplishing a revenge, or carrying out the behests of their chief. These ruffians are all entitled to the privilege of wearing two swords, rank and file, and they are saluted by the unprivileged (professional, mercantile, and agricultural) as *Sama*, or lord. With a rolling straddle in his gait, reminding one of Mr. Kinglake's graphic description of the Janissary, and due to the same cause—the heavy projecting blades at his waist, and the swaddling-clothes round his body—the Japanese Samurai, or *Yakomin*, moves on in a very ungainly fashion, the hilks of his two swords at least a foot in advance of his person, very handy, to all appearance, for an enemy's grasp. One is a heavy two-handed weapon, pointed and sharp as a razor; the other short, like a Roman sword, and religiously kept in the same serviceable state. In the use of these he is no mean adept. He seldom requires a second thrust with the shorter weapon, but strikes home at a single thrust, as was fatally proved at a later period; while with the longer weapon he severs a limb at a blow. Such a fellow is a man to whom all peace-loving subjects and prudent people habitually give as wide a berth as they can! Often drunk, and always insolent, he is to be met with in the quarters of the town where the tea-houses most abound; or returning about dusk from his day's debauch, with a red and bloated face, and not over-steady on his legs, the terror of all the unarmed population and street-dogs. Happy for the former, when he is content with trying the edge of a new sword on the quadrupeds; and many a poor crippled animal is to be seen limping about slashed over the back or with more hideous evidences of brutality. But at other times it is some coolie or inoffensive shopkeeper, who, coming unadvisedly between "the wind and his nobility," is just as mercilessly cut down at a blow. This, our minister remarks, does not quite accord with Kämpfer's or Thunberg's account of the perfect order and respect for the law maintained throughout Japan, nor with the first impressions of later writers as to the universal respect for the canine race; but a long residence in the capital revealed many things still more opposed to the generally received accounts.

But for this class of military retainers and Tycoon's officials, high and low, both of which swarm in Yedo, we are told it might be one of the pleasantest places of residence in the far East. The climate is superior to that of any other country east of the Cape. The capital itself, though spreading over a circuit of some twenty miles, with probably a couple of million of inhabitants, can boast what no capital in Europe can—the most charming rides, beginning even in its centre, and extending in every direction over wooded hills, through smiling valleys and shady lanes, fringed with evergreens and magnificent timber. Broad

green slopes, and temple gardens, or well-timbered parks, gladden the eye, as it is nowhere else gladdened within the circle of a city. An Eastern sun throws a flood of light from an unclouded sky over all this beauty through the greater part of the year; in winter there is ice and snow, and the season is very severe in the northernmost island of the group, and in spring there is rain or snow with gales of wind. Tempests from above, and volcanic throes from below, however, give to the capital of the Tycoon a very different aspect from time to time. The advent of foreigners has also brought with it in its train political storms and convulsions, which are as inevitable in the existing state of society—the ruling classes everywhere opposed to the emancipation of the people—as they were in the West until feudalism was superseded by constitutional and monarchical forms of government.

The labours of a first British legation in Japan commenced with the opening of the port of Kanagawa, but when this was to be proceeded with, it was found that the astute Japanese had very quietly superseded that site by a place called Yokohama, on the opposite side of the bay, a mere fishing village, in the midst of a marsh, and far away from the direct line of traffic through the country. After some weeks of negotiation, a site was obtained on the edge of the bay outside Kanagawa, and nearer to Yeddo by a league, and a year had not passed before all the available land and houses had been got into the large and tenacious grasp of the first comers, requiring a further extension for the European site, which was only obtained with the greatest difficulty. The next labours were devoted to the monetary question—one of signal complexity. Thus it was that at the onset the first British and American legations were beset by three as troublesome and harassing questions as could well have been desired for diplomatic agents. A disputed site for a foreign settlement, after the native government had expended large sums upon one, and merchants were on the spot, urgent for land and instant accommodation; a currency question, which struck at the root of all trade; and, finally, an attempt to dispute a right of road between the capital and the port, even to the members of the legations! The mission may indeed, from the onset to the end, be summarily described as one series of ever-recurring struggles between the minister, whose business it was to insist upon the observance of treaties, and the Japanese rulers, whose peculiar pleasure and duty it seemed to be to render them nugatory and void in effect; and this state of things will probably continue until some change is brought about internally by the pressure from without—a change which we only hope, but can scarcely expect, may be wrought by peaceful means.

The minister landed officially on the 6th of July, 1859, and the British flag was unfurled for the first time in evidence of a permanent legation in the capital of the Tycoon—Sir Rutherford appears to have adopted the style of “capital of the Tycoon” in contradistinction to Miako—the capital of the Mikado, the hereditary and only recognised titular sovereign, and consequently the true capital of Japan. The installation was followed by an official exchange of ratifications, which was not accomplished without the usual subterfuges and attempts at cheating on the part of the Japanese officials.

These difficulties over at length, time flowed on so smoothly in “this

wilderness of men and women," that the embassy was in a fair way of losing count of the days. It is to be observed that in Japan, as among many other Asiatic nations, there is no division of time into weeks, and this gives Sir Rutherford an opportunity of remarking upon the erroneous assertion of Sabbatarian writers, that the weekly measurement of time is universal, whereas it is of purely Jewish origin. Such a total absence of all external differences between one day and another had, however, a constant tendency to blur out distinctions. The legation had also, it is to be observed, been dropped by her Majesty's ship *Sampson*—as a man drops an awkward burden—on a new and untried country, and had been left to its own resources and chance destiny. To a certain monotony of existence added to absolute isolation were thus superadded the anxiety of unknown and somewhat perilous conditions. The foreigner is too entirely a stranger in Japan, and too absolutely repudiated as having anything in common with the natives, to feel otherwise than banished and exiled from all social intercourse. The hostility of the Daimios and governing powers suscite ever-recurring occasions of petty annoyance or impertinence—with a systematic plan of extortion and enormous lying by all the officials who surround the foreign missions, and the tradesmen they allow to approach—no wonder that such a state of things should sometimes cumulate in acts of violence.

There was one resource, and that was to study the language of these impracticable people; but the labour, like that of training the officials to sincerity and honesty, was found to be one long torture. There was also some little amusement afforded by answering the absurd statements made in such works as "Two Journeys to Japan, by the author of the 'New Eldorado,' " and other travellers' stories; and there was a less agreeable resource in the study of Japanese politics, to which we are also in due succession introduced at length, with a final résumé of "a Mikado and a Tycoon, both nonentities and cyphers, and often prisoners, while the Daimios, great and small, rule the country." The laws of Gongen Sama, the great founder of the existing dynasty, which denounce as high treason, with death for the penalty, any one harbouring a foreigner, and which enjoin all good and loyal subjects to exterminate any of the hated race who may ever venture to desecrate the sacred soil of Nipon by their presence, have, we are told also, never been repealed!

The British and American legations had been established in Yeddo some six weeks, and affairs had been going on, if not satisfactorily, at least with no more serious difficulties than might perhaps have been reasonably anticipated with an Eastern people and a government so long isolated from the world—such as minor acts of rudeness and insult to members of the British legation, and a more serious assault by the Samurai upon Mr. Heuskin, the secretary of the American legation—when Count Mouravieff Amorsky arrived with a squadron of ten vessels, and the Russian admiral landed and took up his residence at a large temple, with a guard of three hundred men fully armed and equipped. Notwithstanding this, some of his officers were annoyed and insulted when walking the streets, and an officer, with a sailor and a steward, having landed to purchase provisions, they were set upon by some armed Japanese, and hewn down with the most ghastly wounds that could be inflicted. This first deed of blood took every one by surprise; for



although there were not wanting evidences of hostility, more especially among the Daimios and their armed retainers, it had hitherto only manifested itself by acts of rudeness and insult, or in the turbulence of a mob. The manner in which the men had been set upon and butchered totally excluded all idea of Ronins, or mere brigands, highwaymen, or robbers. The assailants also wore the two swords of the Samurai. It was supposed that the murder had, in fact, been carried out purposely by a certain Prince Mito, who was in disgrace, and who had taken this means of bringing the existing government and its regent into collision with a foreign power. Of the real motives, or the actual perpetrators, nothing positive has, however, ever been known. The foreign ministers quietly observed, in answer to remonstrances, that these acts of violence justified them in all they had urged upon the plenipotentiaries as to the dangerous character of the population in Yeddo, and the expediency of deferring the residence of any diplomatic agents for two or three years. There was too much reason, Sir Rutherford remarks, to believe that a powerful party among the hereditary princes and Daimios were disposed to risk everything rather than permit peaceable intercourse and good relations with European powers to be established; and at that time recent checks suffered by the allies at the Peiho, and by the French in Cochin-China, with the war raging in Europe, may all have tended to embolden them to make the effort without further delay, and to endeavour to drive the missions from the capital and all trade from its vicinity.

In the end, nothing was done; a kind of apology was made; the governor of Kanagawa disgraced, to be only soon appointed in the mission to Europe; and a mortuary chapel was built; and thus ended, says the minister, the first of a long series of tragedies. The struggle had, indeed, now commenced in earnest, and first blood had been shed—the struggle between European diplomacy, with protocols and the appliances of modern warfare in the background; and Japanese policy, animated by a fierce spirit of national fanaticism and hostility to all innovation, backed by the assassin's steel and all the weapons of Oriental treachery and ruthless cruelty.

There was, however, a brief interval of improvement after this untoward event. One of the governors called with proposals for rides and water-parties just as the minister was recovering from an attack of cholera, and when the members of the legation went abroad, the ward-constables turned out with their jingling staves and escorted them from street to street, being relieved at each gate. It was under these improved circumstances that a visit was made to Hakodaki. The town itself is described as being little better than a long fishing village, but the port is the realisation of all a sailor's dreams—spacious, with deep water and good holding ground. The bay also abounds in salmon, plaice, and other fish. Almost every stall in the street was stocked with salmon, fetching from ninepence to eightpence for a fish of from 15 to 20 lbs. weight, and sixpence each when dried and salted. Potatoes were also cheap and abundant. Venison, wild-bear, and wild-fowl, also abounded in the market. Sulphur, lead, and Chinese edibles, with furs and deer-horns, are also to be obtained, and our envoy left a consul there, although the harbour is as yet only frequented by whalers.

Shortly after the minister's return to Yeddo, the foreign community

at Yokohama were startled by a murderous and unprovoked attack upon the servant of one of their number, who was at the time officiating as vice-consul of France. Neither the murderer nor his motive were ever known—to the foreigners, at least—and no satisfaction could be obtained. The Tycoon's castle was burnt down the same month (November, 1859). The new year (1860) began with the most enchanting weather, but with gloomy prospects to the legation. Five days had not gone by before part of the new settlement at Yokohama was destroyed by fire. Many of the Europeans lost their all in this sad conflagration. This was followed by a violent shock of an earthquake. A commissariat officer arrived shortly afterwards, with orders to purchase three thousand baggage horses for our army transport in China. The difficulties of effecting the purchase were, as usual, of a truly formidable character, and when, at length, the transaction was effected, an intimation arrived to the effect that they were not required. Peking had surrendered; peace had been proclaimed; and a new convention signed in the capital. The horses, which had been purchased at thirty dollars apiece, had to be sold at five dollars each! The news, however, had its significance with the council of state in Yeddo.

On the 29th of January, Sir Rutherford had just returned from a visit to the American minister, when he heard a hasty step outside his room, and Captain Marten, of her Majesty's ship *Roebuck*, who happened to be a guest at the legation, threw back the sliding panel. "Come quickly; your linguist is being carried in, badly wounded." "My heart," says the minister, "misgave me that his death-knell had struck." Nor was he wrong. The unfortunate man had gone down to the gate of the legation, and was leaning against the entrance, immediately under the flagstaff, and with men, women, and children about, in broad daylight—when one or two men stole stealthily down the lane behind where he stood, and a short sword was buried to the hilt in his body, transfixing him as he stood. He died soon after being taken into the legation. The deed must have been seen by many, but all, save one woman, denied seeing the blow struck. This not so much from hostile feelings to the Europeans as from the fear of compromising themselves with the authorities. This was the third atrocious murder in public thoroughfares, without brawl or quarrel, or immediate provocation of any kind. Two were in broad daylight, and all evidently deliberate and planned assassinations. No justice was done, or any redress obtained, in any of the cases.

The same evening the French legation arrived at the English residence, the French consul-general at the head. "Nous voici, nous venons vous demander de l'hospitalité—l'incendie nous a attiré." Then followed Monsieur l'Abbé in dressing-gown, a thermometer in one hand and a breviary in the other. Next came the chancellor in slippers, with a revolver and a bonnet-de-nuit, one in each hand. The murdered linguist was afterwards buried with great ceremony, and the minister remarks, as the Abbé Huc and others have done before him, upon the outward similarity between the ceremonials of the Buddhists with those of the Greek and Roman Churches. "The altar, the tapers, the incense, the very costume and gestures of the priests, were in many striking particulars alike—a resemblance too close to have been fortuitous." Shortly

after this sad event, the American minister sent word that it had just been reported to him fifty men had been seized the night before by the police, it having been discovered that they had gone down to Yokohama to murder all the foreigners. There might be no truth in the report, but such rumours were not, under the circumstances, very pleasant. On the 26th of February the minister was roused from his sleep at four o'clock in the morning by the arrival of an express from her Majesty's consul at Kanagawa, with intelligence that about eight o'clock in the evening two captains of Dutch merchant-vessels in harbour had been slain in the main street of Yokohama—a repetition, in all its leading circumstances and unprovoked barbarity, of the assassination perpetrated on the Russians. They had been set upon in the dark, and head and limbs had nearly been severed from their bodies, as though butchers had assailed them with their cleavers. The English minister recriminated, but with the usual absence of good results.

March came next, and in the midst of death and alarms of massacre, with interludes of fires and earthquakes; still spring was smiling upon the legation. On the 11th of the same month the first Protestant service was performed at the American legation. The rising settlement of Yokohama, it is to be observed, had by this time spread over a considerable area—all, indeed, that the foreign merchants could put their hands upon was occupied. New houses of substantial character had been built, and the amount of business done was much larger than had been anticipated by many. But deeds of blood did not cease in this strange country. The next victim was not a European, but no less a personage than the Gotairo, or regent of the empire, the Tycoon being at that time a minor. The regent was on his way to the palace, not only amidst his own retainers, but hemmed in between the larger cortège of the Prince of Kiusiu and that of Prince Owari, also bound to the palace, when suddenly a man flung himself across the line of march, immediately in front of the regent's norimon. The officers of his household, whose place is on each side of him, rushed forward at this unprecedented interruption—a fatal move, which had evidently been anticipated, for their place was instantly filled with armed men in coats of mail, who seemed to have sprung from the earth—a compact band of some eighteen or twenty men. With flashing swords and frightful yells, blows were struck at all around, the lightest of which severed men's hands from the poles of the norimon, and cut down those who did not flee. Brief and deadly was the struggle. The regent's head was cut off, and carried away as a trophy. Many others fell in the mêlée on both sides, and some of the assailants, unable to make their escape, had to perform the Hara-Kiru, to the edification of their pursuers, for that is a privilege to be denied to no one entitled to wear two swords, however heinous the crime he may have committed!

All Yeddo was thrown into commotion. The ward-gates were closed, and in a few days it was generally believed that the whole of the missing assassins had been arrested. They were found to be retainers of the Prince of Mito who had thus sacrificed themselves. As to the prince himself, he escaped to his own territories, and, having seized upon a castle in a commanding position, he bade defiance to all enemies and to the ruling power. Truly might our minister remark that such events

carry the mind back to the feudal times of Europe, when the streets and thoroughfares of every capital were scenes of daily bloodshed and murder; when Guelphs and Ghibelines fought and slew each other whenever they met, or an ambuscade could get rid of an enemy. Not the least disagreeable part of the transaction was, that it was thought the foreign legations might be the next object of attack—not so much from hostility to them, as with a view of involving the existing government, and bringing on a conflict with foreign powers. The legations were, in consequence, filled with troops—contingents of certain Daimios held bound to supply them by feudal tenure—to which were added, for their greater security, some of the Tycoon's body-guard. The ministers were also urgently requested to abstain from going out; but as past experience had shown any pretext was good, with a view to the limitation of the privileges of the legations, our minister wisely refused constituting himself a kind of state prisoner, and took his rides as usual, accompanied, at the earnest entreaty of the Japanese ministers, by a few mounted Yakonins—a very useless appendage, he declares, if any real danger was to be apprehended.

The three months that followed upon this desperate deed offered little that was striking or novel. The usual number of earthquakes and fires only, but not a single case of slaughter or assassination! We have, then, pleasanter records concerning the progress of trade for the first twelve months after the opening of the ports by treaty, with many valuable and important speculations on the future, the details of a ceremonial visit paid to the Tycoon, and the records of pleasure-trips made in the interior, including an ascent of the renowned Fusi-yama, and a visit to the sulphur springs or spas of Atami. Reflections on the government and civilisation of the Japanese pressed upon the minister with every step he took in this land, so singularly blessed in soil and climate—so happy in the contented character and simple habits of its people—yet so strangely governed by unwritten laws and irresponsible rulers. Equally interesting are the descriptions given of rural life and scenery, and of the domestic manners of the Japanese. The mountain chain of the Hakoni is compared with the Oberland, and, if less grand and abrupt than the latter, there is, we are told, in lieu, far greater variety and richness of vegetation. Lilac and blue and white hydrangeas covered the banks. The cryptomeria grew 150 feet high, with a girth of 14 to 16 feet. What a treat such a ride must have been! The ascent of the far-famed sacred mountain, "*Mons excelsus et singularis*," as old Kämpfer designates it, cost less trouble than it took to obtain the consent of the Japanese officials to make the excursion. It was found to have a crater of about 1100 yards in length, with a mean width of 600, and about 350 in depth. The estimated height of the edge of the crater was 13,977 feet above the level of the sea, and the highest peak 14,177 feet. The volcano has long been extinct; the latest eruption recorded was in 1707. The party slept two nights on the mountain, and the ascent occupied about eight hours, the descent little more than three.

The visit to the spas of Atami was made as much in a sanitary point of view as out of curiosity. The death of a pet dog—a Scotch terrier—at this place brought out some of the best traits of the Japanese character. "My head betto (groom), as soon as he heard of the death, came

himself to put him in his basket-shroud and under the sod. I asked the proprietor's leave to bury him in his pretty garden under the shade of a tree, and he instantly came himself and helped to dig the grave. A group of assistants of all ranks gathered round with mournful faces, as though one of their own kind had passed away. He was folded up in a mat, some of the beans he was so fond of were put in the grave with him, and a branch of evergreens inserted at the head, which was scrupulously laid to the north. The priest of the temple brought water and incense sticks to burn, and then a rough tombstone to mark the spot was laid on the grave. They are really a kindly people when not perverted by their rulers and prompted to hostility."

The spas of Atami were not found to be gay as a place of residence. Beyond the interest attaching to the study of village life in Japan, there was nothing whatever to amuse or give occupation. The sketch of the high road to the capital on the way back is, perhaps, one of the most picturesque and effective in the work. We have heard much of the *tocados*, or imperial roads, from former travellers, and the account they give of their crowds and motley groups, do not appear to be exaggerated, only Sir Rutherford analyses these groups and distinguishes the long processions of the Daimios, with their retainers, from the wayfarers, ordinary and extraordinary: travellers of the lower classes, porters and pack-horses, wealthy travellers in norimons, itinerant musicians, yakonins on service, laden coolies, peasants and fishermen—everywhere the same crowds of horse and foot, men and women, children and dogs. "And so ends our journey to Yeddo," says the minister, in conclusion, "and the panorama of the high road. *Seionara!* the salutation of the Japanese, loses nothing in softness by contrast, either with the French *adieu*, or the Italian *addio*: while the elaborate courtesy of the horsekeeper and my servant there, distance anything you or I can attempt in the same line."

It is pleasant to turn from these pleasant pictures—arcadian innocence, domestic tranquillity and enjoyment, and the bustle of every-day life—to the trials and vexations to which the legations were exposed by the hostile nobles and officials, and their creatures, the two-sworded swash-bucklers. Our minister had not returned a month from the spas of Atami, when one evening, as they were sitting down to dinner, the Abbé Girard came in, pale and agitated, bringing with him, in a norimon, an Italian, who had been attacked, while standing quietly at the gate of the French legation, by two Samurai passing at the moment, and severely wounded. Several of the Yakonins on service at the legation were close by at the time, yet nothing was done either in defence of the unfortunate European or to stop the swaggering ruffians. The officers and guards placed at the legations professedly for the protection of their European inmates, our minister states to have never been known to raise a hand to save a foreigner from insult or violence! The object of such a guard, he adds, was simply to cut off the foreigners from all free intercourse or communication with the population, more especially with the educated and higher classes, who might give information tending to expose the double game the government was playing with foreign powers—enlighten them (the Europeans) as to the real state of parties, and themselves imbibe ideas prejudicial to the existing state of government. It is pleasant to think that such an artificial state of domestic policy cannot last for ever.

The remedy is not to be sought for so much in international wars, as in restoring the Japanese to a sense of their rights, and to the blessings of a really protective and yet liberal government. There can be no security to life and property, no hopes of liberty and amelioration in the condition of the Japanese, till the whole class of feudal retainers have been done away with, or enrolled in a national force, and the nobility taught to yield to the people's representatives, or to a vigorous monarchy.

The temple of Tozengée, the home of the British legation, was nigh being destroyed by fire in November of the same year. The next month an English gentleman was stopped by one of the two-sworded ruffians in the open highway, and nearly cut down, without any interference on the part of the Yakonin who accompanied him; but an unfortunate sportsman, attacked by the police (for shooting is forbidden in Japan), having wounded one of the officials, the lives of all the foreigners were threatened, and the man had to be tried and condemned in a consular court, when not one Japanese had ever suffered for killing a foreigner.\*

Towards the close of 1860, the long announced visit of a British squadron in the Japanese waters took place, the first since the establishment of the legation. Unpleasant rumours of danger to the several legations were afloat at the time, so that the arrival was most opportune. One of the governors of foreign affairs was actually sent to the American minister, to warn him that they were advised of a band of Lonins, to the number of several hundred, and supposed to be disbanded retainers of the Prince of Mito, having combined with the intention of setting fire to the foreign settlement at Yokohama, and, at the same time, attacking each of the foreign legations in the capital, and murdering their inmates. The minister communicated the nature of these threats to the admiral, and it had the effect of detaining the squadron a few days, but small-pox having broken out on board the flag-ship, it was obliged to put out to sea, leaving her Majesty's ship *Encounter* as a reinforcement to the sloop at the station.

Nothing changed in the position of the foreigners for the week following. The alarm spread by the government of an impending attack continued, but the days passed on in an unpleasant state of suspense until the night of the 14th, when Mr. Heuskin, the secretary to the American legation, was waylaid on his return from the Prussian legation by a band of assassins, and mortally wounded.

Even when the corps diplomatique and the consular body assembled by invitation at the American legation, to render the last honours to the murdered man, the American minister received a warning from the government, that if they persevered in their intention of following the body to the grave, they were likely to lose their own lives. Naturally, no one hesitated, but the position was neither encouraging nor enlivening. There was something very sad and impressive in the gathering which brought so many nationalities together at the spot. A foreigner in his prime, the only son of a widowed mother, cut down in his strength, and murdered by a band of political assassins in the streets of a great Eastern capital, whence all but the few members of the legations were jealously excluded, lay in the grave, round which the representatives of the greatest

\* The victim—Mr. Moss—has since given a well-merited publicity to this case of individual persecution.

powers in the West stood, mourning a wrong they were helpless to redress! Curiously enough, the suicide of Oribeno, the most intelligent, experienced, and respected of the governors of foreign affairs, followed closely upon the commission of this grave offence, and his death was said to have been connected with the murder and the discussions that ensued in the council, and it was a remarkable proof of the ascendancy of the evil-disposed, that the only one who was well inclined towards foreigners had to make away with himself by the Hara-Kiru.

It was resolved by the four representatives of Great Britain, France, Prussia, and Holland (America, unfortunately, alone dissenting), that a solution should, if possible, be sought to this state of things by a determined protest, backed by the striking of their flags, and their temporary retirement to Yokohama. The Japanese government, as might be expected from their antecedents, although at first manifesting some uneasiness as to what might be the full import of the withdrawal of the legations, finding that it led to nothing, soon accepted the *status quo*, nor did they even make any effort to renew relations which had always been distasteful to them. The foreign ministers were not, however, to be baffled in this way, and Sir Rutherford, on his part, declared it his intention to visit the ports, the opening of which the Japanese government had as yet deferred. This had the effect of bringing a plenipotentiary to Yokohama, with powers to enter into such arrangements as might be necessary to ensure the return of the legations to the capital. The conditions of return were a formal pledge to provide effectually hereafter for the safety of the legations, and their exemption from menace and violence, and the public reception of the foreign representatives. These conditions having been accepted, the British minister embarked on board her Majesty's ship *Encounter*, and, accompanied by the *Pioneer*, returned to Yeddo on the 2nd of March—exactly four weeks from their departure—was received at landing by two governors, and, when the flags were hoisted, they were saluted each with twenty-one guns.

It was under these improved circumstances that the British and Dutch ministers resolved upon an excursion overland from Nagasaki to Yeddo, by the island of Kjusiu. But although the new conditions embraced a repudiation of manœuvres and devices, designed to lower the foreign representatives in the eyes of the people, and to restrict them from all free communication, the usual difficulties were thrown in the way of the proposed excursion, and were not overcome without many efforts and battles. During the first part of the journey, the extreme richness and fertility of the soil are described as being in striking contrast with the apparent poverty of those who lived on it. Even in the large towns, though there were of course better houses to be seen than in the villages and hamlets, there was no sign of activity or prosperity. Some of the towns, however, were both large and populous, with a much superior style of architecture. Whether the poverty among the people is more apparent than real, or the share allowed to the mere cultivation too small, the minister could not very satisfactorily ascertain.

On the third day, after passing some sulphur baths, they came to a coal mine of the Prince of Fisen. The cross-road that led to it was closed by a temporary barrier and two armed retainers. The armed retainers who accompanied the ministers also opposed their leaving the high road, but as the treaty conferred upon them the right to travel

freely, they insisted, and found that the coal was obtained by simply opening a horizontal adit, or gallery, into the side of the hill. Not only was the right of the chiefs of diplomatic missions to travel freely throughout the empire limited by the Daimios, in their own territories, to a right to travel along the high road, which is held to be under imperial control, but in every town where they halted or slept, barriers covered with curtains bearing the Daimio's arms were raised, not only preventing their passage, but shutting out the view of the streets branching off. When the officers were remonstrated with, they had the ready answer, "It was for their better protection."

The number of tempting pictures on the way was truly tantalising, since it was clearly impossible to take even the slightest sketch of all. Everywhere the scenery was rich in artistic effects. The approach to Kokura, the fortified capital of Bouzen (Buzen?), and one of the keys to the straits between Kiusin and Nipon, was especially picturesque, although marred by bad weather. Pleasant country-houses, each surrounded by their garden and clumps of trees or orchards, lined the road for more than a mile. The gateway was guarded by a considerable force of armed retainers, and, as it was holiday time, all the inhabitants were out or at their windows, dressed in their best.

The minister embarked here on board a junk, by which they were conveyed to her Majesty's ship *Ringdove*, on the opposite side of the straits. Simonosaki, a large town, which enjoys the unenviable distinction of having originated the "Social Evil" in Japan, was visited upon the beautiful sea of Suonada. The *Ringdove* steamed leisurely through the quiet waters of what seemed rather a great lake than a sea, always anchoring before nightfall; but nothing could be more miserable than the fishing hamlets, which they sometimes lay off and visited. Not even fish was to be had, though fishing-tackle and boats abounded everywhere. But is not this the case sometimes at our own fishing villages, and even coast-towns?

On the fourth day they arrived at Hiogo, the shipping port of Osaka, a town of some twenty thousand inhabitants, and the great centre of trade in Japan, of easy access and secure anchorage. Osaka lay some thirty miles distant on the banks of a river, and, according to existing treaties, Hiogo was one of the ports to be opened to foreign trade, with free access to Osaka. Not only had this article of the said treaties been carefully ignored, but the authorities were most importunate that the ministers should proceed to Yeddo by sea, and it was only by giving up an intended visit to Miako that they were at last enabled to proceed *via* Osaka. The party were nearly an hour in traversing the suburbs of this vast city, the thoroughfares of which were filled to overflowing with an immense but very orderly crowd. Not a trace of hostile feeling was met with anywhere, and it could be seen at a glance that trade was the chief occupation of this vast population. Evidences of the greatest activity were visible at every step. Sir Rutherford calls Osaka, with its people, its temples and theatres, its trade and manufactures, the Venice of Japan. At least a hundred bridges span some thirteen rivers and canals, which run through the city in all directions, many of them of enormous width and costly structure. The banks of the main river are lined for two or three miles with the residences of the Daimios, with imposing gateways and broad flights of granite steps descending to the water's edge.



Thousands of boats, filled with merchandise or passengers, also cover the broad surface of the waters. The opening of Hiogo and Osaka, the minister estimated, as being more worth to foreign commerce than all the other ports together, and the tenure of such a place he deemed would certainly go far to produce a social revolution, in a sense adverse to all feudal privileges and government.

It took the party fifty minutes on horseback, at a walking pace, to get clear of this great emporium, beyond which their way lay amid fields of rice, wheat, and cotton, passing innumerable hamlets and a large peasant population, whom, having gone on in advance of the escort, they found for the first time disposed to be troublesome. Okusaki—the first town they came to—has a special celebrity for its porcelain. Seeing some unfortunate tortoises suspended in the air for sale, and exhausting themselves in futile endeavours to make progress, our minister could not help comparing their position to his own as a diplomatic agent in Japan, doomed to unceasing efforts without the slightest progressive result. At Nienon, a place they reached on their third day's journey, and the Daimio's capital, every house and side street was hermetically closed; not a whisper was to be heard, nor the face of a living being to be seen! The Daimio's own house was similarly masked by curtains. This was a sign of anger and enmity on the part of the Prince of Itse and Isan. When such a reception was, remarked upon, the answer was that the treaties of the Tycoon were only good for the five imperial ports in which he reigned; but not having received the Mikado's imprimatur, they were not binding upon the Daimios and their subjects. Thus, as the minister remarks, our actual relations with Japan rest on a basis of quicksands.

The way lay hence for several days through mountain scenery and fertile valleys, the hills generally clothed to the very summit with trees. At length they had the advantage of the fine sanded roads and park-like avenues of the Tocado, or imperial highway, and they at the same time met frequent corteges of Daimios coming from the capital. The departure of the Daimios in a body from Yeddo to Miako may, indeed, be looked upon as the final declaration of hostility on the part of the feudal lords with the newly-opened intercommunication and commerce with other nations. The castles of these Daimios, it may be observed, and which were frequently passed, are not precisely the castles of the feudal barons of old in the West. There is a moat surrounded by a wall, generally built of mud, intersected with layers of tiles, and plastered over; sometimes with parapets, and loopholed for musketry. A large gateway, with massive overhanging roof; a straggling group of ignoble-looking lath and plaster houses inside, rarely more than a story high; and sometimes, if the owner is a Daimio of very great pretensions, his walls will be flanked with turrets, and in his grounds something like a two or three-storied pagoda will rise above the dead level of the other roofs, and look picturesque through the clumps of fine timber with which the grounds of the owners are always graced, whatever else be wanting.

Villages and towns, it is to be observed, follow in quick succession, and rarely at a greater interval than one or two leagues at farthest, along the whole route from Nagasaki to Yeddo. It is impossible, therefore, to notice all. Suffice it that on the thirty-second day after his departure from Nagasaki, the minister arrived at the British Consulate at Kanagawa, thankful for preservation from peril by the way.

Business having delayed the minister for a couple of days at this latter place, it was not until the 4th of July that he rode up to Yeddo, where he found Mr. Oliphant had arrived as secretary of legation—a circumstance all the more agreeable, as it held out hopes of his being able to turn his steps homeward in a few months. But, alas for human hopes and anticipations, the very next day an attack was carried out on the legation in the night, and a desperate attempt was made at a general massacre! The minister had gone to sleep, wearied with travel and a long day's work, when one of the young student interpreters, to whom the duty had been assigned of going through the premises the last thing, stood by his bedside with his dark lantern, and awoke him with the report that the legation was attacked, and men were breaking in at the gate.

"I got up," writes the minister, "incredulous, believing it was some gambling or drunken quarrel, either among the guards or the 'bettos' in charge of the stables; but taking a revolver out of its case, I was proceeding to the spot, and had scarcely advanced five steps towards the entrance, when Mr. Oliphant suddenly appeared covered with blood, which was streaming from a great gash in his arm and a wound in his neck; and the next instant Mr. Morrison, the consul of Nagasaki, appeared also, exclaiming he was wounded, and with blood flowing from a sword-cut on his forehead. I of course looked for the rush of their assailants pursuing, and I stood for a second ready to fire, and check their advance, while the wounded passed on to my bedroom behind. I was the only one armed at this moment, for although Mr. Morrison had still three barrels, he was blinded and stunned with his wound."

To the minister's astonishment, however, no pursuers followed. A great noise was heard. Some of the band were evidently breaking through the glazed doors opening into the court with a frightful fracas, but they had evidently missed the way to the minister's apartments, and after a time the noise subsided. Sir Rutherford then ventured with two of the party to leave the wounded to go and look for one of their number missing. One of the students, Mr. Lowder, was placed as a sentry, commanding a long passage, and a group of armed men having appeared, and not answering his challenge, he fired into them, and as it was down a passage he could scarcely have missed his aim, at all events they suddenly retreated. And this was the last they saw of their assailants!

It appeared afterwards that the band of malefactors were retainers or emissaries of the Prince of Tsus-sima, and it was ascertained from a document found on one of their number, that they were all bound by an oath to attack the legation and massacre its inhabitants, in order, in their own words, to save "the sacred empire being defiled by the foreigner." They had assembled in the suburb of Sinagawa, half a mile from the legation, having failed in an assault previously planned on the way from Nagasaki to Yeddo. This plan was then changed to an attack on the minister on his way from Kanagawa to his residence, and it only failed from the uncertainty of his movements. And hence it was that an attack upon the residence itself was finally had recourse to. They did not attack this by the back stealthily, but at the front gate, which finding closed, they got over the gate at the side. The gatekeeper having come out was forthwith slain. On their way hence to the court-yard they killed a horsekeeper and a dog, wounded a cook, and made a pri-

soner of a watchman. All this without "waking" the guard of one hundred and fifty men!

It was not till they were within the court that they stumbled upon one of the guard, who was frightfully wounded, but effected his escape. They then appear to have told off in three parties, assaulting the temple and buildings at different points. A Chinese servant awoke Mr. Morrison; Mr. Oliphant was awoke by the noise and tumult of breaking into the premises. He seized a hunting-whip and rushed down the passage, rousing Mr. Russell on the way. He was at nearly the same moment attacked by two or three of the assailants, and, as we have seen, was severely wounded. Mr. Morrison, who had come to his aid, fired two shots, and received at the same time a cut on the forehead. The pistol-shots had, however, the effect of checking the advance of the assailants and saved their lives. All of the ruffians made their escape except two, who were killed by the guards, and a third, who was badly wounded. Several of them, however, afterwards committed the *Hara-Kira*. One of the Tycoon's body-guard had also been slain, two soldiers had been severely wounded, and seven lightly, besides a priest in the temple, a porter, and two servants of the legation—the latter severely.

The position of the British minister after this assault upon the legation by armed men was one of great embarrassment. To have abandoned his post would have been to render a residence ever after impossible without a war, or some act of vigour on the part of one or more foreign powers that should strike terror into the hearts of those who plotted such atrocious deeds—an alternative to which there is almost a dead certainty, spite of the mission to Europe, the powers will be driven, ere the feudal lords and their retainers are brought to more respectful relations. The utter untrustworthiness of any Japanese guard as a means of security had been abundantly demonstrated. Still, under the circumstances, which the minister dwells upon at length, there was no retreat possible. There was nothing to gain, and everything to lose, by retiring. The one thing was certain—it was that the Japanese government was inadequate to the defence of the legation, so its members had to do what many a traveller in the less far East has to do—to seek for defence among themselves. In order to do this the more effectually, a strong guard of marines and blue-jackets were landed from the *Bingdove*, generously assisted by the French minister with a party from the *Dordogne*, who nobly volunteered their aid. The news of the attack having reached Nagasaki, her Majesty's ship *Actæon* also came up with three gun-boats, to add to the protection. The foreign community at Yokohama was entrusted to the guardianship of the Dutch brig *Camelot*.

Thus a month passed wearily and anxiously enough, chequered only by reported gatherings for new assaults, and indeed some attempts were made on the American minister, who had discarded European guards, and still put faith in the Japanese. Mr. Oliphant was sent home for the cure of his wounds, and to explain the harassing and critical position of the legations to the home government. A letter was forwarded by the same opportunity from the Tycoon to her Majesty, urging the non-opening of more ports for a term of years—in consonance with their characteristic policy of evasion and expatriation of foreigners. The

relations of the British minister with the Japanese government had, however, strange to say, become more confidential at this time; the fact was, that when they saw that the legation could depend upon its own resources, they, like all Easterns, came to respect it much more than when it had to depend upon them for protection.

Towards the close of 1861 arrangements were making for the departure of the Japanese mission to the several sovereigns in Europe. Her Majesty's ship *Odin* (Commodore Lord John Hay) had been fitted up for their reception. We had undertaken to convey them, at our own charge, to England, the French government agreeing in like manner to find transport for them back. Everybody wanted to go; the Japanese government is exclusive; the subjects are quite the reverse. The difficulty was to limit the number. Some twenty days were actually consumed in launching this "Great Eastern Mission!" Thus it was that the year 1862, the third subsequent to the appointment of the legation, instead of an assassination or a menace of general massacre, with which each of the preceding years had begun, opened more propitiously, with improved commercial prospects, better and more confidential relations with the Japanese, and the departure of a diplomatic mission to Europe. But the deep-seated hostility of the Daimios against foreigners and all who abetted them could not be long controlled. On the 14th of February a desperate attempt was made by eight braves on the life of the second of the foreign ministers, and the one supposed to be most favourable to the maintenance of foreign relations. The minister was, as the regent had been, in his *norimon*, proceeding to the palace in the midst of an armed retinue befitting his rank as a Daimio and a member of the cabinet. The distance between his official residence and the palace was very short, and he had to cross an open space or *glacis* to gain the bridge leading over the broad deep moat which surrounds the Tycoon's castle. Short, however, as was the distance, and exposed to view, these desperadoes were nothing daunted; for, as the train approached the bridge, a shot was fired, wounding one of the officers by the side of the *norimon*. Ando Tsusimano (as the foreign minister was named), it appears, instantly divined that he was to be attacked, and, throwing himself out of the *norimon*, drew his sword to defend himself. It was well he lost no time, for already his people were being cut down by the desperate band of assassins. The next instant he received a sabre-cut across the face, and a spear-thrust in the side that had well-nigh proved fatal. As in the previous case of the regent, the life-and-death struggle was brief as it was bloody. In a few seconds seven of the assailants lay stretched, wounded or dead, on the ground, and one only (the eighth) escaped. Ando Tsusimano Kami is said to have recovered his wounds, but Sir Rutherford never saw him afterwards. He was, indeed, said to have retired from the cabinet and to have changed his name. But he was most likely dead, only the Japanese government did not like to admit the fact, as he was a friend of the foreigner.

Her Majesty's government had in the mean time instructed the British minister to make no concessions without equivalents, and to demand, in the first place, indemnity for Messrs. Oliphant and Morrison, the punishment of any of the assailants arrested, and finally a defensible site for the legation. These points carried (with the exception of equivalents), Sir

Rutherford Alcock left for Nagasaki, with his Japanese envoys, in a Dutch ship of war, on the 23rd of March, and obtained a passage thence to China in a gun-boat. On the arrival of the Japanese envoys in England, the delay of five years in opening the new ports and the city of Yeddo was conceded conditionally, that certain specific grievances should be removed, and greater security to life, as well as increased facilities for commerce at the ports actually open should be effectually enjoyed. Although the first was a main object of the mission to Europe, the envoys had other instructions and hopes, and a long list of restrictions which they wanted to impose on foreigners, thoroughly expressive of the retrograde policy of isolation which dominated their councils, but they failed in these subordinate objects in all the courts to which they were accredited. The only wonder is, that, after seeing with their own eyes how the relations of the different countries of Europe are carried on, they should have ventured to claim such privileges of isolation to Japan in particular. "There is," says Sir Rutherford, "but one stereotyped idea in their brains as to foreigners. We are a cross between barbarians and wild beasts, ferocious and dangerous if let loose, only safe and tractable when securely caged, watched, and in the hands of responsible keepers."

Lieutenant-Colonel Neale, the new secretary of legation, did not arrive at Yeddo until after Sir Rutherford Alcock's departure, and he had to take up his residence in the temple of Tozengee while the new legation was being completed.

The anniversary, according to the Japanese calendar, of the last attack on the legation had come round. One of the governors of foreign affairs paid him a visit of congratulation in the afternoon, and all had gone to rest, save the two or three solitary sentries (blue-jackets and marines of her Majesty's ship *Reynard*) posted at intervals round the house, when suddenly Lieutenant-Colonel Neale, who was still awake, heard the sentry outside his door challenge. Although the parole was correctly given, something suspicious or unsatisfactory apparently made the sentry advance towards the party approaching, when suddenly a cry of mortal anguish broke the stillness of the night, and the sound of blows reached him as he lay. To leap out of bed, and make his way across his own apartments to the guard-room, was not the work of many moments. All were suddenly roused, and sprang to their arms, to feel how desperate was their position if any attacking force had to be resisted. At the same moment the sentry staggered among them, covered with wounds, and frightfully gashed. To gather together in one place, the largest room in the house, and stand prepared to resist from whatever quarter assailants might come, was, indeed, all that could be done, in their ignorance as to the nature or extent of the danger, the numbers to be met, or the direction from whence attack might be expected. After a pause, a corporal of marines was missed, who, it appeared, had been going his rounds when the alarm was first given, and Lieutenant Aplin, with some of his men, went in search of him. He was found lying dead across the door which gave entrance from the outside to Colonel Neale's rooms. He had received numerous sword and spear wounds, and had fired one barrel of his revolver; but so sudden and murderous must have been the assault, that he was probably disabled at the first blow.

Of course no more satisfaction was to be obtained for this second assault upon the legation than for the first, and Sir Rutherford Alcock

remarks upon it, that, "as there was a speciality in the circumstances of the attack on Ando Tsusimano, distinguishing it from all previous attempts of the same nature—the first use of fire-arms—so was there in this a similar and discouraging difference, in the special fact, that whereas in the first attack on the legation by an armed band, the Japanese guard, though it allowed itself to be surprised, and tardily came to our rescue, yet at least fought in our defence, and struck manfully at the assailants. But here it was the Japanese guard itself from whose ranks the murderer came; and if only one, it is impossible to doubt that he had many accomplices and well-wishers."

Nor was the year (1862) to close without another frightful tragedy, this time enacted on the high road between Yeddo and Kanagawa. The victims were British residents at Yokohama, and invested with no official character to render them specially obnoxious or more exposed to hostility. "Life in Japan," Sir Rutherford remarks, "is in the present day, under a feudal and military system, no more secure than it was in the Anglo-Saxon era in our own land, with which lawless and ferocious period in our history the present social state of Japan has, as I have shown, many points of close resemblance. There is, and can be, no security to life under such conditions." As to what may be the best policy for this country, he afterwards adds, or for other treaty powers, under such conditions, he will not offer an opinion. The whole question is surrounded by difficulties of the most serious kind. That there should be (not that each one is not strong and powerful enough to exact retribution for itself) an accordance of views among all treaty powers, and some unity of action, were it possible, would appear to be a first important result to be aimed at, as a preliminary condition in the success of any course ultimately adopted. In the mean time, we are also told, a great change is being effected in the fundamental relations of suzerain and subject. The whole feudal power is profoundly moved, and their organisation, political and social, is crumbling under the shock of a sudden contact with Europe. Whether all this can take place, and a new social and political basis be attained, without an interval of disorder, violence, and bloodshed, must be very doubtful. The danger is undoubtedly great. The changes indicated by the departure of the Daimios and their families from the capital are of the most sweeping and fundamental character. It is, in a word, a revolution, effected either by compromise and compact between the governing classes and the Tycoon; or it is the preparation for an appeal to arms, in which latter case foreigners are likely to be the first objects of attack, as their presence has undoubtedly been the immediate cause of such fermentation. If, on the other hand, any compromise has been entered into on a basis of mutual concession between the Tycoon and the leading feudatory princes, the object of which is to remove to a distance from Yeddo the Daimios and their armed retainers, better days may be in store for Western nations and Japanese alike than could reasonably have been hoped for after such a troubled and inauspicious beginning. A very short time must show which of these two phases of national life the Japanese are now entering upon, and equally tell the foreigner what his prospects are in Nipon—whether he is to be allowed to dwell in peace, or must stand prepared to resist desperate and continuous efforts for his expulsion from the Japanese territories.

## THE SHADOW OF ASHLIDYAT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "EAST LYNN."

## PART THE NINETEENTH.

## I.

## A VISIT OF PAIN.

THE proposed application of Maria Godolphin to Lord Averil may appear but a very slight affair to the careless and thoughtless; one of those trifling annoyances which must occasionally beset our course through life. Why should Maria have shrunk from it with that shivering sensitive dread?—and have set about it as a forced duty, with a burning cheek and failing heart? Consider what it was that she undertook, you who would regard it lightly; pause an instant and look at it in all its bearings. Her husband, George Godolphin, had robbed Lord Averil of sixteen thousand pounds; or their value. It is of no use to mince the matter. He had shown himself neither more nor less than a common robber, a thief, a swindler. He, a man of the same social stamp as Lord Averil, moving in the same sphere of county society, had fallen from his pedestal by his own fraudulent act, down to a level (in crime) with the very dregs of mankind. Perhaps no one in the whole world could ever feel it in the same humiliating degree as did his wife—unless it might be Thomas Godolphin. Both of them, unfortunately for them—yes, I say it advisedly—unfortunately for them in this bitter storm of shame—both of them were of that honourable, upright, ultra-refined nature, on which such a blow falls far more cruelly than death. Death! death! If it does come, it brings at least one recompense: the humiliation and the trouble, the bitter pain and the carking care are escaped from, left behind for ever in the cruel world. Oh! if these miserable ill-doers could but bear in their own person all the pain and shame!—if George Godolphin could but have stood out on a pinnacle in the face of Prior's Ash and expiated all his folly alone! But it could not be. It never can or shall be. As the sins of the people in the Israelitish camp were laid upon the innocent and unhappy scape-goat, the sins which men commit in the present day are heaped upon unconscious and guileless heads. As the poor scape-goat wandered away with his hidden burden into the remote wilderness, away from the haunts of man, so do these other heavily-laden ones stagger away with their unseen load, only striving to hide themselves from the eyes of men—anywhere—in patience and silence—praying to die.

Every humiliation which George Godolphin had brought upon himself—every harsh word cast to him by the world—every innate sense of guilt and shame, which must accompany such conduct, was being expiated by his wife. Yes, it fell worst upon her: Thomas was but his brother; she was part and parcel of himself. But that God's ways are not as our ways, we might feel tempted to ask why it should

be that these terrible trials are so often brought upon the head of such women as Maria Godolphin—timid, good, gentle, sensitive—the least of all able to bear them. That such is frequently the case, is indisputable. In no way was Maria fitted to cope with this. Many might have felt less this very expedition to Lord Averil: to her it was as the very bitterest humiliation. She had hitherto met Lord Averil as an equal, she had entertained him at her house as such, she had stood before him always in her calm self-possession, with a clear face and a clear conscience. And now she must go to him, a humble petitioner—bow before him in all her self-conscious disgrace—implore him to save her husband from the consequences of his criminal act; the standing at the felon's bar and its sequel—the working at the hulks. She must virtually ask Lord Averil to put up quietly with the loss of the sixteen thousand pounds, and to make no sign.

With a cheek flushed with emotion—with a heart sick unto faintness—Maria Godolphin stepped out of her house in the full blaze of the mid-day sun. A gloomy day, showing herself less conspicuously to the curious gazers of Prior's Ash had been more welcome to her. She had gone out so rarely since the crash came—but that once, in fact, when she went to see her mother—that her appearance was the signal for a commotion. "There's Mrs. George Godolphin! There's Mrs. George Godolphin!" and Prior's Ash flocked to its doors and its windows as if Mrs. George Godolphin had been some unknown curiosity in the animal world, never yet exhibited to the eyes of the public. Maria shielded her burning face from observation as well as she could with her small parasol, and passed on.

Lord Averil, she had found, was staying with Colonel Max, and her way led her past the rectory of All Souls', past the house of Lady Sarah Grame. Lady Sarah was at the window, and Maria bowed. The bow was not returned. It was not returned! Lady Sarah turned away with a haughty movement, a cold glance. It told cruelly upon Maria: had anything been wanted to prove to her the estimation in which she was now held by Prior's Ash, that would have done it.

The distance from her own house to that of Colonel Max was about two miles. Rather a long walk for Maria at the present time, for she was not in a condition of health to endure fatigue. It was a square, moderate-sized, red-brick house, standing considerably back from the high road, and as Maria turned into its avenue of approach, what with the walk, and what with the dread apprehension of the coming interview, the sick faintness at her heart had begun to show itself upon her face. The insult offered her (could it be called anything less?) by Lady Sarah Grame had somehow seemed an earnest of what she might expect from Lord Averil. Lady Sarah had not a tenth of the grievance against the bank that the viscount had.

Nobody ever approached the colonel's house without having their ears saluted with the baying and snarling of his fox-hounds, whose kennels were close by. In happier days—days so recently past, that they might almost be counted as present—when Maria had gone to that house to dinner-parties, she had drawn closer to George in the carriage, and whispered how much she should dislike it if he kept a pack of fox-hounds near their dwelling-place. Never, never should she



drive to that house in state again, her husband by her side. Oh! the contrast it presented—that time and this! Now she was approaching it like the criminal that the world thought her, hiding her face with her veil; hiding herself, so far as she might, from observation.

She reached the door, and paused ere she rang: her pulses were throbbing wildly, her heart beat as if it would burst its bounds. The nearer that the interview drew, the more formidable did it appear, the less able herself to face it. The temptation came over her—to go back. It assailed her very strongly, and she might have yielded to it, but for the thought of Thomas Godolphin.

She rang at the bell: a timid ring. One of those rings that seem to announce the self-humble applicant—and who was the wife of George Godolphin now, that she should proclaim herself with pomp and clatter? A man settling himself into his green livery coat opened the door.

“Is Lord Averil within?”

“No.”

The servant was a stranger, and did not know her. He may have thought it curious that a lady, who spoke in a low tone, and scarcely raised her eyes through her veil, should come there alone to inquire after Lord Averil. He resumed, rather pertly:

“His lordship walked out an hour ago with the colonel. It’s quite unbeknown what time they may come in.”

In her shrinking dread of the interview, it almost seemed a relief. Strange to say, so fully absorbed had she been in the anticipated pain, that the contingency of his being out had not crossed her mind. The man stood with the door in his hand, half open, half closed: had he invited her to walk in and sit down, she might have done so, for the sake of the rest. But he did not.

Retracing her steps down the path, she branched off into a dark walk, overshadowed by trees, just within the entrance-gate, and sat down upon a bench. Now, the reaction was coming; the disappointment: all that mental agony, all that weary way of fatigue, and not to see him! It must all be gone over again on the morrow.

She threw her hot veil back; she pressed her throbbing forehead against the thick trunk of the old oak-tree: and in that same moment some one entered the gate on his way to the house, saw her, and turned short round to approach her. It was Lord Averil.

Was the moment really come? Every drop of blood in her body seemed to rush to her heart, and send it on with a tumultuous bound,—every sense of the mind seemed to leave her,—every fear that the imagination can conjure up, seemed to rise up in menace. She rose to her feet and gazed at him, her sight partially leaving her, her face changing to a ghastly whiteness.

But when he hastened forward and caught her hands in the deepest respect and sympathy; when he bent over her, saying some confused words—confused to *her* ear—of surprise at seeing her, of pity for her apparent illness; when he addressed her with every token of the old kindness, the consideration of bygone days, then the revulsion of feeling overcame her, and Maria burst into a flood of distressing tears, and sobbed passionately.

"I am fatigued with the walk," she said, with a lame attempt at apology when her emotion was subsiding. "I came over to speak to you, Lord Averil. I—I—have something to ask you."

"But you should not have walked," he answered, in a kind tone of remonstrance. "Why did you not drop me a note? I would have come to you."

She felt as one about to faint. She had taken off her gloves, and her small white hands were unconsciously writhing themselves together in her lap, showing how great was her inward pain; her trembling lips, pale with agitation, refused to bring out their words connectedly.

"I want to ask you to be merciful to my husband. Not to prosecute."

The gasping words were breathed in a whisper; the rushing tide of shame changed her face to crimson. Lord Averil did not for the moment answer, and the delay, the fear of non-success imparted to her somewhat of courage.

"For Thomas's sake," she said. "I ask it for Thomas's sake."

"My dear Mrs. Godolphin," he was beginning, but she interrupted him, her tone changing to one of desperate energy.

"Oh, be merciful, be merciful! Be merciful to my husband, Lord Averil, for his brother's sake. Nay—for George's own sake; for my sake, for my poor child's sake, Meta's. He can never come back to Prior's Ash, unless you will be merciful to him; he cannot come now, and Thomas has to go through all the worry and the misery, and it is killing him. Mr. Snow came to me this morning and said it was killing him; he said that George must come back if he would save his brother's life: and I spoke to Mr. Hurde, and he said there was nothing to prevent his coming back, except the danger from Lord Averil. And then I made my mind up to come to you."

"I shall not prosecute him, Mrs. George Godolphin. My long friendship with his brother debars it. He may come back to-morrow, in perfect assurance that he has nothing to fear from me."

"It is true?—I may rely upon you?" she gasped.

"Indeed you may. I have never had a thought of prosecuting. I cannot describe to you the pain that it has been productive of to me: I mean the affair altogether, not my particular loss: but that pain would be greatly increased were I to bring myself to prosecute one bearing the name of Godolphin. I am sorry for George; deeply sorry for him. Report says that he has allowed himself to fall into bad hands, and could not extricate himself."

The worst was over; the best known: and Maria leaned against the friendly trunk and untied her bonnet-strings, and wiped the moisture from her now pallid face. Exhaustion was supervening. Lord Averil rose and held out his arm to her.

"Let me take you to the house and give you a glass of sherry."

"I could not take it, thank you. I would rather not go to the house."

"Colonel Max will be very glad to see you. I have but just parted with him. He went round by the stables."

She shook her head. "I do not like to see any one now."

The subdued words, the saddened tone seemed to speak volumes. Lord Averil glanced down at her compassionately. "This has been a grievous trial to you, Mrs. Godolphin."

"Yes," she answered; very quietly. Had she spoken but a word of what it had really been to her, emotion might have broken forth.

"But you must not let it affect you too greatly," he remonstrated. "As I fear it is doing."

"I can't help it," she whispered. "I knew nothing of it, and it came upon me like a clap of thunder. I never had so much as a suspicion that anything was going wrong: had people asked me what bank was the most stable throughout the kingdom, I should have said ours. I never suspected evil: and yet the blame is being cast to me. Lord Averil, I—I—did not know about those bonds."

"No, no," he warmly answered. "You need not tell me that. I wish you could let the trouble pass over you lightly."

The trouble! She clasped her hands to pain. "Don't speak of it," she wailed. "At times it seems more than I can bear. But for Meta, I should be glad to die."

What was Lord Averil to answer? He could only give her the earnest sympathy of his whole heart. "A man who can bring deliberately this misery upon the wife of his bosom deserves hanging," was his bitter thought.

"What are you going to do?" he asked. "Surely not to attempt to walk back?"

"I shall take my time over it," she answered. "It is not much of a walk."

"Too much for you at present," he gravely said. "Let me send you home in one of Colonel Max's carriages."

"No, oh no," she quickly answered. "Indeed I have not miscalculated my strength: I can walk perfectly well, and would prefer to do so."

"Then you will come into the house and take a rest first."

"I had rather not. Let me sit here a little longer: it is resting me."

"I will be back immediately," he said, walking from her very quickly, and plunging into a narrow path which was a short cut to the house. When he reappeared he bore a glass of wine and biscuit on a plate.

She drank the wine. The biscuit she put back with a shiver. "I never can eat anything now," she said, lifting her eyes to his to beseech his pardon.

When she at length rose, Lord Averil took her hand and laid it within his arm. She supposed he meant to escort her to the gate.

"I have not said a word of thanks to you," she murmured, when they reached it. "I am very, very grateful to you, very sensible of your kindness; but I cannot speak of it. My heart seems broken."

She had halted and held out her hand in farewell. Lord Averil did not release her, but walked on. "If you will walk home, Mrs. George Godolphin, you must at least allow my arm to help you."

"I could not; indeed I could not," she said, stopping resolutely, though the tears were dropping from her eyes. "I must go back alone; I would rather."

Lord Averil yielded partially. The first part of the road was lonely, and he must see her so far. "I should have called on Thomas Godolphin before this, but I have been away," he remarked, as they went on. "I will go and see him—perhaps this afternoon."

"He will be so thankful to hear of this! It will be like a renewed lease of life. They have been fearful at Ashlydyat."

An exceedingly vexed expression crossed Lord Averil's lips. "I thought they had known me better at Ashlydyat," he said. "Thomas, at any rate. Feared me!"

At length Maria would not allow him to go farther, and Lord Averil clasped her hand in both of his. "Promise me to try and keep up your spirits," he said. "For your husband's sake."

"Yes; as well as I can," she replied, in a broken tone. "Thank you! thank you ever, Lord Averil!"

She called in at the rectory as she passed it, and sat for a while with her father and mother. But it was pain to her to do so. The bitter wrong inflicted upon them by her husband, was making itself heard in her heart in loud reproaches. The bitter wrong of another kind dealt out to herself by him, was all too present then. They knew how she had idolised him; they must have known how blindly misplaced that idolatry was; and the red flush mounted to Maria's brow at the thought.

Oh, if she could but redeem the past, so far as they were concerned! It seemed that that would be enough. If she could but restore peace and comfort to their home, refund to her father what he had lost, how thankful she should be! She would move heaven and earth if that might accomplish it,—she would spend her own days in the workhouse,—pass them by a roadside hedge, and think nothing of it—if by those means she could remove the wrong done. She lifted her eyes to the blue sky, almost asking that a miracle might be wrought, to repair the injury which had been dealt out to her father. Ah me! If Heaven repaired all the injuries inflicted by man upon man, it would surely have no time for other works of mercy!

## II.

### A SHOW IN THE STREETS OF PRIOR'S ASH.

BARELY had Maria departed and closed the rectory-gate behind her, when she encountered a stylish vehicle as high as a mountain, dashing along at an alarming pace, with a couple of frantic dogs behind it. It was that "turn-out" you have heard of, belonging to Mrs. Charlotte Pain. Mrs. Charlotte Pain was in it, resplendent as the sun, dazzling the admiring eyes of Prior's Ash in a gown of pink moiré antique, and a head-gear which appeared to be composed of pink and white feathers and a glittering silver aigrette, its form altogether not unlike a French gendarme's hat, if you have the pleasure of knowing that awe-giving article. At the sight of Maria she pulled the horses up with a jerk: upon which ensued some skirmishing and scattering abroad of dust, the animals, both horses and dogs, not approving of so summary a check; but Charlotte was resolute, and

her whip effective. She then flung the reins to the groom who sat beside her, jumped out, and held out her hand to Maria.

Maria accepted it. The revelation gratuitously bestowed on her by Margery was beating its words upon her memory, and her brow, face, and neck had flushed to a glowing crimson. Some might have flung the offered hand aside, and picked up their skirts with a jerk, and sailed away with an air: but Maria was a gentlewoman.

"How well you look!" exclaimed Charlotte, regarding her in some surprise. "Perhaps you are warm? I say, Mrs. George"—dropping her voice to a whisper—"where do you think I am bound to?"

"I cannot tell."

"To see Lord Averil. He is back again, and stopping at old Max's. I am going to badger him out of a promise not to hurt George Godolphin—about those rubbishing bonds, you know. I won't leave him until I get it."

"Yes," said Maria.

"I will have it. Or—war to the knife, my lord! I should like to see him, or anybody else, attempt to refuse *me* anything I stood out for," she added, with a triumphantly saucy glance, meant for the absent viscount. "Poor George has nobody here to fight his battles for him, and he can't return to enter on them in person; so it's well that some friend should do it. They are saying in the town this morning, that Averil has returned for the purpose of prosecuting: I mean to cut his prosecuting claws off."

"It is a mistake," said Maria. "Lord Averil has no intention of prosecuting."

"How do you know?" bluntly asked Charlotte.

"I have just seen him."

"You don't mean to say you have been over to old Max's?" exclaimed Charlotte, opening her brilliant black eyes very wide.

"Yes I have."

"You quiet sly-boots! You have never walked there and back?"

"I don't feel very tired. I have been resting with mamma for half an hour."

"And he's safe—Averil?" eagerly continued Charlotte.

"Quite safe. Remember his long friendship with Thomas Godolphin."

"Oh, my dear, men forget friendship when their pockets are in question," was the light remark of Charlotte. "You are *sure*, though, Averil's not deceiving you? I don't much think he is one to do a dirty trick of that sort, but I have lived long enough to learn that you must prove a man before you trust him."

"Lord Averil is not deceiving me," quietly answered Maria. "He has given me a message for my husband."

"Then there's no necessity for my going to him," said Charlotte.

"Let me drive you home, Mrs. George Godolphin. I am sure you are fatigued. I never saw any one change countenance as you do. A few minutes ago you looked vulgarly hot, and now you are pale enough for the grave. Step in. James, you must change to the back seat."

Step into that formidably high thing, and sit by Mrs. Charlotte

Pain's side, and dash through Prior's Ash! Maria wondered whether the gossips of Prior's Ash—who, as it seemed, had made so free with gay George's name—or Margery, would stare the most. She declined the invitation.

"You are afraid," cried Charlotte. "Well, it's a great misfortune, these timid temperaments, but I suppose they can't be cured. Kate Verrall's another coward: but she's not as bad as you. Toss me my parasol, James."

James handed his mistress a charming toy of pink moiré antique silk and point-lace, mounted on a handle of carved ivory. Charlotte put it up before her face, and turned to accompany Maria.

Maria put her parasol up before *her* face, thankful that it might serve to shield it, if only partially, from the curious eyes of Prior's Ash. Remembering the compliments that Prior's Ash had been kind enough to pass on her "simplicity," she would not exactly have chosen her present companion to walk through the streets with. Dame Bond, with her unsteady steps and her snuffy black gown, would have been preferable of the two.

"But," thought Maria in her generosity, striving to thrust that other unpleasant feeling down deep in her heart, to lose sight of it, "it is really kind of Mrs. Pain to be seen thus publicly with me. Other ladies would be ashamed of me now, I suppose."

They stepped on. Maria with her parasol so close to her face that there was a danger of her running against people; Charlotte turning herself from side to side, flirting the costly little pink toy as one flirts a fan, bowing and scraping to all she met. The dogs snarled and barked behind; the carriage pranced and curvetted by their side; the unhappy James having his hands full with the horses, which took a high standing, and refused to recognise any controlling mastership save that of Mrs. Charlotte Pain. Altogether, it was a more conspicuous progress than Maria would have chosen: but we are let in for greatness sometimes, you know, against our will. Thus they arrived at the bank, and Maria held out her hand to Charlotte. She *could* not be otherwise than courteous, no matter to whom.

"I am coming in," said Charlotte, bluntly. "Take care what you are about with the horses, James."

Maria led the way to the dining-room. All was as it used to be in that charming room; furniture, pictures, elegant trifles for show or for use; all was the same: save—that those things belonged not now to Maria and her husband, but were noted down as the property of others. Soon, soon to be put up for sale! Charlotte's rich moiré antique came to an anchor on a sofa, and she untied the string of the gendarme hat, and pushed it back on her head.

"I am going to leave Prior's Ash."

"To leave Prior's Ash!" repeated Maria. "When?"

"Within a week of this. Lady Godolphin's coming back to the Folly."

"But—Lady Godolphin cannot come back to it without giving you due notice to quit?" debated Maria.

"It's all arranged," said Charlotte, opening her mouth with a loud yawn. "Lady Godolphin wrote to Verrall, and the arrangements

have been agreed upon amicably. Lady Godolphin foregoes a certain portion of rent, and we go out immediately. I am very glad, do you know. I had made my mind up not to stay. As to the Verralls, it may be said that they virtually took leave of the Folly long ago. Uncommonly glad I shall be to leave it," repeated Charlotte, with emphasis.

"Why?"

"Who'd care to stay at Prior's Ash, after all this bother? You and George will be leaving it for London, you know—and I hope it won't be long first. You must make me useful up there, Mrs. George. I'll——"

"Who told you we were going to leave for London?" interrupted Maria, in astonishment.

"Nobody told me. But of course you will. Do you suppose George Godolphin will care to stop amongst this set? Not he. He'd see Prior's Ash promenading first. What tie has he here, now Ashlydyat's gone? Verrall talks of buying a hunting-box in Leicestershire."

"Does he," replied Maria, mechanically, her thoughts buried elsewhere.

"Buying or hiring one. I should hire; and then there's no bother if you want to make a fitting. But Verrall is one who takes nobody's counsel but his own. What a worry it will be!" added Charlotte, after a pause.

Maria raised her eyes. She did not understand the question.

"The packing up of the things at the Folly," explained Charlotte. "We begin to-morrow morning. I must be at the head of it, for it's of no use trusting that sort of work entirely to servants. Bon jour, petite coquette! Et les *poupées*?"

The diversion was caused by the flying entrance of Miss Meta. The young lady was not yet particularly well up in the Gallic language, and only half understood. She went straight up to Mrs. Pain, threw her soft, sweet eyes right into that lady's flashing black ones, rested her pretty arms upon the *moiré antique*, and spoke out with her accustomed boldness.

"Where are the dogs now?"

"Chained down in the pit-hole," responded Mrs. Pain.

"Margery says there is no pit-hole, and the dogs were not chained down," asserted Meta.

"Margery's nothing but an old woman: don't you believe her. If she tells stories again we'll chain her down with the dogs."

"Two of the dogs are outside," said Meta.

"Not the same dogs, child," returned Mrs. Pain, with cool equanimity. "They are street dogs, those are."

"They are with the carriage," persisted Meta. "They are barking round it."

"Are they barking? They can see Margery's face at the nursery window, and are frightened at it. Dogs always bark at ugly old women's faces. You tell Margery so."

"Margery's not ugly."

"You innocent little simpleton! She's ugly enough to frighten the crows."

How long the colloquy might have continued it is hard to say: certainly Meta would not be the one to give in: but it was interrupted by Margery herself. A note had just been delivered at the house for Mrs. George Godolphin, and Margery, who probably was glad of the excuse for entering, brought it in. She never looked at all towards Mrs. Pain; she came straight up to her mistress, apparently ignoring Charlotte's presence, but you should have seen the expression of her face. The coronet on the seal of the letter imparted a suspicion to Maria that it came from Lord Averil, and her heart sunk within her. Could he be withdrawing his promise of clemency?

"Who brought this?" she asked, in a subdued tone.

"A servant on horseback, ma'am."

Charlotte had started up, catching at her feathers, for Pierce was at the dining-room door now, saying that the horses were alarmingly restive. "Good afternoon, Mrs. George Godolphin," she called out, unceremoniously, as she hastened away. "I'll come and spend a quiet hour with you before I leave for town. Adieu, petite diablesse! I'd have you up to-morrow for a farewell visit, but that I'm afraid you might get nailed down with the furniture in some of the packing-cases."

Away she went. Meta was hastening after her, but was caught up by Margery with a gasp and a sob—as if she had been saving her from some imminent danger. Maria opened the letter with trembling fingers.

"MY DEAR MRS. GODOLPHIN,—It has occurred to me, since I parted from you, that you may wish to have the subject of our conversation confirmed in writing. I hereby assure you that I shall take no legal proceedings whatever against your husband on account of my lost bonds, and you may tell him from me that he need not, on that score, remain away from Prior's Ash.

"I hope you have reached home without too much fatigue.

"Believe me, ever sincerely yours,

"AVERIL."

"How kind he is!" burst involuntarily from Maria's lips.

The words were drowned in a noise outside. Charlotte had contrived to ascend to her seat in spite of the dancing horses. She stood up in the high carriage, as George Godolphin had once done at that same door, and by dint of strength and skill she subdued them to control. Turning their fiery heads, scattering the assembled multitude right and left, nodding pleasantly to the applause vouchsafed her, Mrs. Charlotte Pain and the turn-out disappeared with a clatter, amidst the rolling of wheels, the barking of dogs, and the intense admiration of the gaping populace.



## III.

## UNAVAILING REGRETS.

MISS GODOLPHIN sat at one of the windows facing the west in their home at Ashlydyat. Soon to be their home no more. Her cheek rested pensively on her fingers, as she thought—oh, with what bitterness!—of the grievous past. She had been universally ridiculed for paying heed to the superstitious traditions attaching to the house, and yet how strangely they appeared to be working themselves out. It had begun—Janet seemed to think the ruin had begun—with the departure of her father, Sir George, from Ashlydyat: and the tradition went that when the head of the Godolphins should voluntarily abandon Ashlydyat, the ruin would follow.

*Had Sir George's departure brought on the ruin—been the first end of the thread that led to it?* Janet was debating the question in her mind. That she was prone to indulge in superstitious fancies to a degree many would pronounce ridiculously absurd, cannot be denied: but in striving to solve that particular problem she was relinquishing the by-paths of the supernatural for the broad road of common sense. From the facts that were being brought to light by the bankruptcy, turning themselves up by degrees one after another, it was easy to see that George Godolphin had been seduced into a hornets' nest, and so been eased of his money. Whether the process had been summary or slow—whether he had walked into it head foremost in blind simplicity—or whether he had only succumbed to it under the most refined Machiavellian craft, brought subtly to bear upon him, was of no consequence to inquire. It is of no consequence to us. He had fallen into the hands of a company of swindlers, who ensnared their victims and transacted their business under the semblance of bill-discounting: and they had brought George to what he was.

Head and chief of this apparently reputable firm was Verrall: and Verrall, there was not a doubt, had been the chief agent in George Godolphin's undoing. But for Sir George Godolphin's quitting Ashlydyat and putting it up in the market to let, Verrall might never have come near Prior's Ash; never have met Mr. George Godolphin. In that case the chances were that Mr. George would have been a flourishing banker yet. Gay he would have been; needlessly extravagant; scattering his wild oats by the bushel—but not a man come to ruin and to beggary.

Janet Godolphin was right: it *was* the quitting of Ashlydyat by her father, and the consequent tenancy of Mr. Verrall, which had been the first link in the chain, terminating in George's disgrace, in their ruin.

She sat there, losing herself in regret after regret. "If my father had not left it!—if he had never married Mrs. Campbell!—if my own dear mother had not died!"—she lost herself, I say, in these regrets, bitter as they were vain.

How many of these useless regrets might embitter the lives of us all! How many do embitter them. If I had but done so-and-so!—if I had but taken the left turning when I took the right!—if I had but known what that man was from the first and shunned his acquaintance!—if I had but chosen that path in life instead of this one!

—if I had, in short, but done the precisely opposite to what I did do! Vain, vain repinings!—vain, useless, profitless repinings! The only plan is to keep them so far as possible from our hearts. If we could foresee the end of a thing at its beginning,—if we could buy a stock of experience at the onset of life,—if we could, in point of fact, become endowed with the light of divine wisdom, what different men and women the world would see!

But we cannot. We cannot undo the past. It is ours with all its folly, its short-sightedness, perhaps its guilt. Though we stretch out our yearning and pitiful hands to Heaven in their movement of agony—though we wail aloud our bitter cry, Lord, pardon me—heal me—help me!—though we beat on our remorseful bosom and tear away its flesh piecemeal in bitter repentance, we cannot undo the past. We cannot undo it. The past remains to us unaltered; and must remain so for ever.

Perhaps some idea of this kind, of the utter uselessness of these regrets—but no personal remorse attached to *her*—was making itself heard in the mind of Miss Godolphin, even through her grief. She had clasped her hands upon her bosom now, and bent her head downwards, completely lost in retrospect. One drop in the Godolphins' full cup of pain had been removed from it that day—the knowledge that Viscount Averil did not intend to institute criminal proceedings against George. When Thomas had returned home to dinner, he brought the news.

“Did you say Maria walked over to Colonel Max's?” Janet suddenly lifted her eyes to ask.

It was to Thomas that she spoke. He sat opposite to her at the other corner of the window. He, too, appeared to be buried in thought.

“Walked? Yes, she walked.”

“Imprudent!” was the short remark returned by Janet.

“She said it had not tired her. I think,” continued Thomas, “there are times when the mind is all predominant; when its emotions, whether of sorrow or of joy, are so intense that all bodily consciousness is lost, and fatigue is not felt. It was no doubt so to-day with Maria.”

Janet said no more. She rose presently to leave the room, and almost immediately afterwards Bexley appeared, showing in Lord Averil.

He hastened forward to prevent Thomas Godolphin's rising. Laying one hand upon his shoulder and the other on his hands, he pressed him down, and would not let him rise.

“How am I to thank you?” were the first words spoken by Thomas—in reference to the clemency shown to his brother.

“Hush!” said Lord Averil. “My dear friend, you are allowing these things to affect you more than they ought. I see the greatest change in you, even in this short time.”

The slanting rays of the declining sun were falling on the face of Thomas Godolphin, lighting up its fading vitality. The cheeks were thinner, the weak hair seemed scantier, the truthful grey eyes had acquired an habitual expression of pain. Lord Averil leaned over him and noted it all.

"Sit down," said Thomas, drawing the chair which had been occupied by Janet nearer to him.

Lord Averil accepted the invitation, but did not release the hand. "I understand you have been doubting me," he said. "You might have known me better. We have been friends a long while."

Thomas Godolphin only answered by a pressure of the hand he held. Old and familiar friends though they were, understanding each other's hearts almost, as these close friends should do, it was yet a most painful point to Thomas Godolphin. On the one side there was his brother's crime; on the other there was the loss of that large sum to Lord Averil. Thomas had to do battle with pain perpetually now: but there were moments when the conflict was nearer and sharper than at others. This was one.

They subsided into conversation: its theme, as was natural, the bankruptcy and its attendant details. Lord Averil found that Thomas was casting blame to himself.

"Why should you?" he asked, impulsively. "Is it not enough that the world should do so, without yourself endorsing it?"

A faint smile crossed Thomas Godolphin's face at the thoughtless admission spoken so openly: but he knew, none better, how great a share of blame was dealt out to him. "It is due," he observed to Lord Averil. "I ought not to have reposed trust so implicit in George. Things could not have come to this pass if I had not."

"If we cannot place implicit trust in a brother, in whom can we place it?"

"True. But, in my position as the trustee of others, I ought not to have *trusted* that things were going on right. I should have *known* that they were."

They went on to the future. Thomas spoke of the selling up of all things, of their turning out of Ashlydyat. "Is that decree irrevocable?" Lord Averil interrupted. "Must Ashlydyat be sold?"

Thomas was surprised at the question. It was so superfluous a one. "It will be sold very shortly," he said, "to the highest bidder. Any stranger who bids most will get Ashlydyat. I hope," he added, with a half start, as if the possibility occurred to him then for the first time, "that the man Verrall will not become a bidder for it—and get it! Lady Godolphin turns him from the Folly."

"Never fear," said Lord Averil. "He'll be only too glad to relieve Prior's Ash of his presence. Thomas, can nothing be done to the man? Your brother may have been a willing tool in his hands, but broad whispers are going about that it is Verrall who has reaped the harvest. Can no legal cognisance be taken of it?"

Thomas shook his head. "We may suspect a great deal—in fact, it is more than suspicion—but we can prove nothing. The man will rise up triumphant from it all and carry his head higher than ever. I hope, I say, that he will not think of Ashlydyat. They were in it once, you know."

"Why could not Ashlydyat be disposed of by private contract?—by valuation? It might be, if the assignees chose."

"Yes, I suppose it might be."

"I wish you would sell it to me," breathed Lord Averil.

"To you!" repeated Thomas Godolphin. "Ay, indeed. Were you to have Ashlydyat I should the less keenly regret its passing from the Godolphins."

Lord Averil paused. He appeared to want to say something, but to hesitate in doubt.

"Would it please you that one of the Godolphins should still inhabit it?" he asked at length.

"I do not understand you," replied Thomas. "There is no chance—I had almost said possibility—of a Godolphin henceforward inhabiting Ashlydyat."

"I hope and trust there is," said Lord Averil, with emotion. "If Ashlydyat is ever to be mine, I shall not care for it unless a Godolphin shares it with me. I speak of your sister Cecilia."

Thomas sat in calmness, waiting for more. Nothing could stir him greatly now. Lord Averil gave him the outline of the past. Of his love for Cecilia, and her rejection of him.

"There has been something," he continued, "in her manner of late, which has renewed hope within me—otherwise I should not be saying this to you now. Quite of late; since her rejection of me; I have observed what—what—I cannot describe it, Thomas," he broke off. "But I have determined to risk my fate once more. And you—you—loving Cecil as I do—you thought I could prosecute George!"

"But I did not know that you loved Cecil."

"I suppose not. It has seemed to me, though, that my love must have been patent to the world. You would give her to me, would you not?"

"Ay; thankfully," was the warm answer. "The thought of leaving Cecil unprotected has been one of my cares. Janet and Bessy are older and more experienced. Let me give you one consolation, Averil: that if Cecil has rejected you, she has rejected others. Janet has fancied she had some secret attachment. Can it have been to yourself?"

"If so, why should she have rejected me?"

"In truth I do not know. Cecil has seemed grievously unhappy since these troubles arose: almost like one who has no further hope in life. George's peril has told upon her."

"His peril?"

"From you."

Lord Averil bit his lip. "Cecil, above all others—unless it were yourself—might have known that he was safe."

A silence ensued. Lord Averil resumed: "There is one upon whom I fear these troubles are telling all too greatly, Thomas. And that is your brother's wife."

"May God comfort her!" was the involuntary answer that broke from the lips of Thomas Godolphin.

"Had I been ever so harshly inclined, I think the sight of her to-day would have disarmed me. No, no: had I never owned a friendship for you; had I never loved Cecil, there is certainly enough of evil, of cruel, unavoidable evil, which must fall with this calamity, without my adding to it."

"When I brought word home this afternoon that you were well disposed towards George—that he had nothing to fear from you, Cecil burst into tears."

A glow arose to Lord Averil's face. He looked out on the setting sun in silence. "Is your brother sent for?" he presently asked.

"Maria and I have both written for him now. I should think he will come. What is it, Bexley?"

"A message is come from Mrs. Pain, sir, about some of the fixtures at Lady Godolphin's Folly. Mrs. Pain wants to know if you have a list of them. She forgets which belong to the house, and which don't."

Thomas Godolphin said a word of apology to Lord Averil, and left the room. In the hall he met Cecil crossing to it. She went in, quite unconscious who was its inmate. He rose up to welcome her.

A momentary hesitation in her steps; a doubt whether she should not run away again, and then she recalled her senses and went forward.

She recalled what he had done that day for her brother; she went forward to thank him. But ere the thanks had well begun, they came to a summary end, for Cecil had burst into tears.

How it went on, and what was exactly said or done, neither of them could remember afterwards. A very few minutes, and Cecil's head was resting upon his shoulder, all the mistakes of the past cleared up between them.

She might not have confessed to him how long she had loved—all since that long past time when they were together at Mrs. Averil's—but for her dread lest he might fear that she was only accepting him now out of gratitude—gratitude for his noble behaviour to her erring brother. And so she told the truth: that she had loved him and only him all along.

"Cecil, my darling, what a long misery might have been spared me had I known this!"

Cecil looked down. Perhaps some might also have been spared to her. "It is not right that you should marry me now," she said.

"Why?"

"On account of this dreadful disgrace. George must have forgotten how it would fall upon——"

"Hush, Cecil! The disgrace, as I look upon it—as I believe all just people must look upon it—is confined to himself. It is, my darling. Not an iota of the respect due to Thomas by the world, of the consideration due to the Miss Godolphins, will be abated. Rely upon it I am right."

"But Thomas is being reflected upon daily; personally abused."

"By a few inconsiderate creditors, smarting just now under their loss. That will all pass away. If you could read my heart and see how happy you have made me, you would know how little cause you have to talk of the 'disgrace,' Cecil."

She was happy also, as she rested there against him; too happy.

"Would you like to live at Ashlydyat, Cecil? Thomas would rather we had it than that it should lapse to strangers. I should wish to buy it."

"Oh yes—if it could be."

"I dare say it can. Of course it can. Ashlydyat must be sold, and I shall be as welcome a purchaser as any other would be. If it must be put up to auction, I can be the highest bidder, but I dare say they will be glad to save the expense of an auction, and let me purchase it by private contract. I might purchase the furniture also, Cecil; all the old relics, that Sir George set so much store by—that Janet does still."

"If it could be!" she murmured.

"Indeed I think it may be. They will be glad to set a price upon it as it stands: look at the cost it will save. And, Cecil, we will drive away all the ghostly superstitions, and that ominous Shadow——"

Cecil lifted her face, an eager light upon it. "Janet says that the curse has been worked out with the ruin of the Godolphins: she thinks that the dark Shadow will never come any more."

"So much the better. We will have the Dark Plain dug up and made into a children's playground, and a summer-house for them shall be erected on the very spot which the Shadow has made its own. There may be children here some time, Cecil."

Cecil's eyelashes were bent on her hot cheeks. She did not raise them.

"If you liked—if you liked, Cecil, we might ask Janet and Bessy to retain their home," resumed Lord Averil, in his thoughtful consideration. "Ashlydyat is large enough."

"Their home is decided upon," said Cecil, shaking her head. "Bessy has promised to make hers at Lady Godolphin's Folly. Lady Godolphin exacted her promise to that effect, before she decided to return to it. I was to have gone also. Janet goes to Scotland. I am quite sure that this place has become too painful for Janet to remain in. She has an annuity, as perhaps you know; it was money left her by mamma's sister; so that she is independent, and can live where she pleases. But I am sure she will go to Scotland, as soon as—as soon as——"

"I understand you, Cecil. As soon as Thomas shall have passed away."

The tears were glistening in her eyes. "Do you not see a great change in him?"

"A very great one. Cecil, I should like him to give you to me. Will you waive ceremony, and be mine at once?"

"At once?" she repeated, stammering and looking at him.

"I mean in the course of a week or two: as soon as you can make it convenient. Surely we have waited long enough!"

"I will see," murmured Cecil. "When a little of this bustle, this disgrace, shall have passed away. Let it die out first."

A grave expression arose to Lord Averil's face. "It must not be very long first, Cecil: if you would be mine while your brother is in life."

"I will, I will; it shall be as you wish," she answered, the tears falling from her eyes. And before Lord Averil could make any rejoinder, she had hastily quitted him, and was standing against the window, stealthily drying her wet cheeks: for the door had opened to give entrance to Thomas Godolphin.

## RICHARD CROMWELL.

BY SIR NATHANIEL.

It is Mr. Hallam's remark, that the death of a great man, even in the most regular course of affairs, seems always to create a sort of pause in the movement of society; it being always a problem that can be solved only by experiment, whether the mechanism of government may not be disordered by the shock, or have been deprived of some of its moving powers. But what change, the historian exclaims, could be so great as that from Oliver Cromwell to his son! from one beneath the terror of whose name a nation had cowered and foreign princes grown pale, one trained in twenty eventful years of revolution, the first of his age in the field or in council, to a young man fresh from a country life, uneducated, unused to business, as little a statesman as a soldier, and endowed by nature with capacities by no means above the common?

"It seems to have been a mistake in Oliver that with the projects he had long formed in his eldest son's favour, he should have taken so little pains to fashion his mind and manners for the exercise of sovereign power, while he had placed the second in a very eminent and arduous station; or that, if he despaired of Richard's capacity, he should have trusted him to encounter those perils of disaffection and conspiracy which it had required all his own vigilance to avert. But, whatever might be his plans, the sudden illness which carried him from the world left no time for completing them."\*

*La mort renversa ses grands desseins*, as Voltaire says,—adding, *sa tyrannie, et la grandeur de l'Angleterre*. The "brilliant Frenchman," after observing that Richard succeeded Oliver in the Protectorate, *paisiblement et sans contradiction*, just as if it were a Prince of Wales succeeding a King of England, proceeds to say, that Richard made it clear how entirely the destiny of a State may sometimes depend on the character of one single man. Richard is then portrayed by Voltaire as possessing a turn of mind, *un génie*, directly contrary to that of Oliver Cromwell—all the mildness of civic virtues, and nothing whatever of that *intrépidité féroce* which sacrifices everything to its interests. "He might have preserved the heritage acquired by his father's toils, could he but have willed the death of some three or four leading officers in the army, who opposed his elevation. He preferred abdicating his post to reigning by means of assassinations; he lived privately, and even ignored, to the age of ninety† years, in the country of which he had been the sovereign for a few days.‡ After his abdication he travelled in France, where, as is well known, the Prince of Conti, brother to the Great Condé, one day said to him, at Montpellier, in ignorance of his person: 'Oliver Cromwell was a great man; but his son Richard is a pitiful wretch not to have known how to enjoy the fruits of his father's crimes.' Nevertheless," re-

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\* Constitutional History of England, vol. i. ch. x.

† Rather, eighty-six. He was born A.D. 1626, and died 1712.

‡ Rather, a few months.

fectively observes Voltaire, by way of conclusion, "this Richard lived happy, and his father never so much as knew what happiness was."\*

The moral import of which reflection appears to agree with King Henry's appeal to one of his remonstrant peers—

But, Clifford, tell me, didst thou never hear,—  
That things ill got had ever bad success?  
And happy always was it for that son  
Whose father for his hoarding went to hell?  
I'll leave my son my virtuous deeds behind;  
And 'would my father had left me no more!  
For all the rest is held at such a rate,  
As brings a thousand-fold more care to keep,  
Than in possession any jot of pleasure.†

Lord Macaulay, in one of his historical essays, had said, that when Oliver went down to his grave "in the fulness of power and fame," he left to his son an authority which any man of ordinary firmness and prudence could have retained; and that, "but for the weakness of that foolish Ishbosheth," we might now be living under the government of his Highness Oliver the Fifth or Richard the Fourth, Protector, by the grace of God, of the Commonwealth of England, Scotland, and Ireland, and the dominions thereto belonging.‡ (The Old Testament appellation, apt and appropriate enough, is of course suggested by Dryden's couplet, about those who

—when Saul was dead, without a blow  
Made foolish Ishboaheth the crown forego.§)

In his History, Macaulay recurs to the question, as a vexed one, whether, as some allege, Oliver really died at a time fortunate for his renown, since his life, if prolonged, would probably have closed amidst disgraces and disasters. The noble historian is quite otherwise minded; but, discarding speculation, he at any rate insists on the significant fact, that Cromwell was, to the last, honoured by his soldiers, obeyed by the whole population of the British islands, and dreaded by all foreign powers; that he was laid among the ancient sovereigns of England with funeral pomp such as London had never before seen; and that he was succeeded by his son Richard as quietly—and here Macaulay adopts the expression we have cited from Voltaire—"as quietly as any King had ever been succeeded by any Prince of Wales." But as the general tone of the dashing essayist is subdued in the pages of the better-equipped and more sober-paced historian, so Richard is less disdainfully treated in the History than in the Essay. During five months, the administration of the new Protector is described in the History as going on so tranquilly and regularly that all Europe believed him to be firmly established on the chair of state. "In truth, his situation was in some respects much more advantageous than that of his father. The young man had made no enemy. His hands were unstained by civil blood. The Cavaliers themselves allowed him to be an honest, good-natured gentleman. The Presby-

\* *Siècle de Louis XIV.*, ch. vi.

† Third Part of King Henry VI., Act II. Sc. 2.

‡ See Macaulay's *Essays*, vol. i. p. 186. Fourth edit.

§ *Abraham and Achitophel*, part I.



terian party, powerful both in numbers and in wealth, had been at deadly feud with the late Protector, but was disposed to regard the present Protector with favour. That party had always been desirous to see the old civil polity of the realm restored with some clearer definitions and some stronger safeguards for public liberty, but had many reasons for dreading the restoration of the old family.

"Richard was the very man for politicians of this description. His humanity, ingenuousness, and modesty, the mediocrity of his abilities, and the docility with which he submitted to the guidance of persons wiser than himself, admirably qualified him to be the head of a limited monarchy."<sup>\*</sup>

To the same effect, and almost in the same terms, a very able reviewer of M. Guizot's biography, pronounces Richard Cromwell "the model of a constitutional monarch." He was willing, the reviewer observes, in proof of this allegation, to be guided by counsellors of worth and experience—he hesitated to overstep the boundary of law—he only asked to do his duty in his station. These are virtues, it is added, but the virtues that the time required were more akin to vices. The danger that threatened him from the first, at last overtook him—he was deposed by the generals of the army. But he was forewarned that this obstacle lay in his path, and that he must get rid of it if he wished to govern; and means were pointed out to him by which he might easily secure himself. Lord Howard urged him to take his enemies by surprise, and offered to rid him of them. Ingoldsby declared he would be personally responsible for the removal of Lambert. But Richard was not to be persuaded—he was too good a man to effect a *coup d'état*. "I have never done anybody any harm," he said, "and I never will. I will not have a drop of blood shed for the perservation of my greatness, which is a burden to me." He wanted energy; he thought a thing was wrong, and would not do it; he preferred to be innocent, and the consequence was, that in three days he had ceased to govern. Monk, on the other hand, saw what was to be done for the benefit both of his country and himself. "Both Richard Cromwell and Monk had to choose between the same alternative—either anarchy and innocence, or political order and a crime. Monk chose the last; and if we are not to blame him, we may at any rate," adds the reviewer, in favour of M. Guizot, "be glad to follow a writer who sees that there is something to be said for the other side of the alternative, and that there may possibly be sins which the merit of restoring order will scarcely cover."<sup>†</sup> For it is recognised as a distinctive merit in M. Guizot—what may be said to be conspicuous by its absence in so many contemporary historians—that he acknowledges in individuals an existence, a responsibility, a title to blame or praise, apart from the history in which they appear as actors or sufferers; that he does not bow down before the idol of destiny, and treat the unsuccessful as being necessarily either foolish or wicked.

As wicked it would be neither easy nor profitable to treat Richard Cromwell. Some may deary an approximating tendency to such treat-

<sup>\*</sup> Macaulay, History of England, vol. i. p. 139.. Ninth edit.

<sup>†</sup> *Saturday Review*, April 12, 1856.—It is needless to remark on the bearing this passage has, and is meant to have, on France and 1851.

ment, in what M. Charles intimates of debt and voluptuous living. "Mais ce que l'histoire n'a pas dit, ce Richard était pauvre, il avait des dettes, il ne tenait à rien, il n'avait pas manié l'épée. Sa vie s'était passée voluptueusement et humblement; à peine eut-on besoin de le pousser; il tomba de lui-même."\* *Ce que l'histoire n'a pas dit*, as to Richard's debts, is surely not quite accurate—his embarrassed circumstances, and consequent appeals to Parliament, being one of history's common-places. On authority, however, the most impartial, it is stated, and it must be allowed, that while living on his estate at Hursley, Richard's existence had been that of an "idle, jovial, and somewhat licentious country squire," very fond of horses and hunting, on intimate terms with the gentlemen of the neighbourhood, nearly all of whom were Cavaliers, disposed to adopt their opinions as freely as he shared in their pleasures, and sometimes drinking with them to the health of "their landlord," as they termed the King;—so that, in fact, he was regarded by the Royalist party as almost one of themselves, and they were not without hope that, if he at any time attained the chief power in the State, he would use it to restore the Crown to its legitimate owner. Even when he had come to London, we are told, and taken his place in the Court at Whitehall, he remained what he had been at home in the country, addicted to his own tastes, inattentive to public affairs, and friendly to the Cavaliers, to whom, in their trials, he frequently lent sincere though unavailing support. But these efforts proceeded rather from the good nature of a boon companion than from any serious political intention or positive disinterestedness. A man of timid, vacillating, and undecided character, with no religious or political convictions or passions, Richard complacently accepted the good fortune which he inherited from his father, though he had never reckoned upon it, and was no more disposed to sacrifice it than capable of achieving it. It would even appear that, during his father's lifetime, and in the chambers of Whitehall, he had stated what the character of his Government should be, after the storms of the preceding administration—"a golden mediocrity between a topping head and a filthy tail."†

Granting him, however, to have led ever so free-and-easy a life as a country squire,—still, as Protector, and for the long residue of his years, Richard is written good man by common consent. Lucy Hutchinson, who declares him destitute of a spirit fit to succeed his father, or to manage such a perplexed government, designates him personally "a meek, temperate, and quiet man."‡ Sir James Stephen, describing the patron Baxter found in "His Highness, Richard, Lord Protector," characterises the latter as "that wise and amiable man."§ Lord Macaulay recognises in him rare qualities of "simplicity and meekness,"|| that were, however, just the qualities not required by the conjuncture.

But, that Richard *was* "foolish," is as generally agreed, as that he was not "wicked." Mr. Hallam is of opinion that his misfortune has subjected him to rather an exaggerated charge of gross incapacity, and

\* Le Dix-huitième Siècle en Angleterre, p. 17.

† Guizot, Hist. of Richard Cromwell, book i.

‡ Memoirs of Colonel Hutchinson, *sub anno* 1658.

§ Life and Times of Richard Baxter, *Ed. Rev.*, Oct., 1839.

|| Hist. of Engl., I.

that he would probably, had time been allowed him, have reigned as well as most of those who are born in the purple.\* His conduct is more than once commended in the correspondence of Thurlow; and, in fact, affirms our Constitutional Historian, "he did nothing amiss during his short administration." Macaulay, again, thinks it may well be doubted whether Richard could have triumphed over the coalition, against him, of the military malcontents and the republican minority of the House of Commons, even if he had inherited his father's clear judgment and iron courage. Being signally deficient in these indispensable conditions to success, he "fell ingloriously, and without a struggle;"—and the exaggeration of his incapacity was probably inevitable, considering the depth and manner of his fall, and whose son and heir he was that so fell. From Oliver to Richard, thought the subjects of the one and satirists of the other—the transition was too absurd. It was the one step from the sublime to the ridiculous. Oliver had been hated, conspired against, menaced, denounced, but always dreaded.

Next him, his son, and heir apparent  
Succeeded, though a lame vicegerent,  
Who first laid by the parliament,  
The only crutch on which he leant,  
And then sunk underneath the state,  
That rode him above horseman's weight.†

Not Butler's only fling at the ex-Protector; for, besides the ballad lines attributed to him, though appropriated by another, and which are almost verbally identical with what precedes,—

What's worse, old Noll is marching off,  
And Dick, his heir apparent,  
Succeeds him in the government,  
A very lame vicegerent;‡—

there is supposed to be a palpable hit at him in an earlier canto of *Hudibras*:

So have I seen, with armed heel,  
A wight bestride a Common-weal,  
While still the more he kick'd and spurr'd,  
The less the sullen jade has stirr'd.§

When a similar metaphor, the commentators remark, was applied to Oliver, the "steeds," instead of being "sullen," were generally made to rear and plunge, as in the following lines of one of the royalist ballads:

But Nol, a rank rider, gets first in the saddle,  
And made her show tricks, and curvet, and rebound;  
She quickly perceived he rode widdle-waddle,  
And, like his coach-horses, threw his highness to ground.||  
Then Dick, being lame, rode holding by the pommel,  
Not having the wit to get hold of the rein;  
But the jade did so snort at the sight of a Cromwell,  
That poor Dick and his kindred turned footmen again.¶

\* *Constit. Hist.*, I. c. x.

† *Hudibras*, part iii. canto ii.

‡ *Tale of the Cobbler and Vicar of Bray*.

§ *Hudibras*, part i. canto i.

|| This incident actually occurred on one occasion when Cromwell was driving his own coach.

¶ *Cf. Bell's Annot. ed. of Butler*, vol. i. p. 81; vol. ii. p. 130.

We have seen Mistress Lucy Hutchinson speaking respectfully enough of Richard's meek and quiet spirit; but when she comes to deal with his demission, she almost adopts the style of his busy mockers. She countenances the report that "Richard himself was compounded with, to have resigned the place that was too great for him;" adding, "certain it is that his poor spirit was likely enough to do any such thing." And then, "The army, perceiving they had set up a wretch who durst not reign," &c. &c.\* And so posterity has been apt to stigmatise him, pretty nearly in the language of Swift, as a "weak, ignorant wretch, who gave up his monarchy much in the same manner with the two usurping kings of Brentford [in the *Rehearsal*]."† Voltaire's version of the Prince of Conti's conference with the ex-Protector is so tame and spiritless and attenuated a thing in comparison with Clarendon's, that although the former has been quoted already, the latter deserves a place in the record. "Well," said the prince, "Oliver, though he was a traitor and a villain, was a brave fellow, had great parts, great courage, and was worthy to command: but that Richard, that coxcomb, *coquin*, *poltron*, was surely the basest fellow alive. What is become of that fool? [*le voici, monseigneur!*] how was it possible he could be such a sot?"‡ O Richard, O *mon Roi!* that *might* have been,

Thou wast no Atlas for so great a weight :§

or wast, as modern slang has it, not strong enough for the place.

Earl Stanhope, in one of his historical essays in the *Quarterly*, has said of James the Second, that he was mindful of the feebleness and degradation of Richard Cromwell, and thought power was to be maintained only by its despotic exercise. Richard, on the other hand, his lordship describes as looking to the fate of Charles the First as a warning: resolving not to cling to his prerogatives too firmly, "he held them, on the contrary, with so loose a grasp, and showed such readiness to yield, as first to excite contempt, then to invite attack, and, at last, to show how short is the interval for rulers between public contempt and dethronement."|| One can fancy some such fluctuation, or conflict, of moods and self-questionings, to have passed in Richard's mind as the poet describes in his Earl Yniol:

And I myself sometimes despise myself;  
For I have let men be, and have their way;  
Am much too gentle, have not used my power:  
Nor know I whether I be very base  
Or very manful, whether very wise  
Or very foolish; only this I know,  
That whatsoever evil happen to me,  
I seem to suffer nothing heart or limb,  
But can endure it all most patiently.¶

At the same time there is too great a readiness to assume that the Protector resigned the Protectorate without moving so much as tongue,

\* Memoirs of Colonel Hutchinson.

† Swift's Prose Works, *The Presbyterians' Plea of Merit*, 1731.

‡ Clarendon, *Hist. Rebel.*, book xvi.

§ Third Part of King Henry VI., Act. V. Sc. 1.

|| Historical Essays, by Lord Mahon, p. 291.

¶ Tennyson, *Idylls of the King: Enid*.

or little finger, to help himself. But, as Guizot observes, a man will always struggle to avoid losing the supreme power, even though he may not have either sense or courage to maintain himself in possession of it. And Richard, though almost a prisoner and next to a nonentity in Whitehall, continued to cherish prospects and hopes of retaining his Protectorate. What though all England were as good as saying to him,

But thee, or fear deters, or sloth detains;  
No drop of all thy father warms thy veins.\*

A faint tingle of the paternal heat was felt, and made itself felt, when matters came to an extremity; and he would let the world know that neither one pull in this direction, nor one push in that, should suffice to oust him from his seat.

Accordingly, when the Parliament deputed Haslerig to give him orders to leave the palace, Richard "received both the message and the messenger with disdainful hauteur." On the other hand, we are told that he listened favourably to the suggestions of the Cavaliers, who were secretly most assiduous in their negotiations with him, and who urged him to write to his brother Henry in Ireland, to Lockhart at Dunkirk, and to Montague, the commander of the Baltic fleet; and by informing them of his own adoption of the Royal cause, to persuade them to bring their ships and troops to Portsmouth, where Colonel Norton should be waiting to receive them. "Richard promised to write as required, on condition that an annual income of twenty thousand pounds and a large estate were secured to him. He was even, it is said, on the point of going on board ship to join the fleet, and to place it, under his own command, at the King's disposal. At the same time, he received positive and explicit offers of service from Mazarin." All these propositions, though long pending, proved eventually futile;† Thurloe did not reject the offers of Mazarin, but asked for time to discuss them with the Protector. Richard refused to sign the letters which had been prepared in reliance on his promise; but no sooner had he done so, than he bitterly reproached himself for his pusillanimity, and volunteered to enter into new engagements for the King's service.‡

By the Parliament, says M. Guizot, "Richard was treated with some harshness,—but it must be confessed that he manifested a reluctance to leave Whitehall, which, though perhaps necessary to his safety, was certainly undignified as regarded himself, and offensive to his conquerors." He stickled for pecuniary conditions, haggled about estimates, and harped like old Trapbois himself upon the "base string" of a con-sid-e-ra-tion. Again and again the acting Committee, having advanced him a sum for "present occasions," requested him to leave Whitehall. "But Richard still remained there, either from a weak-minded unwillingness to tear himself from the last relics of his former greatness, or because his palace was his only asylum against the creditors who were incessantly demanding of him, not only the payment of his own debts, but the balance which still remained due of the expenses of his father's funeral.

"Six weeks elapsed before the House, on the report of Haslerig, re-

\* Pope's *Homer*, *Iliad*, V. 1007-8.

† See Guizot, I. 141 *seq.*

‡ Clarendon's *State Papers*; Ludlow's *Memoirs*; Bordeaux to Mazarin. (Guizot, I. 143.)

sumed the consideration of the question, referred it to a special committee to inquire how much still remained due for funeral expenses, and to provide for the payment of the same by the Commonwealth; exempted Richard from all arrest for any debt whatsoever, during six months; and peremptorily required him to remove from Whitehall within six days. Thus freed from apprehension as to his personal liberty, Richard obeyed. While his servants were packing up his goods, he gave them strict orders to be very careful of two old trunks that stood in his wardrobe; one of his friends asked him what they contained, that he was so careful of them. 'Why,' he replied, 'nothing less than the lives and fortunes of all the good people of England.' The two chests were filled with the addresses which, at his accession, had been sent to him from all quarters, placing at his disposal the lives and fortunes of the whole nation, whose safety, they said, depended upon his government."<sup>\*</sup>

It was to Hampton Court that Richard betook himself, on leaving Whitehall; and there he awaited the further "pleasure" of Parliament. Grants to a liberal amount were nominally voted to him, and his father's debts were undertaken by the Commonwealth. But so small a portion of the money was paid, that Richard was still under apprehension of arrest for debt. "To leave England was his only method of escape from them, and accordingly he resided sometimes in Geneva, and sometimes at Paris. At length he ventured to return to this country: a house was hired for him at Cheshunt, where at first he concealed himself under a feigned name, and continued to live in strict privacy, until the year 1712, when he died in his eighty-sixth year." Two only of his nine children survived him. His marriage had taken place sixty-five years ago, when Dorothy Major, of a good Hampshire family—herself well endowed with worldly goods, and with those other-world virtues that this world giveth not—became young Richard's leal and loving wife.

They should never have quitted their happy Hursley home. At Hursley, Richard could breathe freely, and laugh cheerily. There the lines were fallen to him in pleasant places; there he had a goodly heritage.

Why startle and scare the country squire by haling him from fallows grey, and hounds and horn, and the fireside and Dorothy, to make him M.P. for Monmouth county, and appoint him First Lord of Trade and Navigation, and then again elect him knight of the shire of Hants, and next have him to succeed his father in the Chancellorship of Oxford, and then—unkindest cut of all—actually create him Lord Protector, in that father's room and stead?

A French critic has remarked, of quite another type of Englishman, that "*il eut été, comme la plupart des fils, désolé de ressembler à son père.*"<sup>†</sup> Reluctant as *ce bonhomme Richard* might be, when it came to the last, to evacuate Whitehall—it was in the nature of him to have been *désolé* if condemned to pass his life there.

Your grace hath still been famed for virtuous;  
And now may seem as wise as virtuous,  
By spying, and avoiding, fortune's malice,  
But few men rightly temper with the stars :‡

<sup>\*</sup> Guizot, I. 174 *sq.*

<sup>†</sup> *Études Humoristiques*, par M. Philarète Chasles, p. 250.

<sup>‡</sup> Third Part of King Henry VI., Act IV. Sc. 6.

and though the constitutional bias of his temperament, and the cherished habits of his life, marked him out for leisurely retirement, it is a thousand pities to see his vacillations and self-contradictions while a chance of retaining the supremacy remained, and even when a vague chance of regaining it offered.

For instance, in the October after the army's expulsion of the Parliament, when a Committee of Safety was sitting, and all things in confusion worse confounded—in a sort of despair of any better deliverance, the idea was half-hazardously mooted, and for the moment entertained, of making Richard Cromwell Protector once again; who, with what M. Guizot calls "his usual readiness to accede to anything that was suggested to him,"\* came to London on the 26th of that month, under the escort of three squadrons of cavalry. But the proposition was rejected—by only a few votes, it is said—in the general council of officers; and Richard returned to Hampton Court, to await further instructions. He was wistful, wishful, yet had no will of his own. He would; and he would not. He had not even the passive resolve of that proverbially weak sovereign who could, at any rate, make his mind up to say, in pronouncing his own *demission*,

Therefore, that I may conquer fortune's spite,  
By living low, where fortune cannot hurt me;  
And that the people of this blessed land  
May not be punish'd with my thwarting stars,  
. . . . I here resign my government.†

Let us take a peep, through Mr. Pepys's peep-show, at Richard Cromwell a little before and shortly after his expatriation—as he appeared on the eve of his final *exeat*, and on the morrow—*à parte antè*, and *à parte post*.

It is the seventeenth of January, 1659, old style; and Mr. Pepys, in a flutter of excitement at the critical state of the times, has been to Miles's Coffee Club, and heard very good discourse; and thence to Westminster, where he drinks in news by the gallon. "At Harper's, Jack Price told me, among other things, how much the Protector is altered, though he would seem to bear out his trouble very well, yet he is scarce able to talk sense with a man; and how he will say that, 'Who should a man trust, if he may not trust to a brother and an uncle;' and, 'how much those men have to answer before God Almighty, for their playing the knave with him as they did.' He told me also that there was 100,000*l.* offered, and would have been taken, for his restitution, had not the Parliament come in as they did again; and that he [Jack Price] do believe that the Protector will live to give a testimony of his valour and revenge yet before he dies, and that the Protector will say so himself sometimes."‡ By "a brother," Richard seems to have meant, not his own brother, the energetic Henry—who would probably have made a very different Lord Protector,§ at least far from an *indifferent* one,—but Fleetwood, Lord

\* Guizot, II. 25.

† Pepys's Diary, vol. i., Jan. 17, 1659-60.

‡ Leigh Hunt makes one of Cromwell's married daughters, in Restoration times, thus allude to this question: "As for my dear father (for he is not a man to be called poor, dead or alive), it was his opinion, depend upon it, that affairs

† King Henry VI., *ubi supra*.

Deputy of Ireland, who became Oliver's son-in-law by wedding Ireton's widow;—and by "an uncle," General Desborough, who was Cromwell's brother-in-law. Both these near "connexions" played a double game—*hinc illæ lachrymæ* on Richard's part, in the Pepysian paragraph foregoing.

But keep moving. It is now the second of March; and Mr. Pepys is in Westminster Hall, listening with all his ears (for surely he had more than two?). "Great is the talk of a single person, and that it would now be Charles, George, or Richard again; for the last of which my Lord St. John is said to speak high."<sup>\*</sup> Charles Stuart, George Monk, and Richard Cromwell, being the triad of candidates for monarchy here nominated. Again, next day. Samuel is to Westminster Hall again, and, returning, meets "with Tom Harper [like Jack Price, apparently, a quidnunc of omniumgatherum omniscience]; he talked huge high that my Lord Protector would come in place again, which indeed is much discoursed of again, though I do not see it possible."<sup>†</sup>

By the time Mr. Pepys has next occasion to touch on the ex-Protector, the King has enjoyed his own again, for something like three weeks. Samuel is gone to Whitehall, in His Majesty's absence, and there "my Lord [Sandwich] and I [both Admiralty officials, with a difference,] walked a great while, discoursing of the simplicity of the Protector, in his losing all that his father had left him. My Lord told me, that the last words that he parted with the Protector with (when he went to the Sound), were, that he should rejoice more to see him in his grave at his return home, than that he should give way to such things as were then in hatching, and afterwards did ruin him: and that the Protector said, that whatever G. Montague, my Lord Broghill [Roger Boyle], Jones, and the Secretary [Thurloe], would have him to do, he would do it, be it what it would."<sup>‡</sup>

Four years pass—how swiftly! for will not fourscore summers, when they're gone, all appear as short as one?—and Mr. Pepys is off on a day's excursion to Brampton; and on the road, he comes across "Mr. White, Cromwell's chaplain that was," and has a deal of discourse with him. "Among others, he tells me that Richard is, and hath long been, in France, and is now going into Italy. He [White] owns publicly that he do correspond with him, and return him all his money. That Richard hath been in some straits in the beginning, but relieved by his friends. That he goes by another name, but do not disguise himself, nor deny himself to any man that challenges him."<sup>§</sup> It would have spared poor Richard's feelings at the time, and those of *son Altesse* a couple of days after, when the secret came out, had the Prince of Conti (of whom in a single sketch we have given a twice-told tale) been prompted beforehand to "challenge" the refugee *Anglais*, or ever he, unwittingly, called him coward, dastard, and caittiff, to his face.

One other hasty glimpse, and we will close our account with Mr.

could happen no otherwise, when he was gone. Henry (her second brother), perhaps, might have done something; but to what purpose? When a great man is gone, great measures alone can succeed him."—*Memoirs of Sir Ralph Esher*, vol. ii. ch. v.

\* Pepys, March 2, 1659-60.

† Id., June 21, 1660.

‡ Id., March 8.

§ Id., Oct. 13, 1664.



Pepys. It is the *Annus Mirabilis*. Samuel has taken home an excellent gossip, one Mistress Hunt, to dinner; and the table-talk consists of "good discourse of the old matters of the Protector and his family, she having a relation to them. The Protector lives in France: spends about 500*l*. per annum."\* Six years of Restoration experience have not made Mr. Pepys cease to call Richard (at least in cypher) The Protector.

Mr. Landor declares it to be wonderful that any critic should be so stupid as a dozen or two of them have proved themselves to be, in applying to Christina of Sweden these lines of Oliver Cromwell's sometime Secretary, blind old Milton:

— To give a kingdom hath been thought  
Greater and nobler done, and to lay down  
Far more magnanimous, than to assume.  
Riches are needless, then, &c.†

Whether Milton had written this before or after the abdication of Richard Cromwell, to him Mr. Landor pronounces them, in either case, equally applicable. For, whereas Christina took with her to Rome prodigious wealth, and impoverished Sweden by the pension she exacted; Richard Cromwell "did retire not only from sovereignty but from riches."‡ Not too literally so, however; considering the number and importunity of the poor man's duns, and his own prevailing panic on the subject of an arrest.

In one of the earliest, and not least finished and artistic, of Sir Edward Lytton's long series of fictions, the hero, Morton Devereux, stops the runaway pony of an old gentleman, "in a kind of low chaise," who, on recovery from his alarm—for he can't hold a tight rein, it seems—invites the courteous stranger to accompany him home. The invitation is accepted; and as they jog along together, the old gentleman apostrophises his pony: "Poor Bob, like thy betters, thou knowest the weak hand from the strong; and when thou art not held in by power, thou wilt chafe against love; so that thou renewest in my mind its favourite maxim, viz. 'The only preventative to rebellion is restraint.'" Need it be said, the old gentleman is Richard Cromwell?—The house to which he conveys his new friend is "of moderate size, and rather antique fashion"—and limping (for he is "rather lame, and otherwise infirm") across a small hall, he leads the way into a long, low room, over the chimney-piece in which glooms a miniature of Oliver,—while books are scattered about, in that confusion and number which show that they have become to their owner both the choicest luxury and the least dispensable necessary. At dinner, the chance-met twain talk principally upon books, and Devereux observes that those which his host seems to know the best "were of the elegant and poetical order of philosophers, who, more fascinating than deep, preach up the blessings of a solitude which is useless, and a content, which, deprived of passion, excitement, and energy, would, if it could ever exist, only be a dignified name for vegetation." After a while, the octogenarian recluse, in the course of colloquy, tells his

\* Pepys, vol. ii., April 8, 1666.

† *Paradise Regained*, book ii.

‡ *Imaginary Conversations*: Southey and Landor, No. 2.

guest: "You will smile incredulously, perhaps (for I see you do not know who I am), when I tell you that I might once have been a monarch, and that obscurity seemed to me more enviable than empire; I resigned the occasion: the tide of fortune rolled onward, and left me safe, but solitary and forsaken, upon the dry land. If you wonder at my choice, you will wonder still more when I tell you that I have never repented it." Devereux is eager to know *who* his host can possibly be. The old gentleman defers telling him until they part; "and you will then know that you have conversed with a man, perhaps more universally neglected and contemned than any of his contemporaries.

"Yes," he continued, "yes, I resigned power, and I got no praise for my moderation, but contempt for my folly; no human being would believe that I could have relinquished that treasure through a disregard for its possession which others would only have relinquished through an incapacity to retain it; and that which, had they seen it recorded in an ancient history, men would have regarded as the height of philosophy, they despised when acted under their eyes, as the extremest abasement of imbecility. Yet I compare my lot with that of the great man whom I was expected to equal in ambition, and to whose grandeur I might have succeeded; and am convinced that in this retreat I am more to be envied than he in the plenitude of his power, and the height of his renown."\*

At parting, according to promise, the sententious sage puts into Morton's hand a note, which he is not to read until two miles away. At that distance, the young man opens and reads the paper—which assumes that it may hereafter afford him a matter for reflection, or a resting-spot for a moral, to remember that he has seen, in old age and obscurity, the son of One who shook an empire, avenged a people, and obtained a throne, only to be the victim of his own passions and the dupe of his own reason. Again, therefore, the recluse puts the query, was the fate of the great Protector fairer than that of the despised and forgotten (signed) Richard Cromwell?

All this is Richard's *ex parte* presentment of his cause,—and an imaginary Richard's, too. So far, however, in doing himself justice, this imaginary Richard does mankind some injustice, in affirming their incapacity to regard him as other than a foiled and baffled fool. Only the other day it was with Richard Cromwell for his text, that a reviewer, of eminence, remarked on the period he lived in, as one specially perplexing to those who would distinguish moral worth from success; for it seems to have been one of those unfortunate crises when success was impossible to those who only regarded what it was right for them, as individuals, to do.

As from fiction we have caught one glimpse of the ex-Protector, at the close of his life's long pilgrimage, so let us seize one other, from the known facts of his real life. Some lawsuit of importance, as Scott tells the story, required that Richard Cromwell should appear in the Court of King's Bench. The judge who presided showed a generous deference to fallen greatness, and to the mutability of human affairs. He received with respect the man who had been once Sovereign of England, caused a chair to be placed for him within the bar, and requested him to be covered. When the counsel on the opposite side began his speech, as if

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\* Devereux, book iii. ch. iv.

about to allude to Richard's descent from the obnoxious Oliver, the judge checked him with generous independence. "I will hear nothing on that topic, sir," he said: "speak to the merits of the cause before us." After his appearance in court, Richard Cromwell's curiosity carried him to the House of Peers, where he stood below the bar, looking around him, and making observations on the alterations which he saw. A person who heard a decent-looking old man speaking in this way, said to him, civilly, "It is probably a long while, sir, since you have been in this house?"—"Not since I sat in that chair," answered the old gentleman, pointing to the throne, on which he had been, indeed, as Sir Walter adds,\* seated as sovereign, when, more than fifty years before, he received the addresses of both Houses of Parliament, on his succeeding to his father in the supreme power.

Shade of his father! couldst *thou* have seen, and spoken, might not thy thoughts have taken the shape once expressed by one who so often, at thy dictation, expressed thine own:

Thou com'st indeed,  
As a poor miserable captive thrall  
Comes to the place where he before had sat  
Among the prime in splendour, now deposed,  
Ejected, emptied, gazed, unpitied, shunn'd,  
A spectacle of ruin, or of scorn!†

### THE FIRST TEMPTATION.‡

THE portion of society which has no idea of reading beyond that of amusement—and we are inclined to think it is nineteen-twentieths of all who read in the present day—that portion of society expects those who cater for it to keep up the supply. Variety is the main point, no matter at what expense of nature or truth. With the boasted diffusion of the power of reading, the subject is grown to be of far inferior importance to what it was formerly. It is not wonderful, therefore, that fiction should be applied to purposes of a nature which before rarely took that form, either for the object of indirect oburgation or direct satire, whichever the reader may be pleased to denominate it.

The present translation from the German is an attack, the nature of which cannot be misunderstood, upon that doctrine which has recently been propagated in Germany by Hegel, Strauss, and their followers. Their publications have been circulated here in an indirect manner, which we regret. Some say that there is a fear among publishers of contravening established opinions, on account of the law. We are of those who know that the booksellers—according to the French jest, being "the

\* History of Scotland.

† Paradise Regained, book i.

‡ The First Temptation; or, Eritis sicut Deus. A Philosophical Romance. From the German. Three Vols. Newby.

only traders who do not know the goods in which they deal"—may now and then become subject to statutes that disgrace a free people. No country is free where all opinions may not be published as well as spoken, unless they are *contra bonos mores*. Opinion freely spoken is a useful right, and the conservative nature of truth is so great, and the detection of erroneous opinion so certain, that no ultimate harm can arise from the use of that natural freedom in writing, which is no other than recorded speech. The reverse mode of dealing that makes a lawyer on the bench, who knows nothing but his profession, the judge of truth, either in religion, science, or art, or anything similar that is not tangible fact, is not only unjust, but it increases the evil it seeks to remove, for the work will still have a clandestine circulation, and its injurious consequences be increased tenfold.

We make these preliminary remarks, because we are informed that the doctrines of Hegel, Strauss, and others, which several publishers, out of fear, have declined to place on their counters, have been circulated largely in the cheap way among the population of our towns. They have, in consequence, never been refuted, but suffered to spread their wild and pernicious notions. However undefined these may be, their indefinite character and want of distinctness are recommendations to vulgar minds. It is the want of clear noonday demonstration that makes the spirit-seers and table-rappers of the present hour "such heralds" of wisdom to the undiscerning and credulous. It is not to be expected that the ministers of religion of any denomination, or any literary men who credit the principles of the founder of our faith, should come forth to answer what in German cant phraseology is called a "myth." To our public it would seem fighting the air. Those alone would comprehend the replication who had perused the "*Leben Jesu*," latently circulated, upon whom, probably, it had the advantage of producing an incontrovertible impression, or at least raising injurious doubts. Such, in fact, is the result of all repression and persecution for opinion's sake, however eager ecclesiastics have been to procure that species of refutation in behalf of their own idleness or incapacity; but we must put our readers in possession of the topic to which we are alluding—to that which is, in fact, the cause of the novel being written to which we are making reference.

Professor Hegel, of Berlin, who died in 1831, founded a school, or, rather, promulgated a system, to which he gave the denomination of the "*Philosophy of the Absolute*." He held that the ideal and real, or absolute knowledge and absolute truth, are, in reality, one and the same, and that the conception in the mind of man does not differ from the actual in the universe. Existence is thought, and thought existence. He divided his systems into logic, the science of thought; natural philosophy, the science of thought in its productions, and spiritual thought in its reflex action upon itself. Thought and existence are identical; and the former, to become manifest, denies itself and passes into existence. Thus God becomes a world, or is a perpetual development of the absolute, the latter continually revolving back upon itself, and thus the universe goes continually through a course of thought, existence, and reversion. Thus the Deity is nature, and nature is the Deity.

We cannot go more into Hegel's system for want of space. It sufficed that he set forth the leading doctrines of Christianity as necessary truths,

but with multiplied subtleties. Hegel's philosophy did not deny the existence of the "God-man," the Saviour, or the principles thus taught, but he showed more of the philosopher than the Christian, making, in consequence, more of the Greek Socrates than of the attributes of the founder of Christianity. His system was eminently pantheistic, or tending to deny the individuality of the Deity. Eschenmayer defined Hegel's idea as one of logic, striving to find expression in Christian truths. It is hardly possible, however able any writer may be, to explain to the general reader the whole of this system, without great diffuseness.

It was in the philosophical school of Hegel that Strauss began his labours. Hegel was thrown into the background. The speculations of Strauss, of the wildest kind, were elicited between the years of 1832 and 1842. He found the authority of the Gospels an obstacle to his views. In 1835 he published his "*Leben Jesu*," which, in ever-speculative Germany, ran through four editions in four years! Out of Germany it has been little circulated. An edition has been published in French and Dutch. In England the booksellers have been in dread of the "Inquirer," *alias* the attorney-general. In consequence, the clergy of all denominations have been spared the trouble of answering it, and it has been sold furtively in numbers, to make its way among the readers of the working classes and others, who are certainly not able to comprehend this injurious philosophy in its logical obscurities, although its inferences are sufficiently intelligible in confirmation of arguments, which the more superficial they are, the more injurious they are sure to be. Strauss, in his deductions, was apparently earnest, and every way as candid as it is possible for a writer to be, while promulgating sentiments that are not to be supported. No one believed him insincere; it therefore became more necessary to combat him in his own way, for in no other mode can he be met satisfactorily. So far had Strauss pushed his notions, that he would rob his fellow-beings of the hope of a life beyond the grave, that delightful solace for the troubles and sorrows of our humanity. To credit his principles would make a man of reflection agree to live his life over again, which few would consent to do with the view of another existence in expectation, but of which the dreary doctrine of annihilation would at once create the desire.

Having thus noticed the object of the work called "The First Temptation, or *Eritis sicut Deus*" (thou shalt be as God), we must proceed to the book. Without the previous remarks the work itself would hardly be understood, voluminous as it is, for the volumes average nearly five hundred pages. They are designed to exemplify the effect of the doctrines of the foregoing school upon social and family life. The work has gone through a second edition in Germany. The writer, whoever he is, says "that the work proves the faith," and that his aim is "to denounce principles, not men."

Two girls are sitting chatting together on a summer's evening, Elizabeth and her friend Leonora. The former becomes the heroine of the work, a beautiful character, who marries a professor of the new doctrine. She had been carefully educated, and was a girl of high intellect and feeling. It appeared that her father made religion a duty to her, but did not teach her to discriminate the differences between the legal Old Testa-

ment and the spirituality of the New. She was, however, eminently religious. Her appearance and beauty of person are well defined :

At seventeen she left this establishment for a home in his uncle's house. Her beauty was then remarkable enough to attract the attention of the world. She was tall and slender in form as a young pine-tree, with something graceful and undulating in her movements irresistibly attractive to men, as it suggested a truly feminine nature, gentle, yielding, and pliant. The fine oval of her head and face recalled the antique classic models ; her profile was noble and beautiful ; and her mouth, though perhaps a little too large, yet was charming when her gay, genial laugh made it quiver into a thousand undulating curves, and disclose two rows of pearls.

But her eyes, large, deep, and clear, were the glory of her face. Often they were cast down in thought ; but when she raised them, bright with enthusiasm or emotion, and looked you full in the face, you felt that no falsehood could lurk there.

We have seen that Elizabeth half liked, half disdained her town life. There was gaiety and grace, and culture and refinement ; still she felt that all was superficial—the mind and the manner, the culture and the heart.

Her friend Leonora was a simple country girl, who ultimately married, without being exposed to the mental contests and conjugal dilemmas which awaited her friend. The aunt of Elizabeth is visited by a stern priest, named Schwerdsman, who, like a Scotch Knoxite, cannot put up with smiles, painting, poetry, or the slightest levity. He censures the writers of the time, and will tolerate no amusements. His arguments against "art-worship" do not sway much with Elizabeth. At length she has her lovers, as one so beautifully struck off in person and intellectual character must needs have. She is introduced to a doctor, who is a professor of the doctrines of the new school, and while she holds fast by her own faith, she finds on most other points so strong an agreement, such a secret communion of heart affection, that she marries her Robert, who opposed the priest in opinion, and has, in the lady's view, the best of the argument. We shall not inquire whether the opinions of her lover opposed any obstacle to his success. We do not imagine that they did. On the whole, the character of Elizabeth, allowing for a little designed effect, is the crown of the work. It is very beautiful, and the prevalence of religious principles in her heart, which, triumphant over sore temptations, from a passion on the part of a nobleman named Otto, who is introduced in the guise of one Bertram, an artist, is almost beyond natural keeping, her husband at the time, from his reliance upon her honour, leaving her too often exposed to the impetuous attacks of the lover ; but Elizabeth ultimately triumphs.

In the mean while, the professor, or doctor, or, more familiarly, her husband, Robert, who has a circle of friends, some imbued with the new doctrine, others differing from him in sentiment, while he makes no change in the religious opinions of Elizabeth, obtains her affection. She will not permit her belief to be shaken, though she has taken one of the new philosophy for a husband. It is in the struggle of opinion, in her unshaken belief on the one hand, and the temptation to follow her husband's creed on the other, that much of the interest of the work turns. Elizabeth is subjected to trials and temptations which would appear beyond the feminine nature to resist, when she has suffered them to pro-

ceed so far as she does, in the obvious love which the artist, the nobleman in disguise, makes to her. He at length carries her off, but obtains no advantage from that circumstance. As to the improbabilities in the tale, though there are some not easily reconcilable, they are as nothing to what the French school will permit in the flood of licentious writing with which it deluges the world. Both the German and French schools disregard nature and simplicity: The former is as startling from strange doctrine as the latter is from its covert licentiousness. The object of the present work is to exhibit the principles of the schools of Strauss and Hegel in their true colours, and to show to what termination these doctrines of the absolute and the dreamy analogies they put forth must lead mankind. The doctrine of Strauss is no better than atheism in its conclusions. While the German thus makes his attack upon those moral laws which have ruled society in all ages, Greek and Roman, as well as Christian, under a modest guise and in unobjectionable language, the French go less covertly to work. They proceed through the passions, and do not disguise, save in the slightest manner, that materialism which is not only so pernicious to society but to true philosophy, and to rational Christianity.

Elizabeth reasons with her husband in a mode which exhibits more power than might be expected in one so young, and here much of the interest of the work hinges. Her husband warns her against reflection. According to him, God is the "absolute idea," which becomes developed from the "objective" to the "subjective." This is described much in the language of Kant's mode. The home of Robert becomes the centre of the philosophic school, in which the discussions and readings are continually carried on. Several female characters are introduced, and discourse much upon the prevalent topics. Love in one shape or another is intermingled. The artist falls in love with Elizabeth, and she evidently, married woman as she is, has a strong liking for him, which continues until her integrity and upright principles triumph. Many of the situations are admirably described with regard to the writer's object, however out of probability they may appear. Thus they contribute to the object of the author in exhibiting the fallacy and erroneous principles of the doctrine of the Strauss system.

There is much powerful description, particularly of a personal nature, in this work. The author has attempted well, though it is to be feared, such is the want of an affection for simplicity and nature's truth, and so little are modern English novel readers accustomed to appreciate in the pages they read any end superior to momentary amusement, that depth of thought or reasoning to an end is thrown away. In Germany, however, the case is very different, and the present entertaining and satirical work has no doubt been read with the advantage of raising a laugh at the expense of absolute idealists, and opinions "without legs," as an old writer has it.

Let it not be supposed the object is worked out destitute of scenes of high interest. There are situations sufficiently striking, novelties of position quite startling, and warm love-making, which, if its practice be common on the other side of the Rhine, still always reserving the ultimate points of the actors in the scene, was rather near the verge of an "absolute idea." All who are interested in novelty of character, and are

given to reflection upon the march of vague notion, quite inexplicable, intermingled with scenes of passionate love, the whole tending to prosecute the indefinable principles of an indefinite theology, not much short of atheism—all such will peruse these pages, and find both amusement and instruction. The nature of an *ignis fatuus*, to define which the plodding German brain has of late years undergone the pains of parturition, appears in the works of these idealists, flashing and disappearing, but never cleared. The truth is, that the miserable petty despotisms of Germany will not permit free discussion upon political or useful popular topics; and the German who is a meditative being must plod—he is idealist born. He is at liberty to write what he pleases on religion; or about the stars; and thus being free, as Beaumarchais says, to write about anything except everything else, he muddles himself with theology, phrenology; mesmerism, and the like harmless things to despotic rulers of empires ten miles square, assuming kingship. The present writer, asking Madame de Staël what she thought of similar speculative subjects, got the reply that the Germans were mystics, because their rulers suffered them to retain so little with which they could freely deal.

The author can describe well all at which he aims. Thus, regarding an attempt at suicide:

I was disappointed, a homeless man, without hope, without aims, without an object for all the talent and fire that raged within me. I was on a wide, wide sea, without a compass to trust in, or a star in heaven to guide me. Our philosophy had torn all from me, and left me nothing positive on which to rest. I was like an accursed thing driven out at once from earth and heaven. When my tasks for the day were over, my only pleasure was to rush forth into the grand, wild nature that surrounded me. I climbed the mountain heights, and hung over the precipices, longing to dash myself down and end all in death. It was, indeed, this very consciousness, that I was lord over life and death, which kept me living on day by day. One evening, however—it was autumn—my four prison walls seemed crushing me to the earth, and I rushed forth, gasping for the free mountain air. A storm was raging; the wind seemed to bear me onward on its wings till I reached the summit of the mountain; there I rested to open a letter I had that day received from my mother. It was to take leave of me. She told me she was dying, and never hoped to see me in life again. I looked up; the sun was fast sinking behind the Alpine summits, and thick darkness was gathering over the landscape. "Thus," I said, bitterly, "has passed away my youth, with all its glorious hopes, and dreams, and aspirations; and now the thick darkness of night is closing round my life. I have no home, no country, no human heart to love me." Then a deep, unutterable sorrow fell on me, such as I never before experienced; the burden of existence became insupportable, and I longed for death, for utter annihilation. Wild as the storm, I rushed down the mountain, till my feet were arrested by a precipice. I looked down it; for a second I had the sensation of falling, and then I lost all consciousness.

This notice can afford no fair idea of the work. We must protest against the use of so many German compound words anglicised as we find in this translation. Our language is remarkably copious, but has had too many corruptions of late years. Nothing can be more odious than the affected Germanisms of Carlyle, for example—nothing can be in worse taste. It jars the pleasure of perusing his pages. Why does he not keep a translator?

CYRUS REDDING..



## PASSAGE OF THE COL DU GÉANT, FROM CHAMOUNIX, IN 1862.

BY A PRIVATE OF THE 38TH MIDDLESEX (ARTISTS).

IN my former account of the ascent of Mont Blanc, and of several of its glaciers, which appeared in the July, August, and September numbers of the *New Monthly*, I stated how absolutely requisite it was first to go into a regular course of training before attempting anything so difficult. I now propose to conduct such of my readers (as were "game" to go up Mont Blanc with me) across the Col du Géant, and to the summit of Monte Rosa.

As regards training, I will merely mention that I revisited the Jardin for the third time, and had the same bright, glorious, cloudless day as on the two preceding years; revisited the Glacier des Bossons high up, and many other spots in the vicinity of Chamounix. I find, moreover, the following pencil memoranda in my note-book, which I transcribe verbatim:

*Chamounix, July 16, 1862.*—A very heavy thunderstorm last night, with much rain. Very wet the whole day, and all the mountains enveloped in mist; nevertheless, walked up the Montanvert, and crossed the Mer de Glace, returning by the Mauvais Pas. Truly it was so today, in its moist and slippery state.

I was now in course of training. Some may naturally ask, could any one enjoy an excursion like this in such bad weather? My reply is, that I did, for my own part, greatly enjoy it, in spite of the heavy rain and thick mist, the slippery state of the ice, and consequent difficulty of making one's way across the glacier. There is always something to see and admire in nature under all its aspects. We saw a most singular and novel display on the ice, probably not hitherto witnessed by any one, being quite a chance creation—viz. a little glacier fountain, throwing up its water with great force, about two feet high, through a small orifice. In all his experience, my guide Couttet had never seen such a phenomenon. It was at the foot of some hummocks, and was doubtless occasioned by a rush of water under the ice (after the last night's heavy rain), which, being arrested in its course, found its way through a small opening. The effect was singularly attractive, as every one who knows what glaciers are, may well imagine.

This reminds me of a very beautiful little display of nature which I once witnessed on the Grand St. Bernard. Close to the Hospice was a large slab of smooth rock on the mountain-side, down which, during the day-time, trickled gently some small streams of pellucid water. At its foot were several little flowers of the daisy kind. It froze hard at night, and in the morning these little flowers were each separately encrusted with ice, clearer than the clearest crystal, hanging from their stems in clusters. They were each a perfect oval, and about the ordinary size of a grape. My hands being cold, I could hold a cluster of them for several minutes before they began to dissolve, the temperature continuing below freezing. I think I never saw anything so exquisitely beautiful.

In that part of the Mer de Glace which intervenes between the Mon-

tanvert and the Chapeau, the two distinct characters of the ice were to-day remarkably apparent. That on the side of the Montanvert, having been washed by the heavy rains, was beautifully white, like marble, coming direct, as it does, from the snow-fields of Mont Blanc, while the other was strewn with dirt, grit, and stones, which descend in great quantity from the Glacier de Lechaud.

17th.—Walked to the Col de Voza, to the Pavillon de Belle Vue (it well deserves its name).

The Aiguille du Gouté and the Aiguille Bionassay, with the glacier of the same name streaming down between them, with its three distinct plateau, and the Dome du Gouté immediately above, apparently not far distant (though it would take many a weary hour to reach its summit), is a grand sight. I scarcely know a finer scene than that which is witnessed from this spot—on so glorious a day, at least, as this chanced to be.

The well-known aiguilles of Mont Blanc—viz. the Aiguille du Midi, the Aiguille Verte, the Aiguille d'Argentière, and Aiguille du Tour, all beautifully seen in profile, as also the summit of Mont Blanc itself, standing sharply cut out against a remarkably clear and cloudless blue sky, was inexpressibly grand.

Les Rochers des Fils, and the passage of the Col d'Antherne to the valley of Sixt, were also well seen from this spot, together with the Mont Buét beyond.

18th.—Ascended the Brévent.

How easily an accident, even here, may occur. I had made a short cut, leaving my party, who were far in advance of me (having loitered on my way down), and accidentally dislodged a big stone, which, like myself, scorning all zig-zags, went straight ahead with impetuous force.

I halloaed out to the others below me, of course, but so sudden and rapid is the descent of a stone, and so undeviating in its line of march, that there is little chance of escape for any one crossing its track. I was greatly relieved, however, to see it miss them, and bound far away below.

They all looked up rather astonished, as well they might be. My mind was not quite at ease till we reached the little house at Plampraz, and found the wife of one of the party (whom we left seated on the turf watching our return) perfectly safe and sound from the rolling stone. It served as a caution to me for the future to avoid short cuts, when there might be any possible risk to others.

19th.—Again visited the Col de Voza, and traversed the lower portion of the Glacier de Bionassay.

20th.—Slept a few hours at the Montanvert, and on the 21st, at four A.M. precisely, started from the chalet to cross the Col du Géant, *not* by the rocks, but through the very centre of the séracs.

“Hic labor, hoc opus est.”

How to describe this! My pen fails me. In vain do I seek to cull an idea from others. I find no descriptions of it but those given by Professors Tyndall and Wille, and they, too, fail, to my mind, to convey an adequate idea. Small, then, must be my hope. The real fact is, that it is a thing *per se*; that it has no analogy or resemblance to anything else, and is so wholly different from all other scenes, even in the glacier world, so that

it is next to hopeless to describe it to the general reader, who may fairly be presumed not to have visited these most impressive and wonderful works of creation. Still I must make the attempt, albeit I fail, as far more able men have (as I think) failed before me.

We started, as I have said, at four A.M. The morning promised to dawn most auspiciously. I had with me Jean Marie Couttet and his brother Michel, my two guides on many "peaks, passes, and glaciers," and their two nephews, Mark and Ferdinand Tiarraz, without exception two of the finest and most gallant young fellows that ever I met with, or could well be found—daring to a fault. We were quite a little family party. Jean Marie and Ferdinand had been up Mont Blanc with me; Michel and Mark had been the tour of Mont Blanc by the Col de Bonhomme and L'Allée Blanche, with my nephew (the Rev. G. S. B.) and myself. We had crossed in dreary weather, and thus saw this proverbially dreary pass (the Col de Bonhomme) in its dreariest aspect, enveloped in thick mist. I shall not easily forget my own individual passage across it. I had the previous year visited the battle-fields of Italy, immediately after the dreadful carnage. I was at Solferino within three weeks; also at Magenta, Palestro, Montebello, &c., where hundreds of gallant fellows, friends and foes, were festering in their shrouds (or rather without any). I had stood over the pits where four or five hundred were pitched in together, with little superincumbent earth and less lime. Deeply interested in tracing the battles and movements of the armies, I lingered over the ground, and made my notes and several sketches "in the hottest days of the hottest summer ever known in the plains of Italy." (*Vide Times.*)

The result, as might have been expected, was an attack of dysentery, which, off and on, never left me for many months; nay, for a whole year, and was my constant companion during my tour round Mont Blanc, causing me much weakness; but here I parted with it, and have never been troubled with it since. I believe the glorious air of the glaciers dispelled it, as it must do every ailment! Good reader, pardon this digression, in which I seem to have forgotten that "brevity is the soul of wit;" but it will prepare you for a tedious passage over the ice with me.

Our route for the Col du Géant was by "Les Ponts," alluded to in my former paper. To pass these rocks, ere the dawn of day, required more than usual caution; once over them, all was plain sailing, and we traversed the moraine and glacier without difficulty. All was solemn and still, and the little pools and rills of water silent and frozen over. Not a sound was to be heard anywhere around; nothing but our own steady, firm, determined tramp, indicative of a resolution to pass the Col du Géant, D.V.—yes! God willing—for, having safely crossed it, I will say that it is—as I found it—fraught with extreme risk, regardless of what others may say, who, under different circumstances and conditions of the ice, may possibly have found it otherwise.

Professor Tyndall himself tells us that he made the passage under two very different aspects of affairs. The ice, when he made his first passage, seems to have been much in the same condition as that when I passed through it. The summer of 1862 found the ice in a sadly disjointed, dislocated state. We were for many hours entangled among the crevasses, or, more strictly speaking, among the caverns of ice; with nothing

but the blue vault of heaven above us. How to describe these caverns is the difficulty. Professor Tyndall tried to do so by comparing the séracs to a frozen cataract; but it falls short of giving an adequate idea of the scene. I would rather hope to convey the notion by representing it as a series of caverns and grottos of ice, of every conceivable and inconceivable shape; with frightful chasms yawning beneath, all the more frightful, as many, like a hidden foe, are concealed from the view. These caverns rise one above another, as this part of the glacier is surmounted.

The difficulty of our progress becomes now excessive. Jean Marie Couttet anxiously commands and controls the advance of the party, while his brother, Michel, and their two brave nephews, Mark and Ferdinand, seek in every direction how to get us out of one cavern into another rising above it, just as bad, and often worse, than the preceding, and all apparently hopeless and interminable; the walls of ice entirely excluding the view.

This it is that makes the passage of the Col du Géant so far more formidable from Chamounix than from Courmayeur—viz. the great difficulty of finding an exit from these icy caverns, besides it being a continual ascent instead of a descent, which enables you to “look before you leap,” or, in other words, far more readily to trace your way through the frozen maze below you; whereas the walls of ice ever rising immediately in front of and around you, as you advance, entirely preclude your doing so.

There is something very solemn in finding oneself in a series of ice caverns, with ice walls around, and the sky only visible above; with deep crevasses beneath, often with barely a foothold, and amongst such unstable structures. At any moment tons of ice topple over; I have seen them do so. The slightest touch will bring down masses which look as firm as the rocks of ages, and it is more difficult to divest oneself of the idea of security, than of danger. Here is an instance: “*Ex uno disce omnes*,” but I could give you many. Mark Tiarraz was carrying the chief part of our traps on his back, and, while we were halting, some of the party cutting steps in the ice in advance, he rested himself over a narrow crevasse, leaning forward with his whole weight on his bâton on an icy projection on the opposite side of the fissure. In an instant, quick as a flash of lightning,

——— which doth cease to be

Ere you can say, it lightens,

a huge block of ice, on which the point of his bâton rested, suddenly gave way, and, detaching itself from the mural precipice of the cavern, went down, with a terrible crash, into the crevasse. With instantaneous and wonderful presence of mind, Mark let go his bâton, and, throwing his weight backward, happily recovered himself. His bâton, of course, descended into the abyss, and was lost. The ice was here so broken and dislocated, and so closely surrounding us, and the footing was so difficult, that each had to look out for himself, and we were all, at this moment, separated from the view of each other. I shall not easily forget the first thrill of that dreadful sound. Happily, I saw Mark's head over an intervening hammock of ice, and knew he was all right, and in an instant was by his side. I found him cool and collected, with his usual merry countenance; but poor Couttet thought (and well he might so think) that one of us had fallen into the crevasse. He was deadly pale

when he came up to us. It was certainly a narrow escape. We were none of us attached to the rope; indeed, it would have been impossible to have advanced had we been so, so closely were we surrounded by huge hummocks of ice, in threading our way through which we should have been everlastingly entangled with the rope, and adding to the risk. I thought now of the last words—the very last—spoken to me by the father of the Couttets, a fine hale old man of fourscore years and upwards, straight as an arrow, who had served in Napoleon's army, had ascended Mont Blanc with Auldjo, and who had himself crossed the Col du Géant, of which he seemed to have an instinctive horror. "I tremble greatly," the old man said, "for you and for my two sons. It causes me great grief that you are going over the Col du Géant. Be careful to sound with the bâton—sound, sound continually—and do not neglect the rope." I dreaded that I might, at any moment, have been the means of sending his grey hairs with sorrow to the grave.

As regards his last injunction, it was simply impossible to be attended to, as the ice was so irregularly broken that the rope would have been an element of danger, rather than of safety, becoming entangled; but in the worst places I had the rope attached to me, while Couttet held it in his hands. It was Couttet's wish, not mine, and I believe it would have been unavailing if I had fallen into a crevasse. We frequently sounded with our bâtons, and often found them penetrate through unseen snow-bridges spanning the crevasses, obliging us to try some other route that might lead us out of one icy cavern only, as I have said, into another, often worse. On one occasion, not being aware that I was crossing a crevasse, for it is impossible to tell, or even to suspect, their whereabouts, I had neglected to sound, and suddenly broke through the thin crust of snow. I threw myself forward, and, extending my arms as far as they would reach, forced both my hands into the snow, bending the wrists downwards, with the points of the fingers inward towards the elbows. Fortunately for me, this impromptu grapnel held, and the snow supported my weight, now distributed over a larger surface. My bâton went right down into the crevasse through the hole I had made, and, passing *underneath* the ice, emerged into a lower cavern, with which it communicated, and through which we had just passed.

We were thus enabled, by retracing our steps over a firmer bridge of snow, to recover it. The fall was about thirty feet, and the distance under the ice about one hundred yards. This was a very narrow escape, it must be admitted. The most dangerous part of glacier-work is owing to these treacherous spots, which are often over crevasses of far greater depth. The accident on the Glacier de Nethou (on the Maladetta, in the Pyrenees) this last summer, was of a precisely similar nature. Mr. Charles Packe gives the following description of it in his letter to the *Times*, and any one who has been upon the glaciers on the High Alps, if he speak honestly, must admit that he goes "with his life in his hand." I have myself, on more than one occasion, had personal evidence of this. How many times I may have been within a hair-breadth of breaking through without knowing it, I cannot say, but, likely enough, very often. It's all haphazard work. Mr. Packe says:

"About three-quarters of the way across we all sat down to repose in a spot where the snow seemed perfectly smooth. We were, of course, roped together, with an interval between each of about eight feet. There

was a call for something to drink, and the last guide detached himself to hand the wine-bottle to each of us. He was passing before us, and when certainly not more than three yards from the spot where I was sitting, he suddenly dropped through the snow, and disappeared. There was no sound, either cry or cracking of the ice, but the glacier quietly swallowed up its victim. It was horrible to witness; but, of course, there was only one thing to be done. We speedily disengaged the rope from our bodies, and, carefully holding it in our hands, approached the hole, which was not a large one, Pierre Barrau, my guide, being the first. We let down the rope through the hole, and anxiously expected a reply to our shout; for some seconds, however, we could get none. At last it came, but the voice sounded fearfully indistinct and distant, stifled as it was by the snow and walls of ice. The man, the guide said, fell eighteen mètres, but, from the rope let down, I should say about thirty feet. Thanks, however, to the bed of snow that fell with him, and in which he was partly buried, he was not hurt, and he was able to fasten the rope round his body, so that in about five minutes we drew him up, none the worse, but fearfully cold. He described his position as having been very perilous, having been caught on a ledge, below which sunk an abyss, the bottom of which we could not have reached."

The whole of our route through the séracs was a constant scene of risk. We were six hours among the cavernous ice, but eventually emerged from it all safe and sound. Had I known what the state of the ice was, I do not think that I should have felt myself justified in risking our lives in the way we did. Yet I would grieve to have missed this most extraordinary scene in nature, which may, without any doubt, be called unique, being wholly unlike anything else in the glacier world. I have in no way overrated the difficulties, but confined myself to a simple statement of the truth as regards the state of the séracs. The following extract of a letter, dated from Chamounix, 19th of August, and signed S. T. and C. T., two gentlemen who appear to have crossed the Col du Géant from Courmayeur, is corroborative of the condition of the ice. I take it from the *Times*:

"We ascended," they say, "quite leisurely to the summit of the pass, and, after traversing the névé, began to cross the séracs, which looked very imposing. At a little before eleven we met an English traveller coming from the Montanvert, whose chief guide, 'le petit Couttet,' gave a very discouraging account of the difficulties of the séracs below, and strongly advised our taking to the rocks of La Noire, instead of descending farther by the ice. After struggling over a few more crevasses we determined to take Couttet's advice, and reached easily the rocks on the right side of the glacier. After an hour and a half, first of scrambling along slopes covered with débris, and then of rock-work of no real difficulty, we again struck the glacier below the séracs, where no serious ice difficulties remained. Our head guide, Peter Bohren, of Grindelwald, gave it as his opinion that, had we not taken to the rocks, we might have been entangled for four or five hours among the séracs, which were in a state of dislocation unequalled in his experience."

Another letter, signed A. B., and dated London, 22nd of August, which also appeared in the *Times*, is equally corroborative:

"We encountered great difficulties. We had to continue our descent  
*April*—VOL. CXXVII. NO. DVIII. 2 G

as best we could down the séracs, and soon became almost hopelessly entangled among the crevasses. Our guide, however, Laurent Proment, of Courmayeur, showed great skill and intelligence, and succeeded in extricating us after three hours' work. I cannot speak too highly of his perseverance and courage. He was obliged for some time to disengage himself from the rope, and reconnoitre alone among the séracs. We left Courmayeur at one A.M., and reached Chamounix at four P.M., halting about two hours on the road. I strongly recommend people who wish to cross the pass to do it as we did—viz. from Courmayeur to Chamounix. The pass should on no account be attempted except in very fine weather." I, too, most strongly advise them to do so, for the reasons I have already given.

I have stated that we started from the Montanvert at four A.M. precisely. The first halt we made was at eleven A.M.—that is to say, we had now been seven hours on the march. Although we could not "halloo," not being yet out of the wood, we sat down on our knapsacks and enjoyed a meal—albeit it was a little "al fresco"—at the height we had attained, and nothing but ice around us, which in itself is never too warm at such an elevation.

We rested twenty minutes by my watch, for I ever keep my eye on time when performing these "grand courses" (as the guides invariably term them), a matter about which they don't seem to trouble themselves.

Unfortunately we had not provided ourselves with light ladders. They would have been of the utmost service, and I must strongly advise any one contemplating the route from Chamounix to Courmayeur, not to omit procuring them.

Before finally quitting the séracs, I must express a hope to revisit them, as did Mr. Wills, who, as he tells us, "could not forbear advancing a short distance, that he might take one more look into some of those profound and terrible chasms, which, once beheld, can never be forgotten, and whose mysterious and awful charms exert such an irresistible and growing fascination upon all who have once ventured amongst them and gazed into their blue and silent depths."

I must now, for my own part, assure my readers how gratified I was with the extraordinary scene, and how indescribably beautiful are the caverns and grottos of ice, partaking of the most fantastic forms, many portions being hollowed out, with beautiful pendant icicles from their roofs. Then there were pyramids, columns, needles of ice, all seeming to render escape out of each icy prison impossible; and yet, by the great skill of the guides, our way was found, and we seldom had to retrace our steps any great distance, but kept on slowly advancing, sometimes gaining but a few steps in the ascent in the course of the hour, but always advancing. Occasionally we would come to an open enemy, in the shape of a snow bridge, spanning a crevasse of some eight or ten feet width, under which we could look, as under the arch of a bridge. The question was whether the snow would bear us. On one occasion, although a good substantial body of snow, it would not stand the test of the bâton, which pierced through it (as often happened); but as there was no other way of going ahead, Michel determined to try it. We attached the rope to him, and all held on whilst he spread himself out flat, sprawling out arms and legs, and so dispersing his weight, crawling cautiously, landed safely on the opposite side, to the great delight of us

all. It was now his turn to help us, and seating himself on the ice, with a good rest for his feet, he held on by the rope till a second guide was safely over, and each in succession was similarly aided.

I will only mention one more ticklish place we passed. Picture to yourself a deep crevasse behind you, and a ledge of ice a foot broad, on which we all stood, with a precipice of ice rising immediately before and above us, so vertical as to preclude the possibility of ascending it, even by the customary mode of cutting steps. Along this ledge we advanced cautiously, till we came to a corner we had to turn. This corner of ice bulged out, and overhung the ledge, so that we had to hug it close with extended arms to get round it. Fortunately, it was all hard ice, as we had previously ascertained with the ice-axes. Oftentimes these projections are snow, and easily break away. We frequently were able to detach large masses with the ice-axes, and clear a way round many a place that we could not otherwise have passed. Once fairly out of the séracs, there was little difficulty to be encountered. Some long snow slopes led us to the summit of the Col du Géant, where I had the great satisfaction of hoisting my colours, my blue veil, on my bâton.

We reached the top at three P.M. precisely, having been eleven hours accomplishing the route, during the whole of which time we were on the march, except for twenty minutes by my watch, when, as I have said, we refreshed ourselves on the ice (at eleven A.M., after seven hours' walk). The day was lovely, and the view from the summit very grand and imposing, comprising a long range of mountain peaks, enveloped in their everlasting mantles of snow; but, unfortunately, Monte Rosa was obscured. We passed close to the spot where De Saussure had encamped for seventeen days, with his guides, in this lofty region, proving, at least, what may be done by management and forethought, and by *numbers*. I lay some stress upon this, because numbers greatly diminish risk, provided they are all "gude and true." The chief difficulty in such a case is the provisioning of the party; but without knowing how that was done by De Saussure, I see no difficulty whatever in keeping up an almost daily communication, depending on the weather, with Courmayeur, on the opposite side of the Col du Géant. We rested an hour upon the summit, which we reached about three hours and a half after our only halt.

We were now eleven thousand feet above the level of the sea. I experienced a slight difficulty of breathing and increased action of the heart as I approached towards the summit, but nothing to occasion me much inconvenience—just enough to be unpleasant. We now enjoyed refreshment and repose, and amused ourselves by grubbing out of the interstices of the rock many beautiful little crystals, which seemed to abound on the summit. Taking a last look at the Géant, *et sa femme*, as the guides are pleased facetiously to call a solitary, repulsive, sullen-looking rock—rising out of the ice, verily a frowning beauty—we began to think of making our descent towards the valley, where we hoped to find something a little more attractive.

The descent to Courmayeur, at least to the Mont Fréty, which intervenes, is extremely precipitous, and owing to the disintegrated state of the rock, requires more than ordinary caution on the part of all concerned. In some parts, too, it requires a good head; but being this year free from snow, there was neither difficulty nor danger, except that



of dislodging a stone, as I did on the Brevent, and smashing your neighbour's skull immediately below you, or the possible pate of some miserable mortal far away beyond ken, on the lower part of the mountain.

We made short cuts, and soon reached the Couloir, where, in the summer of 1860, three of our countrymen, it will be remembered, together with one of their guides, were in an instant launched into eternity. It was a melancholy affair, and shakes one's confidence about the attaching of the party with the rope, in such places at least. For my own part, I declined to be so attached in descending to Courmayeur. The party to whom this sad catastrophe occurred consisted of three gentlemen and three guides. The three gentlemen, with one of their guides, were tied together. The other two guides merely held the rope in their hands, in front and rear of the party, and let go their hold the moment the accident took place. It was occasioned by one of the party suddenly slipping on the snow slope, and dragging the others after him. They had all been much fatigued, as most men will find themselves, with their passage across the Col du Géant, and were all more or less weak and unsteady on their limbs. The guide who was attached by the rope, and who nobly lost his life, was long past his prime, as I am credibly informed, and stood no chance of supporting the others. It is doubtful, in my mind, if the strongest of guides could have sustained the weight of the three. In an instant they shot down the Couloir, a narrow gully, extremely precipitous, and filled with snow, till they came to its termination, which was nothing more nor less than a fearful precipice, descending vertically twelve or fifteen hundred feet. They were, of course, dashed to atoms. At Courmayeur I met the English clergyman who, together with the curé of the place, ascended to the spot at the foot of the precipice, and recovering their mangled remains, had them decently interred in the churchyard at Courmayeur.

We kept the Couloir close on our right. There was little or no snow now lying upon it, and, on reaching the end of it, we looked down the frightful abyss where the four poor men so sadly perished. I visited their grave, and found the following inscription upon their tombs:

"In memory of Benjamin Fuller, aged 33; Frederic Vavasour, aged 26; John Robinson, aged 27, who were killed in descending the Col du Géant, 15th August, 1860."

The monumental device is a broken granite column. Immediately adjoining their grave is that of their guide, which is simply a stone cross, and is encircled by an iron rail. The inscription on his tomb is as follows:

"A la mémoire Ferdinand Tiarraz, guide de Chamounix; péri avec les Anglais, au Col du Géant, le 15 Août, 1860."

After quitting the sad spot where these poor fellows perished, we soon came upon the turf, and I can scarcely describe the childish joy I felt in gathering the first little flowers I saw, nor the inexpressible pleasure experienced in encountering the first human face divine, a poor lad, who was watching his goats. If it had been one of the soft sex, provided that she in no way resembled the *femme du Géant*, I verily believe that I should have hugged her, at all hazards!

A few more of our Tarquin strides brought us to the notorious chalet on the Mont Fréty, the usual starting-place for those who make the passage of the Col du Géant from Courmayeur, or, in other words, of ten

persons to one—the great difficulty being to ascend *through the séracs from the Chamounix side*, which is not so often attempted. A passage may be made either way, avoiding the séracs altogether, by keeping to the rocks on the north-east side of the glacier; but I am told that there is a risk of avalanches of stone, and that, under the best of circumstances, it requires a good cragsman to accomplish it. My own object was to pass through the séracs, and witness their extraordinary formation.

I have called the chalet on the Mont Fréty *notorious*. It has become so, because many letters have appeared in the *Times*, from members of the Alpine Club and others, denouncing the landlord and his charges. Now there are sometimes two sides to a question, and “fair play is a jewel.” It is what all Englishmen like, but do not always, I fear, get, judging from my own experience in life; and if it should be in my power to say one word in favour of “mine host,” I am sure none would be more pleased than those who have, by these representations, so seriously injured him. Finding him a plain, outspoken, straightforward man, I went fairly into his grievances; albeit it occupied me more than an hour, and I was as anxious as were my guides (who grew exceedingly fidgety) to finish off our long day’s work and reach Courmayeur, which nestled in a smiling valley, some three thousand feet below us. I found, as others have done, that the landlord’s charges were high—but so is his chalet, and “thereby hangs a tale.” The letters which appeared in the *Times*, he said, had well-nigh ruined him. No one, comparatively speaking, now came to his house, and he was this season more than one hundred pounds out of pocket.

His defence was that, in the best of seasons, and under the best of circumstances, he had but few visitors; that he had to incur the heavy expense of bringing everything up to his solitary chalet, which stands so far above the valley; and that it was not to be expected, under these circumstances, that the usual prices could be charged. One of the items in his accounts (for I went through them very carefully) was for “greasing shoes.” This, unexplained to travellers, damaged him more than anything else—it was what they most rebelled against; but had they been informed that he used olive oil, it might, perhaps, have been some extenuation. He would have acted more discreetly had he charged item, “olive oil,” rather than item, “greasing shoes”—and they would have acted more wisely in greasing their own shoes, as I do mine (and my face too), with tallow-grease.

I shall be very glad if these few remarks can render him any service; but any one resting at the chalet on the Mont Fréty ought, I think, in fairness, to submit to a considerably higher rate of charge for accommodation than when in the valley. If they will not consent to do so, I do not see how it can possibly answer the purpose of any one to keep up the accommodation on the Mont Fréty—and great accommodation it is to men attempting the Col du Géant, either way, or to those who only ascend from Courmayeur to the rocks above, for the sake of the view.

Having done my best to comfort him, and to assure him that I would endeavour to place the matter in a better light, even by writing to the *Times*, where the injury was done to him (but of whose justice, notwithstanding I endeavoured to assure him, he seemed to despair), we quitted his chalet, to the infinite delight of my guides, who, thoroughly bored, rushed with headlong impetuosity before us, leaving Jean Marie

and myself to take care of ourselves,—which we were pretty well able to do, at all events, on the green turf.

We all found ourselves, eventually, very comfortably located at Courmayeur, none the worse for our enterprise, and, after a night's rest, proceeded the following day to the foot of the Glacier de Brenva, intending to traverse some portion of it, but not liking the look of it, after the previous hard day's work, I gave up the idea. The next morning, however, we ascended the Cramont. Michel Couttet and Ferdinand Tiarrax left me at Courmayeur. I was very sorry to part with them; they are most noble fellows.

I strongly advise any one who may chance to find themselves at Courmayeur to make the ascent of the Cramont. It is perfectly easy for ladies, and I believe a mule might carry them close to the summit. To ascend on foot takes some few hours, and is a good pull. I did it in quick time, seeing a party below us, and wishing to be the first to plant my flag; but this racing up is a mistake, which, as regards Mont Blanc, I declined, and passively allowed myself to be passed, preferring to take it easy, if such a word can be imagined in any part of the ascent of Mont Blanc. However, on the Cramont I won the race, having the start, and keeping it.

The view was superb, and so was the day—a glorious sunshine and cloudless sky. The Cramont is nine thousand feet above the level of the sea, and the view of Mont Blanc and all the glaciers on the Courmayeur side is extremely grand and imposing, as is also the general Alpine panorama, which includes the summit of Monte Rosa and the Matterhorn. The highest rock of the Cramont overhangs a frightful precipice, and it requires a good head to approach the “ultima thule,” where I planted my flag.

## GRANVILLE DE VIGNE.

### A TALE OF THE DAY.

#### PART THE TWENTY-SEVENTH.

##### I.

##### FIDELITY.

IT is strange how the outer world surrounds yet never touches the inner; how the gay and lighter threads of life intervene yet never mingle with those that are darkest and sternest, as the parasite clings to the forest tree, united yet ever dissimilar! From the twilight gloom of the silent forest, from solitude and temptation and suffering, from the fell torture of an hour when thought and opportunity, twin tempters, lured him on to crime, De Vigne passed suddenly into the glitter and glow and brilliance, the light laughter and the ringing jests, and the peopled salons of the Diamant du Forêt. From the dense woods and the stirless silence of the night, only haunted by the presence of the woman who had cursed his life, and well-nigh lured him to irrevocable and ineffaceable guilt, he came by abrupt

transition into a gay and brilliant society, from which all sombre shadows were banished, and where its groups, laughing, jesting, flirting, carrying on the light intrigues of the hour, seemed for the time as though no sorrow or suffering, bitterness or passion, had ever intruded amongst them. Strange contrast! those glittering salons and that dark and deadly solitude of the beech woods of the Gros Fonteau—not stranger than the contrast between the coarse, cruel, hateful face that had lured him to crime and misery in the dense shadow of the forest gloom, and the one, delicate, high bred, impassioned, with its radiant, earnest regard, and its gleaming, golden hair, on which he looked as, when away from the gaiety and the glitter, the gossip and the mots, the light laughter and the subdued murmur of society, he drew her, after a while, unnoticed, out on to the terrace which overlooked the wooded and stately gardens of the Diaman du Forêt, where the moonbeams slept on lawn and lake, avenue and statue, in the calm May night, that shrouded Fontainebleau, town and palace and forest, in its silvery mist.

Neither of them spoke; love, memory, thought were too deep and too full in both for words, and neither could have found voice to utter all that arose in their hearts at the touch of each other's hand, the gaze of each other's eyes, the sense of each other's presence.

Dark and heavy upon them was the weight of that past hour. Silent they stood together in the solitude of the night that was calm, hushed, and peaceful, fit for a love either more tranquil or more fully blessed than theirs.

His voice was hoarse and broken as he spoke at last, bowing his head over her.

"You can love me—after this?"

She did not answer him, she only lifted her eyes to his face. By the silvery gleam of the night he could see the unswerving fidelity, after all, through all, promised him for all eternity while her heart should beat, and her eyes have life to gaze upon his face.

Words were all too feeble and too chill to thank her; he bowed his head and pressed his lips on hers. Now he knew, never again to doubt it, how unwearingly and how entirely this imperishable and unselfish love that he had won would cling round him to his dying day. The night was still, not a murmur stirred among the trees, not a breath moved upon the surface of the little lake, not a cloud swept across the pale, pure stars, gleaming beyond in the blue heavens. The earth was hushed in deep repose, nature slept the solemn and tranquil sleep which no fret and wrath of man has power to weaken or arrest; while he, the mortal, with human love trembling on his lips, and human suffering quivering in his heart, told in broken earnest words to the woman who would cling to him through all, the confession of that dire temptation which so nearly had ripened into crime. He laid his heart bare to her, with all its sins and weaknesses, its errors and its impulses, fearlessly, truthfully, because she had taught him at last that the love that is love will not shrink from its idol because it finds him mortal, but rather, should his errors be deeper than his fellows, veil them with tender touch, and cling but the firmer and the closer to him in the valley of the shadow of death. He laid his heart bare to her as he had never done to any living thing, knowing that his trust was sacred, secure of sympathy, and tenderness, and pity. He spoke to her as men can never speak to men, as they can

seldom speak to women. He told her of that deadly Temptation, that darker nature born in him, as more or less in all, which had slumbered unknown, till opportunity awoke it, and then, aroused in all its force, had wrestled so hardly with all that was merciful, gentle, and better in him. He told her of that fell Tempter of thought which had arisen so suddenly in night and solitude, and whispered him to a deed that would give him back his freedom, avenge his wrongs, and shatter the fetters that weighed him down with their unmerited burden. He told how he had fled from it, how he had conquered it, how he had escaped with pure hands and stainless soul to render thanks to God for his deliverance in the solemn forest-aisles of that temple where man best meets the mystery of Deity; the great temple of the universe which human hands never fashioned, and human creeds, and follies, and priestcraft cannot enter to lower and pollute.

He told her, laying bare to her all that was darkest in him, all the deadly crime begotten in his heart, and so well-nigh wrought by his hand into the black guilt with which one human life stifles and tramples out another. He told her, concealing nothing: then, again, he asked her:

“Can you love me—after this?”

She lifted up her face, that was white as death where the light of the moon shone upon it; and her voice was low and tremulous, yet sustained with the great heroic tenderness that did not shrink from him in his sin, that did not recoil from him in his fell temptation, that forgot and washed out its own wrong in the deep waters of an exhaustless love.

“I shall love you while I have life! I have said it; I can say no more. Let the world condemn you—you are the dearer to me! Our love can be no crime in God’s sight.”

He crushed her closer in his arms.

“Crime! Great Heaven! You are my wife in heart. Such love as yours binds us with stronger force, and consecrates holier tie, than any priestcraft can ever forge. *She is not* my wife in the sight of Heaven. Reason, right, sense, justice, all divorced her from the very hour I left her at the altar, my bitter enemy, my relentless foe, who won me by deceit, who would have made my life a hell, who renders me a devil, not a man! *She my wife!* Great God, I renounce her! Let men prate of their laws and of her rights how they choose——”

Alma, as the fierce words were muttered in his throat, clung to him, her voice low and dreamy, like the voice of one in feverish pain.

“She is no wife of yours; a woman that could hate you and betray you! She is no wife of yours—a woman whom you left at the altar! How can they bind you to her?”

“They may!—I care not, save that she holds the name that should be yours. This was all that was wanting to fill up the measure of my hate for her. Let fools go babble of her claims upon me if they will. From the hour we parted at the altar I never saw her face until this night; from this night I divorce her before God. She is no wife of mine; her rights are mere legal quibbles, love never forged, fidelity never sanctified, God never blessed them. I claim my heritage of justice as a man—my right to live, to love, to taste the common happiness of my fellows. The very birds around us find their mates. Why are we,

alone of all the earth, to be wrenched apart, and condemned to live and die asunder? Why are we, alone, to be forced to surrender all that makes life of joy and value? Alma!—surely we love well enough to defy the world together?"

He paused abruptly, his frame shook with the great passions in him, which were stronger than his strength; the words broke from him unawares—the words that would decide their fate! Her face was flushed to a deep scarlet glow as he looked down on it by the silvery light of the moon, her hands closed tighter upon his, her lips quivered, and he felt her slight, delicate form tremble in his arms. She clung closer to him still, her breathing hurried and low, like broken, rapid sighs; her eyes, humid and dark as night, fell beneath his; that one word, "together," stirred the depths of her heart as the storm-winds the depth of the sea. Two years before she would have scarce comprehended the extent of the sacrifice asked of her more than Mignon or Haidee, scarce known more fully than they all it called on her to surrender. Now she knew its meaning; knew that this man, who was thus pitilessly cursed for no crime, no error, but simply for a mistake—the fatal and irrevocable mistake of early marriage—would be condemned by the world if he took his just heritage of freedom; knew that, for a divine compassion, an imperishable love, she, who clung to him, would be laid by social law beneath a social ban, would be forbid by it from every sphere and every honour that were her due by birth, by intellect, by right. She knew her sacrifice; she knew that she should decide the destiny of her whole future; and the proud nature, though strong enough to defy both, was one to abhor any free glance, to resent every scornful word: the haughty and delicate spirit was one to feel keenly, yielding one inch of her just place. But—she loved, and the world was far from her; she loved, and her life lay in his. Fidelity is the marriage-bond of God; the laws of man cannot command it, the laws of man are void without it. Would she not render it unto him, even to her grave? Would she not be his wife in the sight of Heaven? Suffering for him would be proudly borne, sacrifice to him would be gladly given. She would have followed him to the darkness of the tomb; she would have passed with him through the furnace of the fires, content, always content, so that her hands were closed on his, so that she had strength to look up to his face.

"This is sin, say you? Verily, if it be so, it is the sublimest sin that ever outshone virtue!

He bent his head lower and lower, and his words were hoarse and few.

"Can you love me—enough for this? Alma! we *cannot* part!"

He felt a shudder as of icy cold run through his frame at that last ghastly word, as she lay folded in his embrace. By the white light of the moon he saw the scarlet blush upon her face waver, and burn, and deepen; quick, tremulous sighs heaved her heart; her arms wreathed and twined closer and closer about him; her eyes gleamed with an undying and eternal love, as they met his own in the pale, soft radiance of the stars.

"We *cannot* part! You are my world, my all! Your will is mine!"

The words were spoken that gave her to him.

The whisper died away, scarce stirring the air; the love that trembled in it was too deep for speech; the fevered flush upon her face glowed warm,

then changed to a marble whiteness. She clung to him closer still, and passionate tears, born from the strong emotions of the hour, welled slowly up, and fell from those eyes which she had first lifted to his when she was a little child, flinging flowers at him in the old library at Weivehurst. She loved him, she pitied him; she would forsake all to give him back that happiness of which another's fraud had robbed him. She thought of nothing then save him; and if he had stretched out his hand and bade her follow him into the dark, cold shadows of the grave, she would have gone with him fondly, fearlessly, unselfishly, still thinking only of him; what comfort she could give, what trial share, what pain avert. She loved him. The world, I say, was very far from Alma then—as far as the fret, and noise, and bustle of the city streets are from the fair and solemn stars of heaven.

And in the stillness of the night their lips met. She would give up the world for him.

\* \* \* \*

One oath De Vigne had sworn as he lay on his sick-bed at Scutari, to revenge—before he surrendered himself to any love or any happiness—to revenge on Vane Castleton the insult with which he had outraged every sentiment of delicacy, chivalry, or honour, and brand him, so that the stain could never leave his name, as coward and as scoundrel. He swore afresh to do it before Alma's name was linked in any way with his own, and the Trefusis's words in the forest that night had spurred his resolve into still steadier purpose. He left the *Diamant du Forêt* that night to return straight to England, and work out what he held a primary and paramount obligation—the chastisement of the brute insult with which the woman he loved had been outraged. To her he said nothing of his errand, leaving her, indeed, in ignorance that he would not be with her on the morrow; but, ere he quitted Paris by the earliest train in the grey morning, he wrote to her from Meurice's words that his honour bade him write—words that he could not find strength to utter while her kiss was on his cheek, while her heart was prisoned against his own. Even to pen them while the dawn was still and cold about him, and he sat in the silence of his own solitary chamber, was hard to him in the rapture that coursed through his veins, and steeped his life in one golden, intoxicating joy, at the single thought, "*She will be mine*,"—cost him a bitter effort in the delirium of an hour in which his one keen, stinging regret, that he must take some sacrifice from the woman who loved him, was lost and forgot, as the throb of departing pain is barely heeded in the delicious languor of the Morphine, that yields us voluptuous ease after long and weary torture.

These were the final words he wrote:

"I must leave you for a few hours—a few days at farthest. One who loved you more unselfishly perhaps than I, bade me in his dying hour try, if I found you again, to leave you for ever. It is easy to counsel; but great Heaven! to bid a man renounce the only earthly treasure he has, at the very hour he has recovered it—who could have strength to do it? I, at the least, have none. I am no stoic, no god. Alma!—the man you love is very mortal. Yet—one last word. Do not give yourself to me without weighing well what it may cost you. Selfish I may be, God knows; though all I ask or seek is the happiness that is the com-

monest heritage of men, till their wrongs, or their errors, or their follies lose them their birthright for ever! But I am not so utterly blind to all that is generous and just, as to lead you, for my own sake, to such a sacrifice without bidding you pause to decide whether or no it will be recompensed to you by the sole reward that I can give it—my love and my fidelity. Think of it well; do not let one memory of me sway you in your decision. If it be only your divine pity, your sympathy in my fate, your unselfish wish to give me the joy that my own headlong folly has lost me, that prompts you, do not sacrifice yourself for me. I have brought the burden upon you, it is meet that I should bear it alone, rather than lead you, in your noble generosity, your trustful faith, to a sacrifice for me that in after life you would look back on with regret. Such an one I could not, I would not, take from you. Weigh it well. Let no thought or pity for me sway you; weigh well, whether your love for me is really great enough to make life with me sufficient compensation for all else. And if, indeed, it *be* great enough for this, your life shall be a heaven upon earth, if man's tenderness can make it so;—my love, God knows, *you* know, will never swerve!"

## II.

## NEMESIS.

LORD VANE CASTLETON sat in his chamber in his *chambres garnis*, in St. James's-street, where he dwelt during the season, when he was not at that "evil cage" of his—as the old woodsman had termed it—his villa at Windsor, where a woman's hand had struck him for a coward's deed. He sat in his chamber wrapped in his dressing-gown, smoking, breakfasting, reading the papers, and chatting with two of his particular chums, who had dropped in prior to driving down to see the Ascot Cup race run. They were talking of everything under the sun, at least the sun that shone on the West-end; of the chances of the field against the favourite; of the new ballet, and certain ankles that came out very strong in it; of the beauty of Coralie Coquelicot, *alias* Sarah Boggis, a new planet in the orbit of Casinos; of the last escapade of that very fast little lionne, Leila Puffidorff; of Sabretasche's marriage, of which, by the way, I heard no less than a hundred and seventy-two *on dits*, the concluding and most charitable one being that of a little lady, well known in the religious as well as in the fashionable world, who whispered that his wife, poor dear innocent thing! had been put *hors de vue* in Naples by a stiletto, hired for that noble purpose by the Colonel's wealth. No one knew it, of course, but it was but too true, she feared! They were chatting over all the topics of their day as they smoked and breakfasted. Castleton was hardly up to the mark that morning; he was annoyed and irritated at several things: first, that he had serious doubts as to the soundness of Lancer's off-leg, and if Lancer did not come in at the distance winner of the Cup, Lord Vane's prospects would look blacker than would be desirable; in the second, the ministry had behaved with the grossest ingratitude to its staunch ally, the house of Tiara, by refusing him, through his father, a certain post he coveted, a piece of ill-natured squeamishness on their part, as they had but lately given a



deanery to his brother, a spirit rather worse than himself; in the fourth, a larger number of little bills were floating about than was pleasant, and if there was not speedily a general election, by which he could slip into one of those neat little boroughs that were honoured by being kept in his Grace of Tiara's pocket, he was likely to be troubled with more applications than he could, not alone meet—of that he never thought—but stave off to some dim future era. Altogether, Castleton was not in an over good humour that morning; had sworn at his valet, and lashed his terrier till it howled for mercy, and found everything at cross purposes and a bore, from his chocolate, which was badly milled, to the news he had lately heard, that “the —— Little Tressillian had come into some money, and had been taken up by old Molyneux,” news which gave him some nasty qualms, for “she’s a confounded plucky, skittish, hard-mouthed, little devil,” thought he, “and if the story of that cursed folly of mine ever get afloat, it’ll do me no end of mischief; and if she go and tell people about it—and they’ll listen to her now she’s a little money and Helena has taken her up—I shall never hear the last of it. It would be an infernal case for the papers. She must be put a stop to, somehow—but how?” Which knotty point occupied Lord Vane (who detested Alma with as much vindictiveness as an exceedingly vindictive nature was capable of, first, for her words; secondly, for her blow; and thirdly, for her escaping and outwitting him) more than even the coming trial between Lancer and the Field. So altogether Lord Vane was not in a good humour; he swore at his chocolate, he cursed the *Times*—that had just been browbeating the Duke of Tiara out of the ministry—he snarled at his friends, he dressed for Ascot, all in an exceedingly bad humour, and he was not in a better when, on issuing from his chamber to go to the drag that awaited him in the street below, he came suddenly face to face with the man he hated because he was the man that Alma Tressillian loved.

They met abruptly on the stairs as the one was quitting, the other approaching, the landing-place—they met abruptly, with barely a foot between them—De Vigne and Vane Castleton; he who had insulted her past all forgiveness, and he who would not have seen a hair of her head injured without revenging it. Involuntarily, they both stood silent for a moment. De Vigne looked at him, every vein in him tingling with passion, as he saw the man who had given him two years of torture—who had insulted the woman he idolised with his brutal love, his loathed caresses—who had put her name into the lips of other men, coupled with lies that levelled her with any other of his worthless fancies. He looked at him, recalling all that she had told him had been poured into her young ear in that horrible hour when she was in Vane Castleton’s clutches. He looked at him; his lips pale, and set with a stern fixed purpose; his large dark eyes burning with the hatred that was rioting within him; his right hand clenching hard on the riding-switch he held, as if he longed to change it into a deadlier and more dangerous weapon. Such insults as Vane Castleton had passed on Alma would have stirred the meekest peace-maker under heaven into righteous wrath, and armed the hand of the most spiritless, if it had had the least drop of manly blood or the least fibre of manly muscle in its veins and sinews. No wonder, then, that De Vigne, quick as David of Israel to wrath, with

dark passions born in him from his fathers, the men of the old time, when a stainless shield was borne by an iron hand, and all wrongs were redressed with steel—hot in thought, quick in action, abhorring all that was mean, ungenerous, and cowardly—felt all that was fiercest and most fiery in his nature rise up in its strongest wrath when he stood face to face with the man who had tried to rob him of the woman he loved. He seemed to hear his hateful love-vows, and Alma's piteous cry of terror and supplication; he seemed to see the loathsome caress with which he had dared to touch her pure soft lips, and the blow which her little delicate fingers had struck him in self-defence; he seemed to feel her struggling, as if for life or death, in the vulture clutches of her hated foe. What wonder that his hand clenched on his riding-whip, as if thirsting for that surer and deadlier weapon with which, in other days, his grandsires had defended their honour and their love.

Vane Castleton was no coward—had he been, the Tiara blood, bad though it might be in other ways, would have disowned him—he was no coward, yet at the eagle eyes that flashed so suddenly upon him, his own fell involuntarily for an instant. But only for an instant; he recovered himself in time to have the first word. He pushed his fine, fair curls off his low, white brow, with a sneer on his lips and in his cold, light eyes:

"De Vigne! My dear fellow, how are you? Didn't know you were in England. Come to rest yourself from that deuced hard campaign, eh?"

"No," said De Vigne between his teeth, which were set like a lion's at sight of his foe. "I am come for a harder task—to try and teach a scoundrel what honour and dishonour mean!"

His tones were too significant to leave Castleton in any doubt as to the application of his words. He drew in his lips with a nervous, savage twitch, and his light-blue eyes grew cold and angry. He laughed, with a forced sneer.

"Jealous! Are you come to bully me about that little girl of yours—little—what was her name—Trevanion, Trevelyan, Tressillian—something with a Tre, I know? Really, you will waste your wrath and your powder. I have nothing whatever to do with her; she did not take me in, though every one knows Major de Vigne, wise as he counts himself, fancied that consummate little intrigante a model of fidelity——"

The words had barely passed his lips—he could not finish his sentence—before De Vigne's grasp was on him, tight, firm, relentless; he might with as much use have tried to escape from the iron jaws of a tiger seeking his prey as from the grasp of the man who loved Alma Tressillian. De Vigne's face was white with passion, his eyes burning with fiery anger, the wrath that was in him quivering and thrilling in every vein and sinew—to hear her name on that liar's lips! He seized him in his iron grasp, and shook him like a little dog.

"Blackguard! that is the last of your dastard lies you shall ever dare to utter. You are too low for the revenge one man of honour takes upon another; you are only fit to be punished as one punishes a yelping mongrel or a sneaking hound."

Holding him there, powerless, in the grip of his right hand, he thrashed him with his riding-switch as a man would thrash a cur—thrashed him with all the passion that was in him, till the little whip

snapped in two. Then he lifted him up, as one would lift a dead rat or a broken bough, and threw him down the whole stone flight of the staircase: in his wrath, he seemed to have the strength of a score of giants.

Castleton lay at the foot of the stairs, stunned and insensible. His valet and the people of the house gazed on the scene, too amazed to interrupt it or aid him. His two friends, standing in the street criticising the four roans in his drag, rushed in at the echo of the fall. De Vigne stepped over his body, giving it a spurn with his foot as he passed.

"The devil, De Vigne!" began one of them. "What's up—what's amiss?"

De Vigne laughed—a haughty sneer upon his face:

"Only a little lesson given to your friend, Lord Monckton. Few will disagree with me in thinking it wanted; if they do, I can always be heard of at White's or the United. Good day to you!"

As he walked out into the street to his horse, which was waiting for him, a small, sleek, fair man, with a dandified badine, and a generally showy get-up, altogether in appearance extremely like a hairdresser who passes himself off as a baron, or a banker's clerk who tries to look like a man of fashion—De Vigne's ex-valet and Crimean correspondent, the man Raymond, who had been turned away two years before for reading Alma's letter—came up to him with that deferential ceremoniousness which would have fitted him for a groom of the chambers.

"I beg your pardon, Major, for intruding upon you; but might I be allowed to inquire whether you received a letter from me when you were before Sebastopol?"

De Vigne signed him away with the broken handle of his whip:

"When I discharge my servants, I do not expect to be followed and annoyed with their impertinence."

"I mean no impertinence, Major," persisted the man, "and I should not be likely to intrude upon you without some warrant, sir. Did you read my letter?"

"Read it? Do you suppose I read the begging-letters with which rogues pester me? It is no use to waste your words here. Take yourself off!"

He spoke haughtily and angrily, as he put his foot in the stirrup; he remembered the share Raymond, then in Castleton's employ, had taken in that vile plot against Alma; but he would not degrade her by bringing her name up to a servant, and lower both her and himself by stooping to resent the mere hired villany of Castleton's abettor.

"It was not a begging-letter, Major," said Raymond, with a slight smile. "It would have told you something of great importance to you, sir, if you had chosen to read it. I can tell it you still, sir, and it is what you would bid any price to hear."

"Silence!" said De Vigne, as he threw himself across the saddle, turning his head to his own groom. "Ashley, give that man in charge; he is annoying me!"

De Vigne shook the bridle from his grasp, and rode away up St. James's-street.

"I have horsewhipped him, that stain will cling to him for ever; but, by Heaven! if I had let my passions loose, I could have killed him," he

muttered to himself, as he galloped down Pall-Mall, bestowing no more thought on his quondam valet in the passion that still flamed in him, despite his vengeance.

He could have slain him, "if God restrained not," and his own principle had not held the curb upon his wrath, as in that horrible night-hour in the forest of Fontainebleau. He could have slain him, the man who would have robbed him of his one earthly treasure; who *had* robbed him of her for two years. He could have slain him, the man who had polluted her name by association with his; who had tried to win her by fraud and insult; who had dared to lure her by the love he knew she bore another into his own cruel and hateful trap; who had dared to touch those young lips, stainless as any rose-leaves with the dew of dawn upon them, with his loathed and brutal caresses. He could have slain him, as Moses slew the Egyptian, in the fiery wrath and hatred of the moment; but he refrained, as David refrained from slaying Saul, when the man who had wronged him lay in his power, sleeping and defenceless, in the still gloom of midnight. Oh! mes frères, virtue lies not, as some think, in being too pure for temptation to enter into us, but rather in proportion to the strength the seduction and the power of the temptation we resist. If there be such to whom like temptation never come, happy for them, their path through life is safe and easy. If they never know the delicious perfume of the rose-garland, they never know the bitterness of the fennel and amaranth; yet closer to human sympathies and dearer to human hearts—nobler, warmer, more natural—is the man who loves and hates, errs, struggles, and repents; is quick to joy and quick to pain; who may do wrong in haste, but is ever ready to atone, and who, though passing through the fire of his own thoughts, comes like gold worthier from the furnace.

Vane Castleton rose from that fall, sunk and degraded in his own eyes for ever, with such a hell raging in his own heart as might have satisfied the direst vengeance. He had been thrashed by Granville de Vigne as a hound by its keeper; he knew that stigma would cling to him as long as he lived. Monckton, his valet, his groom, the people of the house, all had seen it; seen him powerless in De Vigne's grasp; seen him held and lashed, like a yelping puppy in a hunting-field. The tale would be told in circles of all classes; it would spread like wildfire. No food so dear to the generality as gossip—above all, gossip spiced with scandal—it would be known in his club, in his clique, all over town. He could not lounge into White's or the Guards' Club without the men knowing he had been horsewhipped by De Vigne—De Vigne, a man too popular and too esteemed for others to discredit or condemn him. Horsewhipped—the blackest, least irremediable stigma that can lie upon a man, branding him a coward whom another has treated as a dog. When he rose, bruised, sore, with the white foam of anger on his lips, and the lash of De Vigne's riding-switch tingling and smarting on his shoulders, stung at last with the punishment of his own deeds, he—who had prided himself on his vices as other men on their virtues, who had done what he chose without paying or accounting for it to any one, who had earned for himself the sobriquet of "Butcher," for the unscrupulous cruelty with which he cleared everything that lay in his path away from it, heedless of mercy or justice—he had been punished for a lie and an insult—

punished with such chastisement as, do what he would, would cling to his name, making it shame to him and ridicule to others as long as his life should last. Monckton lost no time in detailing, in that hot-bed of gossipry, a club-room, how "that dare-devil De Vigne pitched into poor Vane. Some row about a woman—I don't know who; but I can swear to the severity of the thrashing; and he kicked him afterwards, by Jove! he did. Somebody should send it to the papers!"

Old Tiara, the rascally old man who, Heaven knows, had no business to throw pebbles at anybody—but it is always those who live in the most shattered glass houses that are most busy at that exploit—old Tiara, meeting him in St. James's-street, pushed him aside with his cane.

"I don't know you, sir, and if I did I wouldn't walk the length of the street with you, unless the club windows were empty." Chuckling in himself, too, as he said it; for if his son's humiliation was unpalatable to him as the first of Tiara blood that had ever had such a taint upon it—for if they were bad they were *game*—to humiliate him himself was sweet and highly amusing to the old man, who had learnt in youth of Queensberry and Alvanley, Pierrepont and Brummel, and found the same pleasure in a sharp answer as his chaplain would have told him to do in a soft one.

Alma Tressillian was amply revenged. Castleton's debts, his difficulties, his mal odour in general, crowned by the story of his horsewhipping—a horsewhipping that he did not dare *revenger*, because of the evil deed that was the root of the quarrel, would make England too warm, or rather too cold, for him. He could not stay in town, cut by every man worth knowing; all his daily haunts, the club, the Ring, Pall-Mall, and St. James's-street, would be filled by old acquaintance, who would either drop him entirely, or shake him off as plainly as they could; every house where he was wont to dine or lounge away his hours would be full of the story that Major de Vigne had thrashed him for an abominable insult to some woman; town would be closed to Castleton as effectually as though everybody had ostracised him. There were only left him casinos and Cafés Régences, sharpeners and black-legs, and cut by his own father, and sent to Coventry by his own brothers, he slunk out of London and out of England. He lives at Paris and the Bads, devoting himself, I believe, to extraordinarily skilful *écarté*, to roulette and trente et quarante; his society is not what one of the ducal house of Tiara might reasonably expect, and they tell me there is no more dangerous hand at trapping young pigeons, and fleecing them of all their valuable feathers, than Lord Vane Castleton. It is rather an unworthy office for one of his order, but *chacun à leur goût*, and a man if he be by nature a coward and a bully, dishonest and dishonourable, will grow up so, whether he was born in an ivory cradle or a strolling player's barn. Nature will out, and it will have the best of the game, unless education be powerful indeed, and so—Vane Castleton, with a great name, a good position, and every chance to make fair running in the race of life if he had chosen, born with the nature of the bully, the coward, and the sharper in him, sank at last, despite all, to their level.

## THE IONIAN ISLANDS.

HER MAJESTY'S government having assumed to itself the power of alienating the Ionian Islands under certain circumstances, upon the plea that the said islands are not a possession of the British crown, but a separate and independent state—the Republic of the Seven Islands—first acquired by conquest, and afterwards placed by treaty under the protection of the British crown, and therefore within its prerogative to alienate them, according to action taken without, but, according to Lord Palmerston's own admission, to be carried out only with the consent of parliament, much surprise has been excited by this sudden undertaking, and a general desire created to learn all that is possible as to the past and present history of the Septinsular Republic, and our relations to its Greco-Italian mongrel population, in part composed of the dregs of Europe, and the most disaffected and criminal of the populations of the great cities of the Levant, more especially Smyrna and Constantinople, where the so-called Ionians avail themselves of the privilege of British protection for the commission of all kinds and descriptions of outrages, to the terror of the people, the irritation of the governments, and the perplexity of the British authorities.

The name of the islands is supposed to be derived from that of the Ionians, a conquering tribe from the mountains of Thessaly, who migrated southwards at an unknown period, and settled in Attica and part of the Peloponnesus, and gave their name to the adjacent sea and islands. These islands were early celebrated in Grecian history, especially in the Peloponnesian wars. In the war of the Romans against Philip, Corfu adhered to the Macedonians, whilst Cephalonia and Zante espoused the cause of the Romans. The battle of Actium, which decided the destinies of the Roman Empire, was fought between Santa Maura and Corfu. There can be no question that, in a naval, military, and political point of view, the importance of these islands has been considerable, from the most remote times to the present, when events are preparing to increase rather than diminish that long pre-eminence.

The Romans protected the Ionian Isles, and science and the arts lingered awhile in this asylum after the fall of the Western Empire. In the thirteenth century the kings of Naples got possession of Corfu, and in the fourteenth the Venetians, then masters of the Mediterranean, took these islands under their protection. But upon the dissolution of the once-powerful republic of Venice, in 1796, the islands fell into the hands of the French Republic. The objects of the French government were mainly directed to the island of Corfu, the strategic importance of which, in relation to the efforts which France was then making to extend her influence in the Levant, had been at once felt by General Bonaparte. "Corfu," Captain Whyte-Jervis says, in an admirable little work, to which we hasten to confess not past, but future, obligations,\* "having

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\* The Ionian Islands during the Present Century. By Captain Whyte-Jervis, M.P. Chapman and Hall.

for so many centuries been the chief bulwark of Christendom against the encroachments of the Turks, its value was proportionately increased at a time when the Ottoman Empire was in its decline." How much more, then, must not this value have increased in the present time? Every augmentation of power conferred upon any Christian nationality of Turkey is virtually stultifying what has become to be considered the traditional policy of Great Britain in the East, and the perpetual hostility to the claims of the Greek, Slavonian, and Rouman provinces, the object of which has been to support the integrity of the Ottoman Empire, and to bring the day nearer when the Greeks shall reclaim their ancient tenure in Byzantium.

From Corfu, also, the French squadron could, in the event of hostilities, sail up the Adriatic, co-operate with the army of Italy, and keep the court of Naples in check, whilst the separation of the island from Venice presented an insurmountable obstacle to the Austrians, having a navy of any importance. (Thiers, t. ix. ch. ii.; Daru, *Hist. de Venise*, c. 38.)

"The islands of Corfu, of Zante, and of Cephalonia," Bonaparte wrote, "are of greater interest to us than all Italy put together. I think that, if we were obliged to make a choice, it would be advisable to restore Italy to the emperor, and for us to keep the four islands, which are a source of wealth and prosperity to our commerce. The Turkish Empire is crumbling from day to day; the possession of these islands will enable us to keep it together, if that is possible, or to take our share of it." (*Correspondance de Napoléon*, tom. iii. p. 235.) If this was the case in the time of General Bonaparte with respect to the French, is it not the same with regard to ourselves in the present day?

With the island of San Pietro, Malta, and Corfu, Napoleon also said, according to Montholon, "we should be masters of all the Mediterranean."

But French rule soon proved obnoxious to the islanders. The abolition of nobility and of serfdom disgusted the signori; the clergymen were irritated by the establishment of secular schools; and, according to Bellaire, "the attempts on the part of the French to introduce common honesty and justice in the public administration only further alienated all classes."

The signori here alluded to were among the most corrupt of men. Under the Venetians they were remarkable only for the avidity with which they sought after positions, which in more civilised countries appertain to the middle classes, and for the servile way in which they cringed to their Italian masters. Out of the small population of Corfu alone, one hundred and fifty signori were annually chosen to pile up the various municipal offices. It is but natural that such men should have taken the French, who precluded them from any participation in the municipal revenues, in dislike. Hence it was that when, after the battle of the Nile, Corfu was laid siege to by the Russo-Turkish fleet, the natives rose in revolt and assisted the allies.

The Russians landed on the 21st of November, 1798, near Potamo, and, taking possession of Mount Olivetto, shelled thence the town, Fort Abraham, and Fort Neuf. The Turks disembarked on the 28th at Paleopolis, whilst General Chabot, who had only a force of some eighteen

hundred men, three, afterwards four, ships, a bomb-ketch, a brig, and four small galleys, restricted himself to purely defensive operations. The Russians having endeavoured to establish a connexion with the Turks by constructing a battery on the heights of Kastradhes, near the convent of St. Pantaleone, the position was assailed on the 1st of December by the French, and the assailants driven from it, but an attempt made at the same time against Mount Olivetto failed. On the 12th, the Russians, having completed two new batteries on the same heights, they reopened their fire, which never ceased till the town capitulated. The Turks were in the mean time engaged in approaching St. Saviour's by way of Kastradhes, and on the 5th of February the French squadron, taking advantage of a dark night, escaped with a favourable breeze. It was in vain that General Chabot attempted to dislodge the Turks; reinforced by the Russians, they planted batteries parallel with the citadel and the south-east end of the town, which began their fire in concert with that on Mount Olivetto.

About this time Commander Lord William Stuart arrived in the English eighteen-gun brig *El Corso*, and he imparted fresh vigour to the operations. It was decided that a combined attack should be made upon three points at once—viz. the island of Vido, Fort Abraham, and Fort St. Saviour. This attack was made on the 29th of February. The island of Vido was at that epoch undefended by a fort, and it soon fell before the fire of eight hundred guns; but the allies were unsuccessful in their assaults upon Fort Abraham and St. Saviour's.

The French garrison was, however, by this time reduced to the direst extremity. It had defended a town, the fortifications of which required a force of from five to seven thousand men, for four months, and it was completely worn out with the incessant watching and toil which the limited extent of the force entailed upon them. Add to this, it was suffering from the want of materials, and of the most common necessities of life. Disease had followed upon the train of famine, and all further resistance being unavailing, it capitulated on the 3rd of March.

On the 21st of March, 1800, a treaty was concluded between Russia and Turkey, by which the islands of Corfu, Paxo, Santa Maura, Cephalonia, Ithaca, Zante, and Cerigo, were constituted into a Septinsular Republic, vassal and tributary to the Porte, and to be governed by the principal and notable men of the country. The result is instructive. "The more ancient families of the nobility at once recovered all their former privileges and hereditary despotism. Extinguished factions were again lighted up, and although a form of local government was established in each island, with a general government at Corfu, the rivalry of the islands among themselves became a real and active struggle on the score of precedence and sovereignty. Little more than a year had elapsed since the formation of the Septinsular Republic, and it had already sunk into the passive existence of a political decrepitude. Each of the seven islands had not only become guilty of treason and rebellion against their general government, but even, in many instances, against the local government; and the whole of them presented one scene of anarchy, robbery, and murder." (Whyte-Jervis, *op cit.*, p. 29; and Vaudoncourt, *Isles Ioniennes*, ch. ii.)



Such was the state of anarchy that a deputation was sent by the senate to St. Petersburg to request a new constitution, as if laws made men and not men the laws; and on the 23rd of November, 1802, Count Mocenigo, a Zantist nobleman, proclaimed a new constitution, framed in Russia, and which restored a certain amount of tranquillity.

Napoleon had, however, never lost sight of the advantage which the possession of Corfu would give to the French, and he obtained the cession of the Septinsular Republic to France in full sovereignty by the secret articles of the Treaty of Tilsit, 7th of July, 1807. The French, like the English, did their best to conciliate the restless, intriguing, dissatisfied islanders. To please the people, the Greek religion was declared to be that of the state; and, to propitiate the signori, no improvements were made in the courts of justice, whilst the senate was nominally recognised. General Donzelot, the French commandant, was also happily chosen, being a man of talent and integrity. (Dumas, *Précis des Even. Milit.*, tome v.) But the result with these model islanders was the same in all cases.

In the year 1809, Vice-Admiral Lord Collingwood, having been apprised that the inhabitants of Cephalonia and Zante were desirous of throwing over the French and restoring the Septinsular government, ordered Captain Spranger to proceed with a squadron and transports with troops to reduce these islands. On the 28th of September, the castle being invested, Zante capitulated, and a provisional government was at once established. Cephalonia and Ithaca also surrendered without resistance. Cerigo made some show of resistance to Captain Jahleel Brenton, who had been sent in the *Spartan* to reduce it. "It had long been a nest of privateers of the very worst description, directed against the trade of all nations, and of singular annoyance to the British."

It was different with regard to Santa Maura. Brigadier-General Oswald, after establishing his head-quarters at Zante, sailed on the 21st of March, 1810, to reduce the island. General Camus had retired with his whole force (about a thousand men) within the outworks which surrounded the fortress. The outer field-works, which stretched from the lagoon to the sea, were first carried; but a more stubborn resistance was met with at the next entrenchment, and it was only carried with considerable loss. The enemy was, after that, driven at the point of the bayonet from work to work to within the fortress. Siege batteries were then raised against the latter, which opened fire on the 5th of April, and on the 16th the garrison surrendered. General Oswald, having placed a garrison in the fort, returned to Zante, to organise a system of government for the five islands. A British officer was appointed as chief of the government in each; and although a council of presidency, consisting of four members, and an administrative body of forty members, were formed to carry on the civil matters of each island, yet, in reality, the British commander was omnipotent.

Corfu was no longer the dilapidated fortress which General Chabot had vainly endeavoured to defend. Well supplied with ammunition, its guns mounted, Vido denuded of its olive-trees, and strengthened by field-works, it was considered too strong to be attacked without reinforcements; and General Donzelot, from behind his citadel, laughed at the

imaginary blockade which the British government supposed would be effected by two frigates.

Nothing daunted, however, Colonel Church took possession of Paxo, as a preliminary to an attack on Corfu in the middle of February, 1814, with a detachment of troops, assisted by the *Apollo* frigate. The abdication of Napoleon at Fontainebleau came, however, opportunely to save the sacrifice of valuable lives, and the island was, upon the official orders of Louis XVIII., surrendered to General Sir James Campbell, who accepted it in the name of the allies generally. It was mainly through the influence of Capo d'Istria, the Russian representative at the Congress of Vienna, October, 1814, and who was afterwards murdered when president of the new republic of Greece, that the islands were placed under British protection. This distinguished statesman, according to Lord Castlereagh (Correspondence, vol. ix. p. 529), said that, as a Russian minister, he must promote whatever objects his court might give him in charge, but that, as a native, his opinion was that these islands, for their own happiness and prosperity, should remain under the protection of Great Britain, as the greatest maritime power, and the best able to secure to them the advantages of their flag, and the freedom of their commerce. The seven islands were finally, by the treaty of the 5th of November, 1815, formed in a "single," "free," and "independent" state, which, under the protection of the sovereign of Great Britain, was to be governed by a lord high commissioner, from whom it was to receive a constitution.

The first British representative—Sir Thomas Maitland—was, according to Captain Whyte-Jervis, a man every way suited to the times, as well as to the position which he was called upon to fill. He saw, on his arrival, the unfitness of the people for a constitutional government, which in every state must be the effect of time, accompanied by internal tranquillity; but, as a constitution had to be given, he drew one up, which, placing as little power as possible in the hands of the legislative assembly, materially effected what he considered should be his primary object—viz. an improved administration of the civil and criminal code, and an ameliorated condition of the peasantry.

A legislative body of forty members, elected from the seven islands, was to assemble at Corfu biennially. Of these forty, eleven consisted of the president and five members of the senate, the four regents of the larger islands, and one regent of the smaller islands; these eleven formed the primary council, were chosen by the lord high commissioner from the first assembly, and *de jure* formed part of the subsequent one. This primary council drew up a double list of twenty-nine persons, which was submitted to the synclitæ; from this body six members were chosen to form the senate, and the places of these six, who received a handsome pecuniary allowance, were filled up by another double list. The senate was divided into three departments—viz. general, political, financial; each department having two senators. Arrangements were also made for the conduct of the legislative assembly, leaving the right of veto with the lord high commissioner.

The incorruptible uprightness of Sir Thomas Maitland's character, and the steadiness with which he carried out his reforms, soon made him

many enemies. The feeling of irritation against his government was, however, raised to the highest pitch by the cession of Parga to the Turks, the Parguinotes emigrating, as a consequence, in a mass to the Ionian Islands, where they soon formed one of the most industrious portions of the community. The arrival of Capo d'Istrias was also, with such an excitable people, sufficient to create a commotion, and give rise, indeed, to a Russian party. But often minor matters brought about quarrels, as in the instance of the taxes voluntarily imposed in order to defray the expenses of cutting through the strip of sand which joined Santa Maure to the mainland, the levy of which was openly resisted with arms. The worthy islanders were so accustomed to broils, that they could not be even made to understand that they were committing serious violations of the laws. The sequestration of church property at Zante was in a similar way seized upon to stir the people into insurrection, and the leader of the revolt was treated with mistaken clemency.

The breaking out of the Greek revolution, in April, 1821, afforded a new and ample excuse for disturbances among the restless and discontented islanders. A proclamation of the strictest neutrality was published; but notwithstanding this, the youth of the islands, and especially of Cephalonia, took up the cause with enthusiasm. As these patriots would not return to their country, even when summoned, decrees of perpetual banishment and confiscation of property were issued against some of the most notorious offenders. Cephalonian ships, that had joined the cause with British colours, were also declared to be pirates. As is too commonly the case with the Greeks, the natural lawlessness of the people broke out in such unwarrantable acts of cruelty, that public opinion was soon turned against them. The inhabitants of Cerigo massacred forty-one Turks, men and women, in cold blood. The Zantiotes fired on the English when protecting the lives of a few shipwrecked Osmanlis. At last Sir Frederick Adam, at that time acting for the lord high commissioner, was obliged to disarm the peasantry, and a decided improvement in their conduct dated from that epoch, for, when every man went to a festival, armed with gun and dagger, they were used in every broil, and the consequences were murders of frequent occurrence, from which arose long-standing family feuds.

When Sir Thomas Maitland assumed the reins of government in the Ionian Islands, he had found a peasantry ground down by the usurious loans of their landlords, judges openly bribed, and a treasury containing but three obolis; at the epoch of his death (January 17, 1824) the peasantry were already relieved from bondage, justice was honourably administered, government employés were handsomely paid, roads cut through the islands, the town of Corfu embellished, a mole and aqueduct were carried on at Zante, the churches repaired, public credit restored, and there was a surplus revenue of one hundred and seventeen thousand three hundred and fifty-seven dollars. It would be imagined that such results obtained, at the same time that there was a steady increase of cultivation, comfort, and population, in the country and villages, a diminution of crime, and the people progressing rapidly in wealth, morality, and civilisation, would have met with the approbation, if not the gratitude, of all classes. Not so with the Ionians; they only heaped scurrilous abuse

upon the memory of the man who lost his life in endeavours to benefit their condition.

Sir Thomas Maitland was succeeded by Sir Frederick Adam, who still further improved Corfu, repaired the fortifications, and ensured to the town a plentiful supply of fresh water. He was succeeded by Lord Nugent, whose chief attention was directed to the further improvement of the courts of justice. Schools were likewise protected, and the islanders were encouraged by every means to follow an industrious course. But, as with his predecessors, all his endeavours for the public welfare could not shelter him from the abuse and slanders of those who felt the irksomeness of a government which inculcated the supremacy of the law. This ill feeling at last broke out into a serious difference between the members of the legislative assembly and Lord Nugent's successor, Major-General Sir Howard Douglas. The opinion of the law officers of the crown was taken at home, and was against the assembly. The opinion of the protecting sovereign was, however, treated with indifference, and the assembly was dissolved for a first time.

Notwithstanding that the successive clamours and intrigues of revolutionary zealots or disappointed placemen had thus so seriously embarrassed the government of every lord high commissioner, Lord Seaton, the next in succession, believed himself justified in proposing fundamental changes in the constitution of 1817. He recommended to the home government to give entire freedom to the press, to vest the control over the extraordinary expenditure of the country in the legislative assembly, to extend the suffrage, and to make the electoral system perfectly free from any government interference. This was in the year 1848, when Europe had been seized with a republican fever; so, to do like others, the Ionians, in the face of the proposed concessions, attacked the towns of Argostoli and Lixuri in open daylight. They were, however, at once repulsed by the few men on guard, and the ringleaders were punished. Four demagogues had also to be forthwith banished for abusing the newly-granted freedom of the press.

Sir Henry Ward, who succeeded Lord Seaton, adopted a policy of conciliation and concession like his predecessor, and he began by giving a complete amnesty to rioters, rebels, and exiles. It was consequently not long before he was taught the difference between the Ionian, endowed with all the benefits of a most liberal constitution, creating disturbances from an utter disregard to the well-being of society, and the rising of the Italians, Hungarians, and Poles, writhing under a tyranny which could not be borne. Riots again broke out in Cephalonia, and in August, 1849, some of the native gentry living in the more remote districts were murdered, under circumstances of the greatest atrocity, by peasants instigated by some of the demagogues of the Greek faction. Sir Henry Ward punished the assassins, but failed to bring the instigators to account, and the effect produced by this mistaken lenity on the islanders was only further to encourage the disaffected.

The first parliament, which met in 1850, returned every demagogue of note—journalists whom Lord Seaton had banished for the most flagrant libels—men whom the brigands of Cephalonia had claimed as accomplices, some, indeed, without a farthing of private means, and ready

for the most desperate acts. The members of this party called themselves the "Inexorables," and they were opposed to all conciliation and all compromise, not only with the existing government, but with any government not of a purely republican form. Sir Henry Ward having soon discovered that he had conferred upon this people an amount of liberty for which they were wholly unfitted, and that the change of government aimed at was simply a change of property, to be arrived at, if necessary, by the disorganisation of society itself, was forced to prorogue parliament. The recess was then taken up in weeding out this extreme revolutionary party, and during the remainder of Sir Henry Ward's government matters went on more smoothly.

In 1855, Sir Henry Ward was relieved by Sir John Young, and in the course of 1858 the cabinets of Europe were surprised at hearing that an English lord high commissioner, wearied with the petty vexations of Ionian administration, had advocated the cession of six of the islands to Greece, and the conversion of Corfu into a British colony. "Europe," says Captain Whyte-Jervis, "naturally inquired whether Great Britain had forgotten the nature of the important trust reposed in her in this matter. The Ionian Islands had not been placed under the protection of England merely to add to British power, or please the Ionians." And again: "Having accepted the trust, England had for forty years faithfully performed her duty. She had found a people subject to a despotic military power, and had endowed them with a free constitution. She had found a peasantry ground down by their signori, and imbued with the grossest ignorance; she emancipated them from their moral serfdom, promoted instruction in every way, and established a strict observance of the law for high as well as poor. The protection afforded by her flag had brought wealth to their merchants, and the macadamised road she had constructed, even to the recesses of the Black Mountain of Cephalonia, had opened the advantages of the numerous excellent harbours to the farmers' produce. The revenue, which in 1849 had increased to 132,904*l.*, rose in 1854 to 139,511*l.*; in 1856 to 184,646*l.*; and in 1858 to 201,276*l.* (It is to be observed that England has never made the Ionians pay for the protectorate, or support the garrison. Rome and many modern nations would have acted very differently.) The exports from the United Kingdom to the Ionian Islands, in 1829, had been to the value of 30,465*l.*; in 1845 it rose to 209,612*l.*; in 1851 to 253,202*l.*; in 1853 to 423,903*l.* Zante, with its admirably cultivated valley; Cephalonia, with its rugged heights turned into terraces of vineyards; Ithaca, with its flourishing Black Sea trade; Santa Maura, with her numerous little freeholds,—such were the fruits of British protection, which we were asked to hand over to a government which was unable to protect property, public or private."

The British ministry hastened to disclaim all connexion with the views expressed by Sir John Young. Mr. Gladstone was despatched as lord high commissioner extraordinary to inquire into the state of things, and explain the views entertained by her Majesty's government. Arrived at Corfu in November, 1858, Mr. Gladstone declared that her Majesty, ever solicitous of the well-being of the peoples whom she either governs or protects, was earnestly desirous that the inhabitants of the Ionian State should enjoy every advantage which was contemplated by the treaty of

Paris of 1815. The existing state of things was, however, derived from a source higher than the will of any single state, whether sovereign or subordinate. It constituted a portion of the public law of Europe. The court of England, he added, recognises her duties under the treaty of Paris, and has never had either the intention or the desire to renounce them. Mr. Gladstone admitted, at the same time, that what he termed "a certain effervescence on the subject of union with Greece" prevailed, but, he added, he also found in all quarters a body of intelligent opinion, indifferent or even averse to immediate union. Mr. Gladstone then proceeded, in accordance with the views of the men of property, the men of business, the men who had a stake in the well-being and social progress of the islands, to effect additional reforms in the constitution. These were ably framed, but were at once rejected by the demagogic majority of parliament, who came to the resolution that an assembly which had pronounced the words "Union with Greece" should not permit any less sacred name to pass its lips.

But her Majesty's government, at that time sensible that such a union would be only disastrous to the Ionians, refused to submit the petition of the legislative assembly adopted in favour of union to the powers of Europe. It declared that her Majesty could neither consent to abandon the obligation she had undertaken, nor could she convey nor permit any application to any other power in furtherance of any similar design.

Notwithstanding these assurances, Europe has been again surprised by an offer to give up the Ionian Islands to Greece. Whether as a grateful return for the proposed election of a British prince as king of the country, or for some other occult motive, has not been made manifest. Certain it is that even the acceptance of the crown of Greece by a British prince would not absolve England of its protectorate of the Ionian Islands, without the consent of the powers who were parties to the treaty conferring that protectorate. Something has been said as to giving an example of the modern notion of the rights of nationalities, and, in as far as the principle is concerned, such may have great weight; but when we turn to the practice, how far are such principles regarded in the conduct of Russia and Prussia to Poland, or of Turkey to the Slavonian, Rouman, or Greek provinces? Could Denmark afford to poll the votes of Holstein for dismemberment, Austria the Hungarians or Venetians, or the Pope the Romans? The example, then, to be afforded by the proposed inaumission of the Ionians would be as ridiculous as it is insignificant. Something has also been said as to the impracticability of the Ionians, but there are no people so fallen as not to be capable of gradual improvement. We have done much to spoil the Ionians, as we do in India, by over leniency. The manifest improvement that has taken place in all that concern the wealth, prosperity, and well-being of the Ionian State under British rule fully attests what might be done by a prolonged, kindly, yet firm control. Something has also been said by a well-known party in this country as to a useless expenditure retorted upon by ingratitude. But the increasing wealth of the Ionian State ought to enable it to more than pay for that protectorate which has brought with it so improved a position in the social scale.

Lord Palmerston has avowed that the whole question is still in embryo; in fact, precisely in that position which is most wanting in those details which are essential to its ever being carried out. First, Greece has to elect a sovereign in whom the British government can place confidence—confidence that he will govern the country internally well and upon liberal principles, and externally abstain from aggression on his neighbours—before even steps can be taken for the purpose of leading to the annexation of the islands to Greece. But it does not depend upon the single will of the British crown to do so, and before the islands can be ceded, the consent of the powers who placed them under the protectorate of England must be obtained. Again, before a people are transferred to another power, it is necessary that their will shall be known, and there may be among the most intelligent, most prosperous, and most influential classes, an unwillingness to the transfer. Above all, supposing such a transfer to take place, it would be right that Greece should undertake by treaty not to alienate the islands to any other power, because it is quite clear that there might be arrangements by which these islands might come into the possession of some other power than Greece, to the detriment of the general interests of the neighbouring countries. If Great Britain fails to see the political and commercial importance of these islands, other powers may not be so blind to these advantages. When the god Terminus, who resisted the majesty of Jupiter, submitted to the authority of the Emperor Hadrian, it was, Gibbon says, scarcely in his power to place the superiority of his predecessor in a more conspicuous light than by thus confessing himself unequal to the task of defending the conquest of Trajan. Are we ever to go on degenerating thus under a faltering ministry and a clique void of patriotism? Not, at all events, in this first retrograde step. Even her Majesty's government cannot carry out so important a cession without the consent of parliament, and if the ministry are not, as would appear, backing out of the false position they have placed themselves in, we do not believe that they will ever obtain a majority on such a question in an English House of Peers or Commons. The thing is, indeed, already visionary, if not utterly impracticable, upon their own showing, and it was probably a sop to gratify Greek vanity when busy caressing our own national pride.

"It is my belief," said Mr. Gladstone, on the 7th of May, 1861, "it would be nothing less than a crime against the safety of Europe—I might even say against its immediate tranquillity—as connected with the state and course of the great Eastern question, if England were to apply to the powers of Europe to be allowed to surrender the protectorate of the Ionian Islands for the purpose of uniting them to Greece. Consider, again, the bearing of this union, if it took place, upon the condition of what I may call the Greek provinces of Turkey. What! are we to say to the people of the Ionian Islands, 'It is so intolerable that you should remain apart from the kingdom which has its capital at Athens, that we will disturb the European arrangements, and remove forthwith the protectorate of England, in deference to the principle of nationality?' And could we, at the same time, say to the people of Candia, of Thessaly, or of Albania, 'You shall remain, not under a Christian protectorate, but under a Muhammedan sovereignty, and your desire for nationality shall remain

ungratified—a Christian protectorate was too bad for others, a Turkish dominion is good enough for you? ”

It must have been with some such feelings that the German prince declined the crown of Greece, except upon the consideration of the annexation of certain islands and Greek provinces now under Muhammedan rule—an annexation which must take place sooner or later.

Or, as Captain Whyte-Jervis puts it, “Has the time come for Turkey to cease being one of the kingdoms of this world? Is the Greece of 1863 so improved on that of 1858, that we can now trust to her charge a people we could not then? Has the Eastern question so altered its gravity, that her Majesty can now ask of the powers of Europe that consent to the transfer of the Ionian Islands, which, in 1859, she solemnly assured the Ionians she could not? Was the Crimean war a gross political blunder? And were the tens of thousands who perished in it uselessly slaughtered? These are the questions which will arise when we do cede the Ionian Islands to Greece, for it cannot be that this great country should desire to visit on a happy and industrious population the punishment due to those few unprincipled demagogues, whose rantings are not heard beyond the small sphere they live in, by ceding them to a country in a state of anarchy. Neither can it be that we desire to get rid of the responsibilities, which are incumbent on the position which we hold in Europe, to save a few thousands of pounds.”

There is an exception to take to one part of this argument. Great Britain did not engage with France and Turkey in the Crimean war solely to uphold the Osmanli Empire, but also to prevent the stupendous encroachment openly projected by Russia, in taking the Greeks under her protection. The aggrandisement of Russia is one question, the integrity of the Turkish Empire and the independence of Greece are others. And it is as much to prevent the one, as to uphold the independence of Turkey and the prosperity of Greece, that it behoves Great Britain to hold by the protectorate of the Ionian Islands. Not that the prosperity of Greece, or of the Christian—Slavonian, Rouman, and Greek—provinces of Turkey, are compatible with the preservation of the rule of the Osmanlis, but that it is the key-stone of modern policy to support a bigoted, corrupt, and false system, in order to prevent others profiting too largely by the establishment of a correct state of things.

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## THE BATTLE OF THE ALMA.\*

THE army of the Crimea, consisting of 27,600 French (the French say 30,204), 7000 Turks, and 27,000 English, advanced, as is well known, from the place of landing as a movable column, that is to say, without any reserve or base of operations; and the place of honour, or the left, upon the firmness of which, in case of attack, the fate of the whole army would be dependent, was given to the English. Hitherto, the French had always taken the right, and there was something like archness in Lord Raglan's remark, that although the French were bent upon taking precedence of him, their courtesy still gave him the post of danger. It was occupying this position that first brought us into contact with the enemy on the Balganak.

The force which Mr. Kinglake estimates confronted the French upon the heights of Alma were 13,000 men and 36 guns, and that which confronted the English was a force of 26,000 men, with 86 guns. So that the English, with the same amount of troops (minus the 7000 Turks, who were with the French) as the French, had to engage double the number of the enemy. The French and Turks were further supported by the fire of nine war-steamers, and they had nothing to fear for their left, which was protected by the English. The position attacked by the French presented some physical difficulties, but was defended by no field-works. The position attacked by the English was entrenched, and comprised the Kurganah Hill—the key of the whole defence.

Marshal St. Arnaud's plan, as exposed to Lord Raglan on the evening previous to the combat, was to advance and seize upon the West Cliff, supported by the war-steamers, combined with an attack upon the left front also, by the French. The English force was to file away obliquely, in order to turn the enemy's right flank! It was decided that Bosquet should advance upon the West Cliff at five o'clock in the morning, and that, two hours later, the rest of the allied forces should begin their march upon the enemy's position.

Bosquet did move at half-past five, and at seven o'clock the main body of the allies was in movement. But the oblique movement to the east imposed a long and toilsome evolution upon the English, which was further added to by the necessity for moving the baggage-train in the same direction. Hence it was, according to Mr. Kinglake, that the English were behindhand, a thing which so sorely vexed the French.

A competent authority, and one who is entitled all the more to an opinion, as being neither a Frenchman nor an Englishman—General George Klapka—says upon this incident, in his valuable little work "*The War in the East*," p. 87, "Lord Raglan was quite right—though St. Arnaud took it in bad part—to await the first success of the French ere he commenced an attack with his own troops; for to ensure victory, it was requisite first to shake the Russian left wing, and dislodge them from the road to Sebastopol; then was the time for the English to fall upon the Russian right wing. At the continued importunities of St. Arnaud,

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\* The Invasion of the Crimea; its Origin, and an Account of its Progress down to the Death of Lord Raglan. By Alexander William Kinglake, Esq.

however, Lord Raglan conceded the point, the consequence of which was a considerable loss to the allies, and only the partial defeat of the enemy."

And so it ought to have been, but was not. When the movement of the English was delayed, the advance of Bosquet's column was also unwisely suspended. (The war-steamers did not open fire till 10.20, A.M.) When Lord Raglan met St. Arnaud on a mound or tumulus, he clearly intimated to the French marshal that with such a body of cavalry as the enemy had in the plain, he would not attempt to turn the position, which disposes of the notion entertained by the French that Lord Raglan stood engaged to turn the enemy's right; and lastly, it is stated in a letter of Lord Raglan's, that when the allies reached the ground which sloped down towards the Alma, the heads of our leading columns were abreast of the French skirmishers.

In deploying, Sir de Lacy Evans's division was so pressed upon by Prince Napoleon's division on his right, that he was driven to encroach upon Sir George Brown's division to his left, and he, not seeing this, did not go farther to the left also, and the consequence was, his right regiment (the 7th Fusiliers) was overlapped by Pennefather's brigade. The fault was not retrieved, and led to much confusion.

Mr. Kinglake, in his description of the battle that ensued, has availed himself of a large amount of new and valuable information from Russian sources. This, considering that hitherto almost all detailed descriptions have been French, adds greatly to the value and importance of this first English account of the combat. The Russians, we are told, had been taught to believe that the English were good seamen but thoroughly worthless as soldiers—an erroneous opinion entertained by others than Russians. When they saw the red coats coming on in line, only two deep, they could not believe that with so fine a thread as that the English general was really intending to confront their massive columns.

The enemy's artillery did not open till half-past one o'clock, when our leading infantry divisions were halted, and the men were ordered to lie down. The First Division having also come within range, it was forthwith thrown into line by the Duke of Cambridge, who effected the manœuvre so successfully that he had the happiness of seeing his Guards and Highlanders well extended, and competent to act along the whole length of that superb line.

But although Lord Raglan had advanced against his own better judgment, he still conceived that the operation determined upon by the French ought to take full effect before he engaged the English army in an assault upon the enemy's heights; so the men had to lie down for a most inconvenient length of time, exposed to a well-sustained fire from thirty guns.

When this long trial of passive, enduring courage came to an end, and a movement forward was made, with swarms of skirmishers thrown forward, our infantry were further delayed and thrown into trouble by the firing of the village of Burliuk. In the mean time, Bosquet's division, pushing through the village of Almatamack, had begun to climb the vineyard slopes, firing away briskly, we are told, at nothing! A young officer observed to Lord Raglan, "The French, my lord, are warmly engaged." Lord Raglan answered, "Are they? I cannot catch any return fire." "His practised ear had told him what we now know to be

the truth. No troops were opposed to the advance of Bosquet's columns in this part of the field ; but it is the custom of French skirmishers, when they get into thick ground near an enemy, to be continually firing. They do this partly to show the chiefs behind them what progress they are making, and partly, it would seem, in order to give life and spirit to the scene."

The artillery began the ascent, and the active Zouaves manned the cliff before any enemy had been encountered. A whole battalion, Mr. Kinglake says, in opposition to the French reports, had gained the summit, and were drawn up and formed on the plateau before a shot had been fired by the enemy. It was only then, according to Sir Edward Colebrooke, who witnessed the proceedings from the deck of one of our ships of war, that the enemy brought up four guns and opened fire. The fact was, that Prince Mentschikoff was totally unprepared for such a turning movement, and having made no provision for it, he now wildly determined to engage a portion of his scanty force in a tedious march from his right hand to his left. Bosquet, however, maintained his position, and the annals of the French artillery record with pride, that with twelve pieces he engaged and overpowered no less than forty of the enemy's light guns. Prince Mentschikoff having afterwards recalled his troops, Bosquet remained during the remainder of the combat undisturbed on the plateau, without having been engaged in any conflict, we are told, except with the enemy's artillery.\*

Prince Napoleon's and Canrobert's divisions were next ordered up to support Bosquet's position towards his left, and Lord Raglan awaited till they had gained the first heights before he began his forward movement. Unfortunately, Canrobert's division was delayed by the necessity of sending his guns round by Almatamak, while Prince Napoleon's division "hung back in the valley." The heads of the divisions enjoyed good shelter under the heights, but the masses in the rear were peppered, till they began to complain that they were being "massacred."

Lord Raglan, seeing that the French could not gain the heights, that Bosquet's division had become worse than useless, and naturally annoyed at his men being kept so long under the enemy's fire, then gave the order to advance. The whole of the foremost line "rose alert from the ground, dressed well their ranks, and then, having a front of two miles, with a depth of only two men, marched grandly down the slope."

Evans's task was a difficult one. He had the burning village before him, which obliged him to divide his force, and he sustained great loss in his advance upon the bridge and causeway. The Light Division, under Sir George Brown, however, moved forward against the Great Redoubt. It had to force its way through vineyards, gardens, and enclosures, and over the river, and Sir George himself was the first to gain the open ground in front of the enemy's batteries. The whole Light Division, carrying with it the 19th and 95th Regiments, followed. One Russian column—a Kazan corps—was driven back, another became engaged in a struggle with the 7th Fusiliers, which lasted until almost the end of the

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\* The Author of the "Précis Historique," it is to be observed, only speaks of "quelques tirailleurs ennemis" as having been driven back; and De Bazancourt only notices some fifty Cossacks as having been on the crest of the hill at the time when it was occupied by the skirmishers of D'Autemarre's column.

battle. But still the Light Division, headed by General Codrington, moved onwards amidst tremendous slaughter, and the capture of the Great Redoubt—young Anstruther dying on the parapet, with the colours of the Royal Welsh folded over him—constitutes not only a few stirring and well-told pages in the narrative, but an incident ever honourable to the British infantry.

Where were the supports? The answer to this very pertinent question is a lengthy criticism, as usual, illustrated by antecedents which only a civilian would have ventured upon. The Duke of Cambridge either had received no orders to move up, or he failed to do so. Airey and Sir De Laoy Evans interfered, and the First Division moved forwards at length in support of the Light Division. But even then there was hesitation.

“ ‘The brigade of Guards will be destroyed; ought it not to fall back?’ exclaimed a mysterious voice. But when the gallant Sir Colin Campbell (Lord Clyde) heard this saying, his blood rose so high, that the answer he gave—impassioned and far resounding—was of a quality to govern events:

“ ‘It is better, sir, that every man of her Majesty’s Guards should lie dead upon the field than that they should now turn their backs upon the enemy.’ Doubts and questionings ceased. The division went forward.”

Unfortunately, already there was nearly an end of the precious moments in which it was possible for the First Division to bring an effective support to the troops in the Great Redoubt. The men of Codrington’s force saw they were alone—still alone—upon the hill-side. A battery was first brought to bear upon them, and this was followed by a gathering of Russian troops. The Vladimir column led the van. Unfortunately, they were for a moment taken for French. Twice the fatal signal to retire was sounded before our men would leave the shelter of the parapet to withdraw under heavy fire. Nor does Mr. Kinglake say from whom this untoward order came.

At the moment this retreat began, the Scots Fusilier Guards had gained the summit of the bank. The Grenadiers were also moving up on the right, and the Coldstreams on the left. Meeting the Light Division in retreat on their advance, threw the Fusilier Guards into momentary confusion. And where was Lord Raglan at this crisis in affairs? On one of the high knolls jutting up from the eastern slopes of the Telegraph Height—the same height which the French always write of as the key of the whole position, and which, when they had captured it, they declared the battle was over. How he got there we must leave Mr. Kinglake, who was with him, to relate, although the position, almost in the midst of the enemy, cannot be thoroughly appreciated without an inspection of the accompanying plan. Lord Raglan was, in fact, in the rear of the bulk of the Russian army, between its advanced columns and its reserve, between the English and the French, and between the Russian right and left. It was from this commanding point that Lord Raglan had the deep vexation of watching the gallant and successful onslaught on the key of the position—the Great Redoubt—and he had to bear the anguish of finding the ground where he longed to see the supports marching up was still left bare, till our gallant soldiers were forced to relinquish their capture, and retreat in clusters down the hill. While Lord Raglan

was in this position, a French aide-de-camp came up in great haste, asking for support for the French, who had eight battalions opposed to them on the right. Prince Napoleon's division had got involved in that difficulty of movement which caused it and D'Aurelle's brigade to be "in mere order of march during all the critical period of the battle." It was Canrobert's division, reinforced by a regiment of Zouaves, that had separated itself of its own good will from Prince Napoleon's division, that was opposed to the eight Russian battalions, and had sent to Lord Raglan for succour.

The head of Canrobert's division was forced to yield under the pressure of Kiriakoff's great column. Prince Napoleon and D'Aurelle were hopelessly entangled; Bosquet was lying "perdu" on the uplands of the West Cliff; the English Light Division was in retreat; and the Guards were moving forward, when, at Lord Raglan's desire, Colonel Dickson brought up two guns to the summit of the knoll. These two guns taking the causeway batteries, which barred the mouth of the pass, in flank, they were limbered up and dragged far in the rear. After which, they were turned upon the enemy's reserves, and that with such good effect, that they were obliged to retreat, but in good order; and they were then, and lastly, turned upon the Vladimir battalions, which, with the Ouglitz, were advancing on the Grand Redoubt.

Mr. Kinglake attributes, in fact, the turn of the battle of the Alma to these two guns; and this is the way in which he places the argument:

Told summarily, the battle of the Alma was this: The French seized the empty ground which divided the enemy from the sea, and then undertook to assail the enemy's left wing; but were baffled by the want of a road for Canrobert's artillery, and by the exceeding cogency of the rule which forbids them from engaging their infantry on open ground without the support of cannon. Their failure placed them in jeopardy; for they had committed so large a portion of their force to the distant part of the West Cliff and the sea-shore, that for nearly an hour they lay much at the mercy of any Russian general who might have chosen to take advantage of their severed condition. But, instead of turning to his own glory the mistake the French had been making, Prince Mentschikoff hastened to copy it, wasting time and strength in a march towards the sea-shore, and a counter-march back to the Telegraph. Still, the sense the French had of their failure, and the galling fire which Kiriakoff's two batteries were by this time bringing to bear on them, began to create in their army a grave discontent, and sensations scarce short of despondency. Seeing the danger to which this condition of things was leading, and becoming, for other reasons, impatient, Lord Raglan determined to order the final advance of the English infantry without waiting any longer for the time when Canrobert and Prince Napoleon should be established on the plateau. So the English infantry went forward, and in a few minutes the battalions which followed Codrington had not only defeated one of the two heavy "columns of attack" which marched down to assail them, but had stormed and carried the Great Redoubt. From that moment the hill-sides on the Alma were no longer a fortified position; but they were still a battle-field, and a battle-field which, for a time, the combatants were destined to meet with chequered fortune; for not having been supported at the right minute, and being encompassed by great organised numbers, Codrington's disordered force was made to fall back under the weight of the Vladimir column, and its retreat involved the centre battalion of the brigade of Guards. Nearly at the same time, Kiriakoff, with his great "column of eight battalions," pushed Canrobert down from the crest he had got to, obliging, or causing, him for a time to hang back under cover of the steep. At that time the prospects of the allies were overcast. But then the whole face of the battle was suddenly

changed by the two guns which Lord Raglan had brought up to the knoll; for not only did their fire extirpate the causeway batteries, and so lay open the pass, but it tore through the columns of Prince Mentschikoff's reserves, and drove them at once from the field. This discomfiture of the Russian centre could not but govern the policy of Kiriakoff, obliging him to conform to its movement of retreat; and he must have been the more ready to acknowledge to himself the necessity of the step he was taking, since by this time he had suffered the disaster which was inflicted upon his great "column of the eight battalions" by the French artillery. He retreated without being molested by the French infantry; and took up a position at a distance of two miles from the Alma. Meanwhile, after a sheer fight of infantry, the whole strength that the enemy had on the Kurganah Hill was broken and turned to ruin by the Guards and the Highlanders. Thenceforth the slaughter that is wrought by artillery upon retreating masses was all that remained to be fulfilled.

It is well known, in opposition to this view of the case, that all the French accounts agree in connecting the victory of the Alma with the capture of the Telegraph Height. "As soon," it is said in the "*Précis Historique*," "as our troops of the centre were in sufficient number upon the uplands to attack the Russians without too much imprudence, they threw themselves upon the square and upon the artillery. The Russians had only time to withdraw their guns; the square broken, gave way, leaving behind it a great number of killed, wounded, knapsacks, and baggage. The Telegraph, the key of the position, was carried. The 2nd Zouaves had the honour of planting its eagle on the culminating point, at the same moment as the 1st regiment of the same force and the 39th line, whose standard-bearer fell and died, struck with a ball.

"The battle was won in as far as we were concerned."

De Bazancourt, the Imperial historiographer, says the same thing, only at greater length. He gives to Colonel Cler, who led the attack upon the Telegraph Hill, the credit of having been the first to plant the eagle upon its heights. Serjeant-Major Fleury, of the 1st Zouaves, mounted the building with another eagle, and was shot. The eagle of the 2nd Zouaves was struck down by the fragment of a shell. Lieutenant Poitevin, of the 39th line, was also struck down in attempting to plant an eagle upon the tower. General Canrobert was also struck and carried to the rear, but he soon returned with his arm in a sling.

But what is more curious is, that the French historian describes General Martimprey as coming up to Marshal Arnaud, after the victory had been won, to claim assistance for the English, who were in the greatest straits and distress! "Let us go up to the English!" shouted the marshal, at the same time turning his horse in the direction indicated by the general. Prince Napoleon, Canrobert, and Bosquet (the latter in the extreme distance on the right) received orders to make to the left, but all were preceded by Commandant de la Bousinière, who, starting with the battery Toussaint, got within four hundred mètres of the enemy, and opened so effective a fire upon their flank, as to effectually relieve the English, by throwing disorder into the Russian masses. The movements of the French divisions were then arrested. The battle was won.

The tendency of individuals in an engagement to attach an exaggerated importance to the events which occur within their own immediate sphere of observation is well known, but we hardly know which will cause the most amusement, the all-importance attached by Mr. Kinglake to the two-gun battery in face of the advance of the Guards and Highlanders

in support of the Light Division, or the importance attached by De Bazancourt to the action of the battery Toussaint in deciding the battle of the Alma.

Mr. Kinglake, on his side, declares, "that it is certain there was much of the appearance of a real fight at the Telegraph, and until the Russian narratives brought other light to bear, it was believed that the French and Russian infantry had met in fierce strife at this spot. On the other hand, the enemy's accounts represent that Kiriakoff's troops withdrew quietly from the Telegraph Height, without being even annoyed by French infantry, and without making, or trying to make, a defensive stand either at the pillar of the Telegraph, or on any ground near it; and unless all the Russian narrators—though speaking with very different, and even opposite feelings—have united to join in an unaccountable perversion of the truth, it must now be held certain that the impetuous Zouaves, no less than their despised and peaceful comrades of the line, were precluded by sheer want of opponents from the means of engaging in that dreadful scene of hand-to-hand fighting and slaughter which, under the description of 'The Combat at the Telegraph,' has found a place in French annals."

Mr. Kinglake admits that two messengers were despatched at this time by the English: one from Lord Raglan, the other from General Airey; but instead of being sent, as represented by the French, to obtain assistance, they were sent to urge Marshal St. Arnaud to advance his troops to cut off the enemy's retreating masses! Vico, the French commissioner accredited to the English quarters, Mr. Kinglake tells us, conveyed Lord Raglan's wishes to the general commanding the brigade, and was told in answer that the troops would advance. This, however, they did not do. The similar request which Colonel Steele addressed to St. Arnaud was met by a refusal. The marshal excused himself for declining to advance by saying that his troops had left their knapsacks in the valley below.

There is a wide discrepancy between this statement and De Bazancourt's "Allons aux Anglais!" or of any participation, indeed, of the French in the final repulse of the Russians from the real centre and true key to the position—the Kurganah Hill. But Mr. Kinglake, while he says of St. Arnaud that "he has not been able to perceive that his mind at all touched the battle," also admits that it would be unjust to look upon the action between the marshal and the Russian left wing as a fair sample of what a French army can do. With the inveterate hostility against everything emanating from the 2nd and 3rd of December, which characterises these first two volumes of his work, he says: "That glance at the things done in Paris, which helped us to understand the origin of the Anglo-French alliance, will now serve to teach us the cause of any short-comings which may be attributed to the army commanded by Marshal St. Arnaud." And he adds, further on: "It was only a sample of what a French army could manage to do when it laboured under the weight of a destiny which ordained that all its chiefs should be men chosen for their complicity in a midnight plot, or else for acts of street slaughter." And he concludes with a grand anti-Napoleonic climax: "No! The Power which fought that day by the side of England was not, after all, mighty France—brave, warlike, impetuous France. It was only that intermittent thing which to-day is, and to-morrow is not. It was what people call 'The French Empire.'"

## WITCHCRAFT AND THE CHURCH.\*

"SPRENGER said (before 1500), 'We must say the heresy of sorceresses, and not of sorcerers; the latter are trifles.' And another, in the time of Louis XIII., 'For one sorcerer, ten thousand sorceresses.'

"'Nature makes them sorceresses.' It is the genius peculiar to woman and her temperament. She is born a fairy. She is a sibyl by the periodical return of exaltation. By her ingenuity, her malice (often fantastic and beneficent), she is a sorceress, and tells fortunes, or, at all events, moderates evil, and causes grief to slumber."

Thus it is that Michelet opens his mystical poem in prose entitled "*La Sorcière*." Such an observation would, in this country, have been scarcely needed. The word "sorceress," for a female magician or enchantress, was probably never much in use, and may be considered as now almost obsolete. Public opinion has so long identified the practice of what are termed "the unlawful arts" with woman, that the common expression, "witch," is purely feminine, and it has no masculine.

According to the poet-historian, man in the origin of things hunted, woman imagined, and gave birth to dreams and to gods. She looked at the flowers, and asked them to heal those whom she loved. Such was the origin of religions and of science, and, according to the most exalted of philogynists—for so Michelet may be truly termed—magic enchantments and witchcraft had little more to boast of or to suffer martyrdom for than the study of a few simples, the practice of sundry arts, not always moral or innocuous, and the errors of mind and imagination—the dire fruits of oppression and care, envy, malice, hatred, recklessness, and despair. With the progress of time, according to the same authority, man became juggler, astrologer, or prophet, necromancer, priest, and doctor. But, at the onset, woman was everything. A living religion, as we are told, was the Greek Paganism, began with the sibyl, and ended with the witch.

"Ravishing Circe! sublime Sibyl, alas! what has become of you? And what a barbarous transformation! She who, from her throne in the East, taught the virtues of plants and the movements of the stars; she who, from the tripod of Delphi, radiant with the god of light, gave forth her oracles to the world prostrate at her feet—it is her, who, a thousand years afterwards, is hunted like a wild beast, is expelled from public places, is hooted at, and stoned, or tied to the fagot!

"The clergy have not enough fires, the people enough insults, the child enough stones, against the unfortunate one. The poet (also a child) casts a last stone, to a woman still more cruel. He gratuitously supposes that she was always old and ugly. At the name of witch, the frightful weirds of Macbeth rise up before our eyes. But the cruel persecutions to which they were subject attest to the contrary. Many perished precisely because they were young and pretty."

The sibyl, we are told, predicted the future, the witch made it. She was no longer the Cassandra of antiquity, who saw so well into the

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\* *La Sorcière*. J. Michelet. Paris.



future, deplored, and awaited it. She created that future. More than Circe, more than Medea, she had the wand of natural miracles in her hand, and Nature for aid and for sister. The priest soon discovered that his greatest peril, his most formidable rival and enemy, lay with her whom he affected to despise—the priestess of Nature.

The only physician of the people for a thousand years was the witch. Emperors, kings, popes, and the most wealthy barons, had at their court Moors and Jews, doctors from Salerno; but the people consulted no one but the Saga, or wise-woman. If she failed, she was abused, and called a witch. But she was generally known by the name of Good-woman. (Belladonna, or Belledame, and the Solanæ, or “consoling plants,” which were her favourite remedies, were called, after her, Belladonna—a name also given to the fairies.) When Paracelsus burnt the existing medical books at Basle, in 1527, he declared that he knew nothing save what he had learnt from the “witches.”

This merited a recompense, and it obtained such. They were repaid by tortures and by funeral piles. Punishments were invented expressly for their benefit; new agonies were inflicted. They were tried in a body, and condemned on the faith of a word. Never was there such prodigality of human life. Without mentioning Spain, the classic land of autos-da-fé, where the Moor and the Jew never suffered save in company with a witch, seven thousand were burnt at Trèves, five hundred in three months (1513) at Geneva, eight hundred at Wurtzburg, and fifteen hundred at Bamberg, two small episcopacies! In the list of Wurtzburg is a witch of eleven years of age, and another of fifteen; in that of Bayonne, were two of seventeen—both pretty “damnably jolies,” says Michelet. At a certain epoch, it was sufficient to denounce those who were disliked as witches to ensure their destruction. Was such a one rich? She was a witch. Was she pretty? She was a witch. Murgui, a beggar-girl, was enabled, by this tremendous weapon, to assail a great and beautiful lady, the Châtelaine of Lancinona. Sometimes the accused anticipated torture by suicide. Remy, a judge in Lorraine, who burnt eight hundred, took a pride in this “terror.” “My justice is so good,” he said, “that sixteen who were arrested the other day did not wait, but strangled themselves at once.”

Michelet traces the origin of this cruel persecution to what he calls the fundamental doctrine of original sin—that all were lost by the sin of one. Spina, master of the palace at Rome, asked, “Why does God permit the death of innocent people? He does so justly. For if they do not die for the sins which they have committed, they always die guilty of original sin.”

According to the same authority, the moderns do not properly appreciate the moral chronology of witchcraft. They seek to connect the relations of the middle ages with those of antiquity. Such relations exist, but they are very slight. Neither the magician of old nor the Celtic or Germanic seer were the true witch. The harmless “Sabasies” (from Bacchus Sabasius), or little rural Sabbaths, in no way resembled the black mass of the fourteenth century—a solemn defiance to Jesus. Such terrible conceptions are only arrived at by the long sequence of tradition. They sprang from the horrors of the time.

“Whence does witchcraft take its origin? I say, without hesitation,

from the times of despair. From the deep despair engendered by the Church. I say, without hesitation, witchcraft is its crime." When Michelet says the Church, he means the Church of Rome, for he frequently alludes, in the course of his narratives, to atrocious scandals that once afflicted that Church, to the scorn and sarcasms to which they gave birth among the Huguenots and in the Reformed Church. If in the misery and famine, and in the evil practices of those days, he further argues, there were people to invoke the Evil Spirit, it does not follow that he accepted them. They were not yet ripe. They had not imbibed a hatred of God. Job's wife asked him to curse God, and die, but the much-tried patriarch reproved his weaker half. To understand this, he says, the execrable registers of the Inquisition must be read. Not the extracts given by Llorente, and Lamothe-Langon, and others, but the original registers of Toulouse. The happiest were those who were killed. The real horror of horrors was the *in pace*. Once in a narrow dark cell, with damp walls, the victim was in his tomb, and, overwhelmed and annihilated, he cursed the Being that had given him life!

The witch was driven by persecution to the forest and the barren heath, and she spent the night under some old Celtic monument. She was isolated by the terror of all, yet she was still a woman endowed with two active powers—the "illumination of lucid folly" and "the sublime power of parthenogenesis," or "solitary conception." Alone, she gave birth to "the son of hatred conceived of love," and worshipped her idol, calling it her Robin, her Verdet. Robin was gay; he was born far away from the dungeons of Spain and of Toulouse. The forest and the heath were free to him; he was always roving, moving, seeking, interfering, and doing good or bad, as the fancy took him. It was his especial delight to pick up what others threw away. The Church threw away Nature as impure and suspicious. Satan seized upon it, and utilised it. The Church has said, "Cursed be those who laugh!" This gave Satan the monopoly of gaiety. For laughter is an essential function of our nature. How can we support life if we may not laugh? The Church taught that life was a trial—its healing art was resignation, death, and a better world. Satan, with so vast a field left open to him, became consoler and healer. The Church rejected logic, reason, and free-thinking. He readily took advantage of the oversight.

With such powers delegated by the Church, Satan triumphed, till it was found time to give the Evil Spirit battle. Thus, the physician, the witch's child, was armed against its mother. The Church declared, in the fourteenth century, that if a woman dared to heal without having studied, she was a witch, and must die. Colbert aided in combating the said spirit by putting an end to trials for witchcraft in 1672. But the devil still consoles himself. He resigns himself to minor demonstrations, as spiritualising, magnetising, and turning tables, by which he gains a livelihood. To doubt the acts of Evil Spirit is to doubt the power of his Conqueror, and the miracles especially enacted to combat Satan.

Certain authors tell us that, shortly before the victory of Christianity, a mysterious voice was heard proclaiming along the shores of the *Ægean* Sea that the great Pan was dead. The reign of the universal god of Nature in antiquity was over. Christianity, according to Michelet, preached the extinction of Nature, the end of the world, a kingdom to

come. The fathers of the Church even cursed Nature. They saw a demon even in a flower. (Conf. of St. Cyprian apud Muratori.) The overthrow of the empire, and the invasion of the barbarians, gave St. Augustin hopes that there would soon be no city, save that of God. In our own days, not a great calamity occurs but there are some to propound the advent of the end. It may be deferred a few years, but no longer.

In these early times people still held by their Lares and Penates. Women kept them, secreted them, hid them in the house, even in the bed. What thousands have been dug up in our own days at Tarsus, the city of St. Paul, and are they not yet met with in the fétiches of the African and the wood and fur idols of the Tungusians on the Amur? Is not Satan worshipped by the Yezidis of Assyria, in the Shamanism of Eastern Asia, and in a hundred other forms?

"The new legend," says Michelet, "might have been favourable to the family if the father had not been annulled in St. Joseph, if the mother had been dignified as teacher, as having morally created Jesus." But, instead of that, it entered upon the solitary pathway of celibacy—it precipitated itself at once into monachism.\*

Man was not alone even in the Desert. A savage and turbulent spirit manifested itself in the black towns of monks in the Thebaid, and they made ferocious descents upon Alexandria. They said they were impelled by demons, and they said truly. Still the men were to take the hood, the virgins the veil. The sad story of the affianced of Corinth, related by Phlegon, in the time of Hadrian, is met with in various forms throughout the middle ages, as the perpetual reproach of Nature against the Church. The affianced maid of Corinth had in the original been obliged, by a vow made in sickness by her mother, to become a nun. Dying of grief, she re-visits her lover from the tomb, and involves him in destruction. Goethe, according to Michelet, has spoilt the Greek purity by a horrible Slavonian idea: he makes of the maid a vampire. In the middle ages, it was a man persecuted by the statue of Venus, on whose finger he had ventured to place a ring; and the tradition was even extended to the Virgin. The Spanish inquisitor, Del Rio, transfers the tale to the heaths of Brabant, with variations. Luther also refers to it.

"Quasi modo geniti infantes"—"be like new-born babes"—the Church said; and the simple rural populations applied the teaching in an unanticipated manner. "As much as Christianity had feared and hated Nature, so much the more did they love her, believe her to be innocent, and sanctify her by mixing her up with their legends. Animals that the monks dreaded, fearing to meet demons in them, take their place in the most touching manner in their old legends, as the doe consoling Geneviève of Brabant. The greatest festivities of the middle ages were those of the 'Innocents,' of the 'Fools,' of the 'Ass.' They were proscribed by the Church from age to age, and the dogma, 'Be as new-born children,' was superseded by 'Listen, and obey.' No more legends,

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\* The most atrocious crimes depicted in Michelet's work may be said to have had their origin in this evil. It is strange that the nominal Christians of Kaffa, in Abyssinia, have quite recently expelled the Roman Catholic missionaries because they would not marry. Celibacy is manifestly as repugnant to nature as it is to enlightened reason.

no more canticles. It is forbidden to create or to be inspired, without the authority of the Church. The Carlovingian Church said to the people, 'Be old!' To be old is to be weak. The country, under Charlemagne, could barely defend itself against the encroachments of the Normans, on one side, and the Saracens on the other. Then it was that the Land Lords erected fortresses, and the people congregated around them for protection as vassals—that is to say, as brave and valiant dependents: such was the origin of feudalism. But when the Saracens and the Northmen threatened no longer, the Land Lords turned round upon their vassals, and reduced them to the state of serfdom. Hence the horrors of the middle ages. The Church and the people had been already divorced by the former adopting the sovereign language of a great empire that was no longer in existence, and now, by becoming vassal, he passed into serfdom without any means of escape, for, if he attempted to run, he was hunted down to death like a wild beast; hence came despair, and hence it was that the peasant gave himself to the devil."

There were also, according to Michelet, whose language is becoming more florid and mystical, and his meanings more difficult to decipher, in each new work that issues from his pen, tendencies leading the same way in the interior—that is, around the domestic hearth. People grouped together and lived in common; morality, as at present understood, was almost unknown; and the Land Lord cared not for this state of things, for the tribe was but as one family in his eyes.

"The isolated hearth constituted the real family. The nest made the bird. From that time they were no longer things, but souls. The woman was born." But woman, when she first became a housekeeper, possessed but few things; a bed, a chest, and a distaff were generally all; the table and bench came afterwards. There was a bunch of box, or vervain (*Verbena officinalis*), over the bed. She was much by herself, and she made acquaintance with the fairies, "formerly queens of the Gauls, proud and fantastic, who, on the arrival of Christ and his apostles, were impertinent, and turned their backs. In Brittany they dance at this moment, and have never ceased to dance. Hence their cruel sentence. They were condemned to live until the day of judgment. Many were reduced to the size of rabbits and of mice. Example, the Kowrigwans, who encircle you in their mazes at night-time around old Druidic stones. Example, the pretty Queen Mab, who made a royal chariot out of a nutshell. They are somewhat capricious, and sometimes bad tempered. But is this to be wondered at, in such a sorrowful destiny?"

"Small and strange as they may be, they have a heart; they like to be beloved. They are good or bad, and full of fancies. At the birth of a child they come down the chimney, endow it, and predict its future. They like good spinners, for they spin themselves divinely. 'Spin like a fairy' is an admitted axiom."

Michelet then goes on to say that the stories of fairies, disengaged of the ridiculous ornaments with which the last story-tellers encumbered them, are the hearts of the people themselves. "They mark a poetic epoch, between the coarse communism of the primitive villa, and the licences of the time when a budding bourgeoisie gave birth to cynical metrical tales."

The perpetual longing of the poor serf to find repose in a treasure

that will put an end to his miseries recurs in almost all these stories. Sometimes it is a treasure of love, as in the "Sleeping Beauty," or beauty disguised by a cruel enchantment, as in "Riquet with a Hump," the "Ass's Skin," and "Beauty and the Beast." According to Michelet, an inspired yet lively despair at the condition in which it had pleased Providence to place the people, was conquered by a still less excusable ambition. The peasant-girls grieved, we are told, that they were not pretty enough to be admired by the knights, and the peasant himself cast longing eyes upon the fair châtelaine as she rode by on her milk-white steed. He even depicted feudal lords as so many Blue Beards.

The woman of the people was, we are also told, at this epoch, fair and slim. She had no hard work to do, she was scantily fed; she was not like the fat bourgeoisie of towns, heavy and idle; she was all nerve. Hence originated the epileptic dances of the fourteenth century. But in the twelfth century two weaknesses were associated to this condition of a pale sickly rose—illusions and reveries, tears by day, somnambulism by night.

This woman had, further, a secret, which she kept carefully from the Church. She still compassionated in her heart the poor old gods of ancient times, now turned to wandering spirits, seeking shelter in rocks, Druidic stones, and gnarled oaks. They were lonely; she took them food, a little milk, or even a light; they were cold, and came to the house, she laid some provisions aside for them. (In Germany, according to Grimm, little dolls of linen or paste represented the household gods up to the fifth century, and much later. In one shape or another they are not indeed yet extinct.)

The spirits were not ungrateful. They would at times undertake the household work, and rock the cradle when all was done. The cottager was no longer lonely, the spirits were ever there. At length they became bolder and more capricious. She complained to her husband. He laughed. "What does it matter?" he said, "they are so small." And thus it was that he added to the mischief by reassuring her.

The two things which, according to our author, most contributed to make a hell of the feudal system, were the extreme "fixidity" of man, by which he was nailed to the soil, and the "uncertainty" of his condition. There was, as in the East, no certainty as to what amount of labour or taxes would be exacted from him. Even after the time of Saint Louis, who forbade wars between feudal lords, the condition of the serf did not ameliorate up to the epoch of the wars with the English (1240—1340). The monkish lords, especially, indulged in feudal irregularities—hunting, plundering, drinking, and the indiscriminate society of nuns. If such was the Church, what must it have been with the lay lords? The barons of romances and melodramas are petty tyrants compared with these terrible realities. The middle ages believed in the employment of the wicked to torture the innocent and the oppressed. Every new *razzia* proved the reign of Satan, and made the dogma more acceptable to him that it was to him they ought to address themselves. Even the peasants' daughters were the spoil of the lords—"serves de corps." This with the Church as well as the laity. Laurière relates that in a parish of Bourges, the priest, being lord of the manor, re-

claimed "the *prémices de la mariée*," but consented to sell the virginity of his wife to the husband for a certain sum. In Bearn, the eldest of the family was always considered to be the offspring of the lord. As the *châtelaine* had her knight and her page, she shielded her own bad conduct by passing over that of her husband. The old tales are replete with pleasantries at the expense of the unfortunate peasant when he brought his bride to the castle, how he was laughed at, and how he was kicked and beaten by every impudent varlet in the service. All these tales have, however, Michelet says, only three jokes, the despair of the "*cocu*," the cries of the "*battu*," and the contortions of the "*pendu*." For if the blood of the man, be he even serf, rose to his brow, and he rebelled, he was forthwith suspended by the neck from the battlements, an example to the others below. If he returned alone, the only company he found was Satan seated at his hearth. "That man must have died had he not hoped in the devil." When the wife came to her home, abused, outraged, cursing alike her body and her soul, she also succumbed to the arch-fiend.

The movement brought about by the Crusades inaugurated a new era of cupidity—"the terrible age, the age of gold," Michelet calls it—and the serf suffered proportionately. It was not, however, according to Alfred Maury, till the thirteenth century that actual real compacts were made with the devil. Nor were such apparently confined to the oppressed despairing serfs. "But gold, alas! where to find it? We had not an army to take it from the towns of Flanders (or in modern times one to take it from England). Where to dig the ground to rob it of its treasures? Oh! if we were only guided by the spirit of hidden treasures!" Such were the aspirations of those who ought to have known better.

Michelet draws a terrible, a fearful picture of the results of these compacts with the Evil One. It is not for us to reproduce here the debates that agitated minds in the middle ages as to whether or not a Spirit could become a Body. Michelet, in depicting these horrible struggles, admits, at all events, that spirits remained spirits till the fifth century. They only took bodies with the invasion of the barbarians. The woman who had made a compact with the devil was, till that time, only inflated by the Evil Spirit. This was at once her punishment and pride. At the head of the mad virgins carved on the porch of Strasburg is a woman "possessed," inflated by the Evil Spirit, which exhales from beneath her garments like a dark smoke.

The Church, however, interfered, and then it was that the "possessed," proud, haughty, beautiful, and wealthy as she was, had to take refuge on the barren heath. There Satan awaited her. To his question as to what she wanted, "Nothing but the power to do mischief," was the ready answer. And then she received the three sacraments, in an inverted order. She submitted patiently to the cruel initiation, sustained in her trials by her passion for vengeance.

The "possessed" takes up her abode in one of those holes of troglodytes so common in certain hills of the centre and of the west, half way between the countries of Merlin and of Mélusine. She knows the virtue of herbs, and is supposed to have the power of evoking the dead (necromancy). The men visit her first; the women only venture afterwards.

She does not, like the witch of Endor, summon shadows on earth, but she gives drinks which enable the living to see the departed in their dreams. It was a relief to these poor people whom the dogma of purgatorial punishment for the beloved dead kept in perpetual tears and grief. Their lives were but one long sigh. She would even, with the same dread beverages, restore a husband to a widow in her dreams—and thus the witch or the “possessed” was actually blessed.

The middle ages were struck by three terrific plagues. The first was the leprosy; the second, epileptic dancing; the third, the malady known as that of the sixteenth century. The infliction that ensued upon the excesses of the feudal system were poverty of blood, languor, and impotence. Avicenna declares that the prodigious eruption of skin diseases in the thirteenth century was the result of stimulants taken to revive and reanimate the weakened powers. Michelet declares that want of cleanliness had also much to do with it. Those gallant knights of romance, the Parcevals, the Tristans, and the Iseults, he avers, never washed themselves. The Church denounced nudity, even for a moment, as a capital sin, and many an ethereal being who was canonised after death had never even bathed her hands.

The remedy, in the mean time, that the Church found for the double evil was immolation in an “oubliette,” to be immured “in pace” between four walls, or to seek refuge in the desert. The person attacked was supposed to be chastised by God, and was made to tinkle a little bell, so that no one should approach—if he did, the punishment was death. This drove the afflicted to the witches, and, in Michelet’s uncompromising language, Satan became physician. The witches of the day appear to have had, mainly, recourse to the Solanæ—among which, the belladonna used in medicine in the present day was probably the most active. It served to calm the atrocious sufferings of the afflicted. Yet it was at the greatest risks that the “witch,” or herbalist of the day, dared to venture forth in search of her medicaments. Belladonna flourishes in suspicious places, in shady dells, amid ruins, in the graveyard. The plant itself is abhorred, as suspect and poisonous. To be seen gathering it was to be denounced to the Church, and to lose alike liberty and life.

The dance of Saint Guy broke out in a frightful manner about the year 1350. Those who were attacked caught one another by the hands and formed immense chains, turning and turning till they fell exhausted—like the dancing dervishes in the East. Those who looked on laughed at first, till, caught by the terrible contagion, they were impelled to join in the lugubrious epilepsy. It is not said how this plague was cured; certain it is, that blows and bastinadoes were freely and ineffectually employed, but it is also said that belladonna cured dancing by making the patient dance. Witches have the credit, with Michelet, of having done another good act. With the Church nothing was noble and nothing impure, save the soul. Witches looked to the body, employed aperients, and cleansed and rehabilitated the digestive functions. At all events, they were not spared for their novel practices. They were denounced as filthy, indecent, and immoral.

But if the “sombre fiancée du diable,” the proscribed and the possessed, did much good, she also did some evil. There is no power without its abuses. She invented charms and philters, or elixirs. The

Church had fallen low in the fourteenth century. The nobility, so superb in their new armour, only fell the more heavily at Crécy, Poitiers, and at Agincourt. They were all prisoners in England. The peasants and the citizens laughed. With the former, the meetings called "the Sabbath" became more popular than ever. The haughty châtelaines gave way to evil passions, and ambitious pages sought for charms by which to win their favours. The vengeance of the witch was at last gratified. She ruled in the village, and now the castle was under her control. To bring the châtelaine under her power, it sufficed to steal a hair or a fragment of her nails, even sometimes a bit of dress that had been long worn, and that was hence imbued with her person. In order to communicate with one another, it sufficed to prick certain letters on the arm. When one sucked them till they bled, the other felt the pain, and could read the corresponding letters in blood on her arm. Sometimes they drank of one another's blood—a horrible communion. The lady devoured the heart of De Coucy in this spirit. A cake called the "confarreatio" became the host of love. It was cooked on the back of the châtelaine by means of an oven placed on a board, and its effect was that, dead to every other woman, the lover should only live for her. How the great lady was humiliated and punished!

The term "Sabbats" signifies many things at divers epochs. Unfortunately, we have no detailed descriptions of these impious meetings later than the time of Henry IV. The best are those of De Lancre, only they are overcharged with the grotesque ornaments of the epoch. Those of the Jesuit, Del Rio, and of the Dominican, Michaëlis, are the works of credulous and stupid pedants. The account of these festivals, however, as transmitted to us, leave the impression, as Michelet himself admits, of "une grande farce libidineuse" and that is, indeed, their main qualification. Such nocturnal Sabbaths were at first a remnant of paganism. Little candles were burnt for "Dianom," the Moon, and Halleguin with a black mask (*Arlequin*) pursued women and children. In the great and terrible revolts of the twelfth century, the serfs drank one another's blood, or devoured the mother-earth as the host of these profane Sabbaths. Plays were also enacted at them, ridiculing the feudal barons and the persecuting Church.

In the fourteenth century, when papacy was seated at Avignon, and the king and all the nobility, prisoners of the English, were exterminating the people to obtain their ransom, the Sabbaths assumed the grandiose and terrible form of the Black Mass, a diabolical drama, in which Jesus was set at defiance. Michelet has already recorded this sad festival, divided into four acts, in his history of France. This was the era of Dante. Mary had begun to supplant the Saviour. Woman was everything in the Black Mass; she was priest, altar, and host—the sacrifice of the mass. Woman at that time was in the climax of despair. She had witnessed ages of punishments and persecutions. Four hundred years lighted up by funereal piles, when to attempt to succour even the beloved sick was punished as witchcraft or with the stake. Pope John XXII. had even flayed a bishop alive suspected of witchcraft. Woman had not only arrived at the acme of despair, she had lost all sentiment of self-respect. A great black and hairy Satan of wood was raised up in the far-off "landes," or heaths, generally by the side of some



old Celtic monument. Traditions always abide by the same localities. Satan had the attributes of Bacchus, Pan, and Priapus combined. First, the priestess was initiated—received the aura or air of Satanic inspiration or fecundation—and became a living altar; then came the repudiation of the Saviour, and the declaration of fealty to Satan. This was followed by a banquet, and the latter by a dance—the famous “*Ronde du Sabbat*.” This frenzied dance was interrupted by the Gloria. The host appeared, a demon officiating on the priestess’s back. A toad was torn to pieces in derision of the Christian host. The third act was similar to what has been reproached by some travellers—as, for example, Volney—to certain sects in the East, and who were hence designated as “*éteigneurs de chandelles*.”

The Black Plague, the “*Jacqueries*,” and the execrable robberies of “*Grandes Compagnies*” raged, contemporaneously with the performance of these diabolical dramas, in the wilderness. The priestess, according to popular tradition, was carried away by a gigantic black horse—the fate, according to Wyer, we are ashamed to say, of a witch of English origin; and she was succeeded by a tiny witch, with the grace, agility, and the maliciousness of a cat. Her element was love and sickness. Under Charles VI., at the beginning of the fifteenth century, every one dabbled in sorcery—every female was more or less of a witch. Men began, also, to assume to be quacks and empirics. Charles himself set the example of Satanic contagion by the Royal Sabbath of Saint Denis—a lugubrious ball among the tombs in honour of Duguesclin. It was the practice for ladies to dress then according to the fashion observed in the virgins in Van Eyck’s picture of the “*Lamb*.” The women proclaimed Satan by the horn on the head, the men by their scorpion-pointed shoes. The conquered of Agincourt, a miserable race of attenuated nobles, were the offspring of this age of shameless profligacy.

According to Michelet, the *châtelaine*, on her return from the royal orgies, exacted impossibilities. She was alone in her castle, surrounded by unmarried men: she could afford to treat them as slaves. “They curbed before her on all fours, flattering monkeys, ridiculous bears, and greedy swine, to win the favours of the outrageous Circe.”

Razzias of little serfs were made, not only in favour of the *châtelaines*, but of the barons also. Such razzias were not limited to the Knights of Rhodes and Malta. The famous Gilles de Retz was punished not so much for having carried off little serfs as for having sacrificed them to Satan. This was the epoch, too, when witches had added to their previous powers that of making a person perish away gradually by means of a doll pierced with needles; that of driving people to sin and madness by mandragora, dug up with a dog’s tooth from the foot of a gibbet; and of forcing upon them the dance of death by the use of the datura, or thorn-apple. This was, also, the time when people crowded from the country to the towns and churches, impelled by the terror of witchcraft; when the monks of those proud monasteries on the Rhine, into which there was no admission save with four centuries of nobility, avowed to the existence of witches amongst themselves; and when Sprenger penned his “*Malleus Maleficarum*,” while upon a mission of extermination from the court of Rome.

From 1450 to 1550, where the canonical right was supreme, trials for witchcraft multiplied, and the Church grew rich; but where the lay

courts investigated the same matters, they became rare, and finally disappeared. The trial of Jeanne d'Arc awakened a new feeling, and her rehabilitation inaugurated a new era—that of toleration. There were no more condemnations in France under Charles VIII., Louis XII., or Francis I.

Charles V. did his best to so rule it that witchcraft should be deemed a civil, not an ecclesiastical affair; the prince-bishops, to whom witchcraft was a source of revenue, continued, however, to burn them by hundreds in Spain, at Geneva, in Banberg, and at Wurtzburg. Ferdinand II. was at length obliged to interfere with these pious bigotries of the German episcopacy. A few clear and honest voices—those of Molitor, Hutten, Erasmus, Cardan, Chatillon, Agrippa, Lavatier, and Wyer—now made themselves heard against the Inquisition, the Dominicans, Sprenger and his Manual.

But, with all this, witchcraft still prospered; so much so, that one of their number, "Trois Echelles," tried in Charles IX.'s time, estimated them by the hundreds of thousands; and Bodin of Angers wished, as Caligula had done before him, that they had only one body, that he might consume the whole at one stake. Many of the lay judges were, strange to say, at the onset, as ferocious as the ecclesiastical jurists. Remy, in Lorraine (1596), Boquet, in the Jura (1602), and Leloyer, in Maine (1605), might have made Torquemada die of envy by their cruelty. M. de Lancré, who was sent on a commission by the parliament to exterminate witchcraft in the Basque country, and who wrote a work on the "Inconstancy of Demons" (1610—1613), looked upon the Spanish Inquisition with pity. Even that fell institution hesitated at Logrono, whilst M. de Lancré was fearlessly burning women and children, and even priests, convicted of sorcery upon the testimony of others equally foolish, but still more wicked.

In 1610, according to Michelet—"Satan se fait Ecclésiastique"—this was the era of "Benedictes," or "Sacristines," when the officiating clergy selected those of their penitents who pleased them most to assist them in ceremonies of the Church; and hence the revelations of Jeanne Pothierre, the nun of Quesnoy. At the very time, too, that the parliament of Bordeaux was erecting its scaffolds on the spots where the Basques held their "Sabbaths," and it and the parliament of Provence were extirpating sorcery from their provinces, occurred the terrible exposures of Gauffridi, Loudon, Louviers, and others, in which the directors of nunneries, who had control over the bodies and souls of their nuns, were found guilty of "bewitching" them. At this epoch the immoralities of the priesthood were exposed and persecuted by the monks—by the Dominicans especially; but in the still more repulsive and horrible history of Father Girard and the young and fair La Cadière, the antipathy of the Jesuits for the Dominicans saved the vile, corrupt, and profligate priest from the just punishment of his crimes. Michelet relates these sad histories, to which the romances of Monk Lewis are as trifles, at length; the affair of Gauffridi, from Michaëles's "*Histoire d'une Pénitente*," 1613; the Loudon affair, and that of Madeleine Bavent, from the works of Tranquille, the Protestant Aubin, and others. The trials of Father Girard and of La Cadière were published at Aix, in folio, in 1833; and the "*Pièces relatives à ce Procès*" fill five volumes, in twelvemo.

It is not easy to determine the precise views with which these terrible

and sacrilegious stories have been resuscitated from the obscurity to which time had deservedly consigned them. There is no doubt that the irresistible progress of enlightenment in France, to which a new impetus has been given by the position of antagonism in which the Pope and the Church have placed themselves with the people, has given rise to a secret, but not less powerful, spirit of retaliation. No one has yet come forward to sketch the Church in the present day, but the recent revelations of conventual libertinism (one of the incurable evils of a forced celibacy), the mishaps of the town ecclesiastics, the non-obtrusive "domesticity" of the rural clergy, and the interferences of the confessor with the family, are not only known, but the people are becoming daily more and more impatient under the infliction.

Michelet is uncompromising. He will not make peace with "Satan ecclésiastique." It is not, he says, from the spirit of vengeance. The dead are dead. The millions of victims, Albigeois, Waldenses, Protestants, Moors, Jews, Indians, all sleep in peace. The universal martyr of the middle ages, the witch, has nothing to say. Her cinders are scattered to the wind.

That which utterly opposes all compromise is the gigantic work which the Church has cursed, the prodigious edifice of modern science and institutions which she excommunicated stone by stone, but which each anathema only heightened by a new story. Not a science but has been deemed rebellion against the Church. The only means of conciliating the two, is to demolish the latter, which belongs to Satan, and to return to the canonical law. Physics, chemistry, and mathematics, are the spawn of that detestable magician who attached himself to realities, whilst the Church was discussing the sex of angels and the theory of incarnation. Medicine is, above all, rebellion against the Church. There cannot be a more flagrant sin than to keep back the soul on its way to Heaven. But it is too late now: the work of Satan cannot be revoked. It reposes on three eternal corner-stones—Reason, Right, and Nature. The witch has disappeared for ever, but not so the fairy. She will reappear under the immortal form of the healing and consoling companion of our lives. That is her true priesthood. "Anti-Nature grows pale, and the day is not distant when her happy eclipse will open a new aurora to the world." Happily the spirit of a work of this kind does not apply itself (at all events to a very small extent) to countries blessed with a reformed religion. It is true we have had among us narrow-minded theologians who have opposed geology and other sciences, as antagonistic to the Scriptures, but they were few in number; but we have had, on the other hand, the episcopal bench demanding a calm, fair, and reasonable discussion of views totally opposed to those generally entertained of the origin and bearing of those very writings which are the foundation of all Christian religion. While we have reason, then, to congratulate ourselves upon the spirit of fairness and toleration (with some few exceptions, as the prosecution of the *Essayists*) that reigns paramount in this country, we cannot but look with interest upon the struggles made by our near neighbours to emancipate themselves from the thralldom by which their minds and bodies have been prostrated for ages.

## A PAGE OR TWO ON GREECE.

THOUGH nothing can be more beautiful than the scenery brought before us in Mr. Linton's work on Greece,\* it does not exactly present to one the kind of country that a modern potentate would covet as his kingdom. There may be much that is poetical in those rocky heights, and dark ravines, those fearful passes, in castled crags, and ranges of snow-covered mountains; but there is little that is profitable. In Italy such scenery forms the boundary of fertile plains. We look from the Alps upon the rich garden of Lombardy; but too large a portion of Greece consists of nothing else than barren magnificence. With a revenue below the annual transactions of many of our merchants; an army that might march out of sight in Hyde Park; and a navy that, with some deepening of the river's bed, might float upon the Serpentine; the Greeks must have measured themselves by their ancient fame, rather than by their modern position, when they offered their crown to Prince Alfred. It was a gratifying compliment; and, on their part, it was wisely done, for, had their offer been accepted, it might have led to their regeneration as a people. We greatly doubt whether his royal highness himself would not infinitely prefer being in command of a British line-of-battle ship to being on the throne of Greece.

At present, however, we have only to speak of its scenery. In preparing for the excursion in which his attention to it, both as author and artist, was devoted, Mr. Linton adopted the very excellent plan of reading, before he set out, whatever could yield him information as to the localities he was about to visit, and making extracts of passages which gave them a peculiar interest. It would be fortunate if this were always done. Even in exploring the more accessible and familiar remains of Italy, too many rush to look at objects that, for want of greater knowledge, they can neither appreciate nor understand, and when they become better informed—as a mere traveller is sure to be, sooner or later—they think with regret of the opportunities they have lost.

By whatever route Greece may be approached, whether from the Adriatic or from the South, the first object should be Athens. It is the best starting-point for many places that must be seen, and it is here that those arrangements which travellers in such a country find essential to their comfort, if not their safety, may best be made.

Mr. Linton went by the steam-packet from Malta. He laments that he should not have voyaged through the beautiful scenery of the islands by some more leisurely conveyance. The traveller, he says, as he passes several of the Cyclades, will be tempted "to wish for a private steamer to make the tour of the whole of the Archipelago. Luxuries like these, however, are seldom," he adds, "at the beck of those who can appreciate them; and of course are mostly sighed for by those who are only too glad to obtain a glance at such interesting scenes as they are best able."

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\* The Scenery of Greece and its Islands. Illustrated by Fifty Views sketched from Nature, executed on Steel, and described en route, with a Map of the Country. By William Linton, Corresponding Member of the Archaeological Society of Athens, &c. Longman and Co. 1856.

His stand-point for the view of Athens is admirably chosen. The Acropolis rises over the whole, in all its lofty grandeur; and its effect is better, as regards the principal object, than when seen from Mount Hymettus, though the temples themselves are necessarily indistinct. We only regret that the plate is not on a larger scale. There are fifty illustrations, in all, some of them of very high character as works of art, and none of them without its peculiar interest. In the distant view of Megalopolis, which is placed as a frontispiece, the appearance of a land-storm is very cleverly given. We might almost suppose that, with the power attributed to some inferior animals, we could see the wind itself. The plate is also illustrated (p. 60) with some excellent letter-press. The ancient city is a ruin; but the inhabitants of the plain, we are told, are worthy descendants of their Arcadian fathers; and Sir William Gell is confirmed in his description of them as "a hardy and handsome race, evincing a spirit of probity and independence, and exercising hospitality and kindness to strangers." "This," Mr. Linton well observes, "looks like a remnant of the civilisation of past ages, and proves that even four centuries of barbarous oppression have not extinguished every ancient virtue." "Why," he asks, "should not the great temple of the human mind, after ages of decline, exhibit signs of its former beauty and excellence; as the works of the sculptor and architect, in the extremity of their ruin, leave evidence of what they were in the days of their completeness?"

If we mention a few other of the subjects that have occupied Mr. Linton's pencil, it is not because they are the best, but merely *amongst* the best. There is the old castle of Levadia (opposite to p. 19), so like some of the castled heights of Southern Italy; but with a plain, instead of the Mediterranean, spreading far from its base, and surrounded with associations of history and song. There is Poros, with its misty calm; the moonlight effect thrown upon Epidaurus; the fearful pass of Taigeton, that might have tried even the nerves of its Spartans, and of which the painter says, "from some positions high in air, the sublimity of the scene is truly appalling." After these come "the more luxuriant and richly wooded plains" of Arcadia; the valley of the Neda (Phigaleia), painted with a Turneresque freedom and power; and the wild grandeur of the Styx. We can scarcely fancy it to be the Styx of our schoolboy recollections: the Stygian waves by which the gods made oath. All that those who now live near them tell is of the old notion that the water is unwholesome, and they relate (as Colonel Leake informs us) "nearly the same story concerning it as Pausanias, saying that no vessel will hold it." We should have supposed that this fact might have been very easily ascertained.

In addition to the remains of remote antiquity, we have two views of the monastic pile of Megaspilion, which is described as part of perhaps the most striking scenery the traveller has ever beheld. "Nature has here worked upon her grandest scale, while man has exceeded himself in the vastness of his effort to rival her." It is certainly an extraordinary structure both in extent and form. From one point, rising story above story, it reminds one of some of the best of the older parts of Edinburgh, with a magnificent background of mountains. It was founded by the Palæologi, and is so strong in its rocky fastnesses, that during the Greek revolution the late Ibrahim Pacha besieged and assaulted it in vain. The

monks who are supported by it number nearly five hundred; but they are excellent farmers, their currant plantations alone producing about 80,000 lbs. annually; so that, unlike their brethren generally, the most rigid political economist cannot class them with the unproductive—with the beings who are only born to consume.

It may be asked why we refer to a work so long since published?

We will frankly say.

About half a century ago there lived together in a quiet street, that crossed the upper part of a great seaport town, three young men, students, in their several ways, of literature and art. One of them was never intended for commercial life, and the others soon left it, at different periods, for more attractive pursuits. The first was Daniel Terry, actor, dramatist, and the favoured friend of Sir Walter Scott, who had already quitted architecture for the stage. The second has made himself known as an artist, traveller, antiquary, scholar, and the author (amongst other works) of "*The Scenery of Greece*;" and the third is the writer of this brief notice. He dwells upon Mr. Linton's volume as the recent gift of an early friend: but it is also gratifying to him to have an opportunity of saying—though quite unnecessary—that it is well entitled to the reputation it has already acquired as, in every way, one of the most beautiful Books of Art that has appeared during the present generation.

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## THE LADIES OF THE LAST CENTURY.

THE influence which the "modern Babylon" exerts over the world is still so considerable, that the French are, to a certain extent, correct in saying that Paris is the capital of the polite world. It is true that, in commerce and finance, London stands far ahead; nor does Paris still retain its old authority in intellectual affairs. France still holds its own on most of the European stages, but in art, literature, and, above all, in political debate, it no longer gives the tone. What it has retained, and still firmly holds, is the sceptre of fashion. Has not, within a few years, a French monster, called Crinoline, flown over both hemispheres, subjugating the fairer sex, and imposing silence on the stronger?

In the philosophic century, Paris had in every respect an authority, which degenerated into a despotism. Every literature, our own not excepted, bore the French brand; in the arts only French types were esteemed; crockery and china, dresses, language, and manners, all were French. At the time when Frederick the Great, Maria Theresa, and Catherine II. occupied three of the first thrones, the French dominion of the world attained its acme, even though French monarchy was represented by Louis XV., the most wretched of all the Bourbons. Every eye was fixed on Paris, and the kings, princes, and potentates had their own correspondents in that city, to keep them constantly posted up about what was occurring. If it were only a minor occurrence, such as the deposition of the Bolognese dog by the pug, a witticism of an author,

or an unusual crowding of the Bastille, the daily report of the correspondent was considered sufficient ; but if anything important happened—for instance, if Voltaire set out for Ferney, a new work by Diderot appeared, or the star of a new favourite rose on the horizon of Versailles—a special courier was not unfrequently sent off with the news.

Still, this gallicism, we are happy to say, had certain limits among us. A fine lady, who felt flattered when her French cook told her with amiable condescension that she spoke French almost as well as a Parisienne, would have been horrified at the thought of putting away her children as her Parisian models all did. She would sooner have the poor things learn French than English, but she kept them by her side under her own care and protection. But, in most other respects, Paris fashions and morals prevailed so fully among us, that, what may be said of the Parisian fine ladies of the last century, is in great measure referable to the English fine lady of the same period. Hence, a new work which has just appeared in Paris\* will probably afford us some idea as to the manners and customs of our great-grandmothers.

The woman of the eighteenth century—by which title we always mean the Parisian—if she belonged to the higher classes, received no attention until she was married. But when that ceremony had taken place, the gallantry of the gentlemen fully compensated for their past neglect. The birth of a daughter was a bore to the father and a sorrow to the mother. The parents expected an heir to carry on the name and renown of the family, and were merely encumbered with a girl. The new-born infant was got rid of as speedily as possible, and was entrusted to a nurse, who conveyed her to the provinces. When the little one returned to the paternal mansion, some years later, she was handed over to a governess, and placed with her in a garret. The governess did her best to make a little lady of her charge, and behaved to her with gentleness, yielding, and flattery. She was never whipped, every whim was indulged, every naughty trick overlooked, in order that the little girl, when she became a mistress in her turn, might provide for her governess. The education was confined to reading and writing, the study of geography from pictures, morality from a few biblical texts, and, above all, rules of behaviour. Warnings, such as “Keep yourself straight, my dear child,” or, “This is the way in which you ought to bow,” were delivered as if they were the quintessence of feminine wisdom. The little girl was dressed like a doll : on her head was a bonnet, on which a forest of feathers nodded, and she wore two dresses, one of blue or pink silk, and over it a second of diaphanous tulle, with embroidered flowers.

The mother took no part in the education of her daughter, and only saw her once a day for a few moments. Eleven A.M. was the hour when visitors called, and the children and dogs of the house were admitted. Pug and an Italian greyhound came in wagging their tails, the daughter trembling, for she knew that she would hear reproaches so soon as the door opened. “Walk more slowly ; carry yourself better ; don’t let your arms hang in that way ; keep your head up ! What a fright you look this morning ! You are really odious, and must put on more rouge.” After these re-

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\* *La Femme au Dix-huitième Siècle.* Par Edmund et Jules de Goncourt. Paris : Didot.

marks, the mother would, probably, turn to a visitor. "How I love this child! Come, dearest, kiss me! But you are dirty; what a sight! Not one of your usual questions; you are really insufferable!" Then the visitor would chime in: "Oh, madame, what a loving mother you are!" To which the mother replied, "What would you have? I am frenziedly attached to my child."

When the daughter had learned to read, gone through her catechism, and received lessons from special masters in music and dancing; she was ripe for the convent. For the second time the mother parted from her without a tear. The convent of that day—not the convent of a romance, but of real life—satisfied many other requirements besides the education of girls. Great ladies retired to these houses, who wished, by saving, to pay their husbands' debts, or augment the fortune of their children. In the convent young ladies found a shelter from the persecution of seducers, as did wives who had separated from their husbands, and widows until their next marriage. Both classes selected this asylum in order to escape scandal. Many ladies, like Mesdames du Deffand and Doublet, resided in a convent, in order to live quietly and cheaply. Temporary guests constantly arrived, sometimes ladies who wished to let the grass grow over an adventure, or those who at certain periods of the year felt a yearning for a lengthened course of devotion. As regards the nuns, they generally consisted of unfortunate women who had been disfigured by small-pox. The eighteenth century was uncharitable, even brutal, to an ugly woman. "An ugly woman," says Moissy, "is a being for whom there is neither a rank in nature nor a place in society." The Prince de Ligne gives the number of the ugly women forced into convents, by the fearful scourge of the age, at two hundred thousand.

There was no conventual life, in our sense of the term, in a convent. There were always male visitors in the parlour: courtiers told all the news from court and town, and poets recited their verses. The boarders paid visits in town; and though they lived in a separate building, it was so near to the convent that the nuns and their young pupils heard loud echoes from the external world. In a convent one of these pupils, the young D'Albert, wrote her "Confessions of a Pretty Woman," in which the manners of the society of Paris and Versailles were described with marvellous fidelity. From this book we learn with what the thoughts of the pupils were engaged, and what a most improper place of education a convent was. Led to hours and mass, kneeling for a quarter of an hour before a crucifix or an altar, they filled their fancy with pictures of the brilliant and frivolous life in Paris. So bitter were the experiences derived from wives who had been educated in convents, that the latter eventually fell into utter disrepute, and secular education was substituted. No improvement, however, was effected by this, for the fundamental evil still remained, that daughters were separated from their mother and family in the years when they most required guidance.

When the time approached for the young lady to leave the convent, her family turned their attention to her marriage. A husband was chosen for her, without asking her; perhaps, on returning home, she heard no more of the affair than the coming and going of tradespeople and tailors, the heaping up of fabrics of every description, and the giggling of the needlewomen at work on her trousseau told her. Propriety demanded



that she should remain in ignorance. In the Memoirs of Madame d'Epinau, there is a capital story, how a betrothed girl was introduced to her *future* without her knowledge, and how much time was granted her to learn to know and love him. M. de Bellegarde receives a proposal of marriage for his daughter Mimi from M. d'Houdetot, the father, not the son, in the name of the latter. He is an excellent father, and makes the stipulation that the young man must please his daughter. In order to clear up this point, a dinner is arranged at the house of a mutual relative, and the young couple are taken thither. Mimi is seated at table next to young Houdetot, and the parents also sat together. Dinner is over, coffee is on the table, the servants have retired, and M. d'Houdetot, the father, of course begins to speak. "We are here *en famille*," he bursts forth, "and do not require to affect any mystery. M. de Bellegarde, does my son suit you?" Yes or no. Mamselle Mimi, does the young man please you? Yes or no. He is already in love with you, so you can speak candidly, my dear daughter-in-law." What can Mimi do but turn red and hold her tongue? She is called upon to declare before witnesses that she had fallen in love with her dinner neighbour in post haste. Her mother comes to her aid. "Let us allow the poor child time to draw breath." "Very well, very well," M. d'Houdetot *père* remarks, "we will arrange the terms, and the young people can talk together the while." "That is right, that is right," the relatives exclaim in unison, and retire into a corner to consult. M. d'Houdetot announces that he intends to settle 18,000 livres a year on his son, and has bought him a captaincy. Madame d'Houdetot follows suit with the promise that she will give her finest diamonds to dear little Mimi. M. de Bellegarde gives the said Mimi a dower of 300,000 francs, and declares that she shall come in for her full share on his death. The terms are found perfectly satisfactory, and M. de Bellegarde closes the conference with the words, "All is settled then; we will sign the contract to-night. Next Sunday the banns shall be put up for the first time—we will get a dispensation for the other twice—and on Monday the marriage." Excellent father, what a hurry he is in. Things took place exactly as he said.

Many years later, Madame d'Houdetot was sitting at dinner next to Diderot, and told him of this marriage. She was candid enough to say, "I willingly accepted my husband, because I thus entered society, and could go to balls, the promenade, the opera, and the comedy."

Fashion demanded that the newly-married couple should go into the country after the marriage, but they did not remain there long—not quite a week. A thousand things recalled the young wife to Paris: she had to display her new dresses and jewellery, pay visits, take possession of her position, and exercise her rights. The display of her person and her diamonds was expected to take place on a certain day at the Grand Opera. On each Friday, all the spectators fixed their eyes on the box next to the queen's, because they knew that all newly-married ladies belonging to fashionable society would show themselves there.

This was the presentation to the public, but a second and more important one followed, that at court. The greatest lady had an uncertain, almost equivocal existence, until she had been received at Versailles. This eventful ceremony demanded many preparations and much study,

and caused unending anxiety. Madame de Genlis has described for us the day on which she, with the Maréchale d'Estrées, helped to adorn a newly-married lady, Madame de Puisieux, for the first presentation. The head-dress was put on thrice, and alterations made in it each time, as something or other did not please the competent dressers. Next came the powder and paint, and then the huge corsage usual at court was put on, in which the young wife was going to dine that day, in order to grow accustomed to it. An interminable discussion took place over the neck-collar: four times was it put on and taken off and put on again. A coach was sent to fetch the lady's-maids of the maréchale, who were to decide the point. They backed up the opinion of their mistress, but that did not stop the dispute, which was carried on all through dinner. The toilet concluded with putting on the hoop-petticoat and attaching the train. The fully-dressed lady then made a grand rehearsal of the curtsies, which had been taught her by the celebrated Gardel. Her two assistants in dressing were appointed judges, who carefully watched whether Madame de Puisieux curtsied prettily. The matter looked easier than it really was. At such a presentation there was one most dangerous moment, in which a lady could render herself ridiculous, or, in other words, unhappy for life. It was the moment when, graciously dismissed by the queen, she was obliged to retire backwards. If she did not wish to be entangled in her train and fall, she must introduce a kick between each curtsy and back step, which got rid of her train. This kick was the difficulty, and was consequently practised a hundred times. It must be powerful, for the train was no light weight, and yet it must not be noticed, else some wit would whisper maliciously to his neighbour, "Just watch Madame de Puisieux kicking up behind."

During the honeymoon, the newly-married couple were pardoned if they behaved as if attached to one another; but at a later date that would be regarded as in bad taste and ridiculous. The husband might be in love with any other man's wife but his own, and the wife must have admirers, if she wished to be fashionable. Good lessons were given her; she was ridiculed; and at length yielded, after her husband had done the same thing before her. From this time forth they lived asunder, as fashionable people ought to do, and were polite and attentive, cold and indifferent, when they chanced to meet.

Amusement must be the watchword of a society which knew none of the duties, anxieties, and joys of family life, and had no serious occupation. It was only natural that ennui should follow closely on the heels of every amusement. People were constantly flying from themselves, constantly seeking for excitement. Just before the outbreak of the Revolution the society of Paris resembled an incessantly revolving whirlwind. The most abstract studies—for instance, statics; the most curious natural phenomena, such as a negress, in one of whose eyes the day, in the other the hour, of her birth could be read, were called upon to fill up the vacuum of life. A satirist, who, however, is no caricaturist, has given us a comical sketch of this hunt after amusement. The chief person in the little scene is merely called "the lady," because she is a type of the age; her lover is called the chevalier; and, in addition to these, we have the baron, the count, and the marquise. We draw up the curtain and the piece commences. The lady leaves her house, calls for the chevalier, and

carries him off. He is to accompany her to the Lyceum, where she purposes to hear a lecture on anatomy. On the road she meets the marquise, who has business to transact at her dressmaker's, and begs her friend's assistance in the selection of the materials. Three doors from the dressmaker's, the baron's chasseur comes up to the carriage and announces to the ladies his master's desire that they should accompany him to an experiment with inflammable air. "I like nothing more than such experiments," the lady says to the baron, after the latter has saluted her; "but can you promise me that no explosion will take place? Well, come into our coach." "Rue de la Pépinière," the baron cries to the coachman. They stop at the door of the indicated house, and the marquise says, "I must leave you here, for it is late, and I must not miss my lecture on statics. Will you not accompany me?" They agree, the carriage sets out once more, and they have driven some distance, when they notice some handsome parrots in a shop. "Stop, coachman, the birds are beautiful; we will look at them, and talk to them." A parrot is purchased, and a berline drives past. "One word," the lady cries to the gentleman seated in it; "whether are you hurrying, count?" "To the printing-office of the blind." "Charming, exquisite, unique. We will all go; get in here." On the road the lady asks the count whether his berline is the same one in which he drove to see Drouais's new picture. The marquise is excited by the description of the picture, and insists on seeing it. "Coachman—to Drouais's!" The company converse about painting, and the chevalier confesses that he is a bit of an artist. The ladies doubt his skill, and wish to convince themselves whether his flower-pieces are really pretty. The coach turns back, the horses break into a trot, and they go on for about a mile. "Mon Dieu! talking of flowers reminds me," the marquise exclaims, "that the great alce in the king's garden is in flower; which only takes place once every forty or fifty years. If this should be the last day, and we were not to look at the marvel, such an opportunity would not occur again in our lifetime." The carriage is turned round once more; again the party start, and do not arrive; and in this way alter their minds four times more. The day is at an end; they have merely been driving about; and the chevalier accompanies the lady home and assists her from her carriage. "Did you not intend to hear a lecture at the Lyceum?" he asks her.

In her division of the day, the great lady of the last century adhered to certain rules. It was not day with her before eleven A.M. At that hour she rang; complained that she had passed a wretched night, and drank a cup of chocolate in bed. Two lady's-maids dressed her in her morning costume, and carried her in her fauteuil to the toilet-table—a mirror standing on a table, which was wrapped in muslin like a cradle, and adorned with lace like an altar. On this table was a great number of aids to beauty—bottles, pomades, essences, perfumes, beauty-plasters, red and white paint, Maille vinegar to prevent freckles, ribbons, laces, and pins. Just as an artist paints in a room looking north, the great lady performed her toilet in a room with a northern aspect. She, too, required a clear light, for her operations partly consisted of painting.

After twelve o'clock, the half-dressed lady, wrapped in a peignoir, held her audience. The door opened to all her tradespeople, friends, and acquaintances. She was surrounded and overwhelmed with compliments

the while her hair was being dressed, and she selected the gown she meant to wear. At this hour there was love-making, pouting, and dismissal; at this hour the lady wrote notes which must display the loose, unfettered character of the morning. The evening was set apart for important letters, the morning for free outpourings of the heart. During this occupation the visitors kept the bells in constant motion, and the lacqueys were hurrying about to execute orders, hasten on the dress-maker, fetch the playbills, and order a bouquet for the day. The colporteur appeared with the newest pamphlet, the physician was delighted at the lady's brilliant health, the abbé (he was never absent) stepped into the room, sat down, and told the anecdotes of the day, hummed the fashionable air, and, while sitting and talking, cut out beauty-patches. At each article that was offered to the lady of the house, she partly turned to this friend: "What does the abbé say to this?" then looked again into the glass, and put on an "assassinating" patch, while the abbé carefully inspected the fabric through his eye-glass.

Levees were held not only at court, but in the houses of many of the nobility. Certain visitors of high rank had the precedence, and the others came after. It was everywhere the fashion for the lady of the house to make her tradespeople and servants pass an uncomfortable hour. The first dress offered her must displease her, even though the abbé thought it pretty. She was not permitted by fashion's laws to accept the first cap which her lady's-maid offered. The servants were accustomed to this bon-ton, and, as a rule, they were well treated and still better paid. The Duc de Choissul gave his servants balls and routs; and to be able to retire with a neat fortune, was often the fulfilled desire of valets and lady's-maids. Old-deserving servants generally received a pension, and under these circumstances it was possible to have faithful domestics.

When this toilette, the first of three every day, was completed, the lady seated herself at the pianoforte, or took a lesson in harp-playing. When riding became the fashion, a horse was brought up whose mane was plaited with ribbons. The riding-dress imitated the costume of gentlemen, and consisted of a brown silk skirt, trimmed with pink ribbons, a coat of the same colour, with small ivory buttons, an apple-green waistcoat, a broad neckerchief of white gauze, fastened in a large bow, and a beaver hat with white and green feathers. Prior to this Amazonian era, the lady read till dinner-time, dined, and then drove out. She dropped her visiting-cards, wrote her name in the book lying in the hall of ten persons in ill health, and walked into ten salons, where she only remained long enough to exchange an embrace, a compliment, and a calumny. She could be seen in the fashionable shops, at the scene of fires, at new buildings, and at every curiosity of the day. When twilight set in she hurried to the Tuileries. This was the most brilliant moment of the promenade, the hour of the gay world, and it would not have been respectable to show oneself sooner. Four hooped skirts occupied the entire breadth of the large walk. From one end of the garden to the other there is a heaving mass of ladies and gentlemen, who bow to each other, or exchange a word and a glance. At times, one of the company has the idea of an improvised party. They remain so long round the large pond that the turning bridge is locked; they sup with the officers of the guard, and have the whole garden to themselves.

In the second half of the century the Tuileries were given up for the Boulevards. Thursday was the fashionable day, on which carriages bearing the eccentric names of the period—*dormeuses*, *pareseuses*, *sabots*, *berlines à cul de singe*, *haquets*, and *diables*—crossed each other in long lines. The horses went at a foot pace, so that gentleman friends could come up to the carriage door, and flower-girls hand in their bouquets. They were accustomed to get out at a coffee-house, and have a glass of ice. There was a parade on the Boulevards every Thursday, and the mass of vehicles, the liveries, the sellers of almond-cakes and lemonade, the pedestrians, and the guests sitting in front of the coffee-houses, afforded a peculiar prospect.

In summer the ladies had a considerable number of days, which made up for the loss of the winter's carnival. Every fair was a carnival, and was visited by the fashionable world. On the market-places of Bezons, St. Ovide, St. Laurent, and St. Germain, long rows of booths were erected, and rope-dancers and conjurors displayed their art by the side of wild beast shows, and stalls for the sale of beads and mosaic ornaments. Thousands of lights and lamps blinded the eye, thousands of sounds deafened the ear; there was a smell of onions frying in rancid butter in the air, and yet it was considered a treat by the world of fashion to mix up in a mob of cooks, peasant-girls, artisans, and soldiers.

The same commingling of classes took place at the winter masked balls. The noblest ladies and meanest citizens' wives concealed their faces behind the same mask of coarse pasteboard with two pendant ribbons. At one of these balls there was a disturbance: a gentleman had torn off a lady's mask. The insulted person was a duchess, the insulter a prince of the blood. At another ball, one female was heard saying to another, "Mask, at this hour you ought to be with your husband." The speaker was a *poissarde*, the lady addressed Queen Marie Antoinette.

All wore dominoes; any other costumes that sprang up did not last long. The harlequins, polichinellos, pierrots, beggars, Chinese, and bats, soon disappeared again, as did the *duennas* and *señoras* that followed them. People did not wish to make a display, but to tease, intrigue, and chatter. The domino was generally of a light colour—white, pink, lilac, or yellow—and the concealment of the mask gave the ladies courage and the gentlemen wit. With a masked face a lady could tease her friends and render them jealous, accept compliments from strangers, listen to confidences and explanations, encourage a bashful lover, and re-enthral a faithless one. If a new acquaintance pleased her, she lost at the right moment and the right spot her snuff-box, and on the next day had the satisfaction of having it restored to her at her own house by the gallant gentleman who had found it.

The theatre filled up a great portion of the evenings. To show oneself publicly there became unfashionable towards the end of the century, and every lady of *bon ton* had had her small box completely closed by curtains. She went there in the comfortable dress which ladies called their *déshabillé*, and took her lap-dog, cushions, and warm water-bottle with her. As she was not obliged to receive persons she did not wish to see, she thus escaped the importunate gentlemen who were accustomed to besiege ladies before supper. While conversing with her friends, she surveyed the stage and the audience through the folds of the curtain by

the aid of an eye-glass fitted into her fan. Each of these boxes costs 4800 livres a year, and the fashion produced such a profit to the Comédie-Française that the actors suppressed a portion of the pit, in order to put up more small boxes. When the performance was over, the ladies did not drive straight home. Day often broke ere they left a supper-party or *médianoche*, and even then, before retiring to rest, they drove to the fashionable confectioner's to dissipate the fumes of champagne with a glass of *ratafia*, and eat a couple of macaroons.

The repeated visits to the theatres aroused a fancy for amateur acting. In the last years before the Revolution this became a mania. At that time there were performances *inter alia* at the houses of Monsieur (Louis XVIII.), Prince de Conti, the Duchesse de Villeroy, the Ducs de Grammont and d'Ayen, the Countess de Tessé, the Duchesse de Mazarin, &c. M. de Magnanville had a theatre three hours' drive from Paris, before whose door three hundred carriages frequently set down. The stage, the house, the decorations, the dresses, were splendid, and the acting was so good, especially on the part of the ladies, that Prince de Ligne, a fine connoisseur, expressed the opinion, "More than ten of our ladies of the great world sing and play better than can be seen and heard at the first theatres." In our time a good deal has been said about the celebrated tenor, Rubini, eating but little, and plain food, on days when he was going to sing. But the ladies of the Parisian amateur theatres imposed greater privations on themselves: they did not dine at all, and scarce eat any breakfast, in order to be quite certain about their voice. On the first day of the performance, the lady who had been rehearsing for weeks sat for six hours before her glass, and practised once again her gestures and play of features, in order to have the satisfaction of hearing her friends say to her after the performance, "My heart, you are an angel! How can any one act so! It is a miracle! We never cried so much as we have done to-day! We could not shed another tear!"

In several periods of the century other modes of performing sprang up. Rustic festivals were arranged, in which the guests remained the whole day in the house of their host, and enjoyed all the pleasures of country life. Then the fashion sprang up of playing at coffee-houses. The lady of the house sat simply dressed at a counter, on which pastry and oranges were arranged. In all the rooms small tables with newspapers, chess-boards, cards and counters were placed, and on the chimney-piece was a row of liqueur-bottles. The lacqueys did not wait in livery, but in short jackets, white aprons, and white caps. After dinner, pantomimes or proverbs were performed. Madame de Lauzun danced in a most simple costume. Solution: A good reputation is a woman's best ornament. Madame de Marigny danced with M. de St. Julien, who had blackened his face, and every now and then passed her handkerchief over his face. Solution: It is impossible to wash a Blackamoor white. When Roubaud had written his "*Nouveaux Synonymes Français*," a perfect fury sprang up for representing words with a double meaning. Then, the Comédie-Française ventured on performing "*King Lear*," and you could not enter any society without seeing some dramatic and affecting story performed, or having it repeated to you by pretty lips. This fashion was followed by that of playing at blind-man's-buff, and that again by lotto.

A lady who desired to introduce something strikingly new, sometimes  
*April*—VOL. CXXVII. NO. DVIII. 2 L

came off second best, as Madame de Mazarin experienced. This lady was persecuted by the misfortune that no one would do her justice. She was pretty, and people called her fat; she had a good deal of sense, and was considered very stupid; she lavished her fortune, and was accused of being avaricious; she glistened with diamonds, and people compared her with a chandelier. At last she fancied she had discovered something which must compel public opinion to respect her, and sent out invitations for a grand ball. The guests arrived, and saw in the ball-room—whose walls from floor to ceiling were formed of mirrors—a stage with rustic decorations. A pastoral sport began, a coquettishly-bedizened shepherdess came on the stage with a flock of ribboned sheep—real sheep, all alive. The belwether, up to this period a good and quiet brute, the pride of its parents, was upset by something—the music, the number of people, or the flashing lights. It leaped down into the room, the whole flock followed it, and though the poor beasts were driven back, that rendered them all the more alarmed. They dashed madly about the ball-room, smashed the mirrors, upset the ladies and gentlemen, and, when they finally found the door, and rushed down the stairs, they left a field of destruction and ruined ball-dresses behind them.

Female friendships may be reckoned partly among the curiosities, partly among the amusements, of the age. Two ladies, at their second or third meeting, vowed an eternal friendship, and were inseparable so long as the eternity lasted. They called each other my heart, my love, my queen; wrote to each other every morning, walked through the rooms arm in arm, and told everybody of the fusion of their souls into one. But there was one dangerous rival for the female friend, and that was the lapdog of her heart's queen. Every lady had her lapdog or greyhound, her spaniel or pug; which was washed and combed every day, which she allowed to sleep at night at her feet in bed, which fed from her plate, which was regaled with a slice of venison, a chicken breast or pheasant wing, and of which, when it died, she would say in a lamenting voice, "My incomparable Azor! my dear departed Diana!" Lionet, the veterinary surgeon, earned by his treatment of dogs a château and handsome estate. Chevette and Graudval all but fought a duel about Puff, Madame d'Epinay's lapdog. Good poets sung the praise of ladies' dogs, and wrote affecting elegies on their decease. The darlings, though, were excellently trained. The most useful and sensible dog was indubitably one belonging to the Princess de Conti. She had taught it to bite her husband's calves so soon as he made his appearance in her apartments.

In spite of all these amusements there were at times empty hours which required filling up. If the weather were frightful, or ladies were too indolent to drive out, one of those occupations was needed with which the fair sex has busied its hands and eyes since all time. The eighteenth century displayed a great fertility in the invention of such work. It would need a number of this magazine to record all the occupations of this nature which sprang up like a fashion, spread like an epidemic, and faded away like a dream. During the Regency there was a perfect furore for cutting-out. All the copper-plate engravings which a lady could procure were cut out, varnished, and pasted on furniture, wall-paper, curtains, and screens. Huber was celebrated for his skill in this operation, and Cribellon makes his Shah Baham declare this invention to be the masterpiece of human genius.

After cutting-out had had its day, the fashion of fantoccini sprang up, those well-known figures which are made to dance by pulling a string. There was not a wall without its fantoccini suspended from it, not a lady who did not expect them as a New Year's gift. In all directions danced scaramouches, harlequins, bakers, shepherds, and shepherdesses; fantoccini of all sizes and prices, from four-and-twenty sous up to fifteen hundred livres, which sum the Duchesse de Chartres paid for one painted by Boucher.

But the fantoccini fell into desuetude, and from their grave the turnip rose as the new mistress of the fashion. A turnip was hollowed, and a hyacinth bulb placed in the cavity: the whole was then put into water, and people were delighted at the sight of the two plants growing together and into one another, the turnip providing the leaves and the hyacinth the flower. The turnip was carried in the air like a reticule.

The next fashion to come up was that of netting, which was shortly followed by a mania for unravelling. The ladies unravelled gold lace, ribbons, epaulettes, embroidery, everything in which there was gold. This occupation became such a mania, that a gentleman who entered a room in which it was going on, was at once surrounded by the fair workwomen, and in a few minutes found himself stripped of all his gold lace. The Duc d'Orleans put a stop to this bad practice by having imitation gold aiguillettes sewn on his uniform. The ladies who robbed him of them with their scissors mixed the false gold among the real, and were abused by the bullion dealer to whom they sold the lot. This occupation was the only one of them all which brought in any money. Ladies begged gold lace and so on of their friends, picked out the gold threads, and sold them.

If we place by the side of this picture of a fashionable lady that of the citizen's wife, we shall feel, as it were, refreshed. Here no breeze overladen with perfumes assails us, we find no chase after amusement, but honest industry. The daughter lived with the mother, and was brought up by her. At the age of seven she was expected to put away childish things, and if she were naughty she was called, for a punishment, *Made-moiselle*. Her parents took her with them when they paid visits or went for a walk, and she was sent to school. At the age of eleven she was sent to a convent, but only for a year. The convents set apart for citizens' daughters were quiet asylums, in which there was always one room where the nuns gave, gratis, instruction to the female children of poor parents. The daughter of a well-to-do tradesman paid two hundred and fifty to three hundred livres a year. Among the things taught there were music and dancing, and the teachers of these two branches gave their lessons in the parlour. On Sunday the parents called and fetched their daughter for a jaunt; while on week days the convent garden was used for recreation and exercise.

When the usual year was ended, the daughter returned home. Her life was henceforth divided into two parts, one of them being devoted to practising the arts and talents of feminine life, the other to household cares. She embroidered, drew, and played, but she also went to the kitchen-fire, and accompanied her mother to market. Her education continued until marriage, and was intended to give the girl a good foundation, on which she could move with the easy grace of a lady of fashion.



The ordinary and daily society of the citizen's daughter was composed of her family, a few relatives and friends, and a couple of neighbours. Instead of the Opera and theatres, to which she was not taken till she had passed her twentieth year, she had the amateur theatre—which was much liked in the bourgeois circles, concerts—and at times soirées, at which the beaux esprits read their newest productions. The days on which the ladies of the citizen class emerged from their sphere, and took a glance at the fashionable world, were, however, few and far between. The house was their world, and if they went out, the traditional promenades were chosen—the garden of the arsenal, the Jardin du Roi, and, before all, the garden of the Luxembourg, in which stocking-knitting flourished even in the reign of Louis XVI.

On fine summer days they slipped out of Paris and spent a day in the country. They rose at five in the morning, as they wished to have as many hours of enjoyment as was possible, and made a simple toilette. They drove to Meudon, Villebonne, St. Gervais, or, on days when the fountains played, to St. Cloud. With the latter excursion was combined the pleasure of a trip by water; boats for eight persons lay alongside the Quai de la Seine, which waited till they had a full freight. In these excursions and trips the acquaintance of young men was formed, though they were not the sole occasion for doing so. These were found, too, at the house-door, where the daughters inhaled a mouthful of fresh air in the evening; on the wall, where they walked with female friends; and, above all, in Corpus Christi week, the finest time for all lovers. The parents on this occasion allowed their daughters to go out alone, and harm rarely happened, although now and then a girl might go out and not return. She had been seduced from her home, and in most cases was ruined.

The noble classes did not comprehend this bourgeois life with all its earnestness and silent peace, even at the eleventh hour, when they formed the resolution to become bourgeois too. The way in which they carried out the excellent resolution was only a fashion, which would have passed away like all the rest. They were enthusiastic for nature, philosophy, liberty, and, while being so, merely acted a part. When the others took the matter up seriously, the fashionable world attempted to stem the tide, and perceived too late, through their own impotence, that they had thrown away their strength. They fled in horror, and when they returned, Paris, society, the world, had undergone a metamorphosis.

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